

THE BATES STUDENT



Number 1.



Sixteenth
Volume.

'89

W. B. BATES



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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 1.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy, 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchange and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

PROGRESS is the spirit of the age; even our college magazine has felt its influence and hereafter will appear in a slightly larger form. The new covers of the STUDENT are also indicative of prosperity. The observatory, so prominently brought into notice, is no longer a matter of mere conjecture, but an assured reality, and henceforth David Mountain will have additional interest for student and pleasure-seeker. Our thanks are due Mr. W. R. Miller, of the class of '89, for the new and unique design.

ONE pleasant, robust personage, whom we used to see and love very much, has gone away from us. We miss him because he was a friend to all of the boys. He is now emaciated, dyspeptic, and dying unattended. You all know him. His name is Athletics, and the extreme sadness in this case, of his dissolution and decay, lies in the fact that his death is entirely unnecessary, the medicine is at hand in profusion. No one will administer it. If only some kind hands will take the spoon of resolution and pour a little enthusiasm down his withered

neck, stagnation, chronic inertia, and discouragement would evacuate his system like rats from a burning ship. And before nature begins to think of spring again we can have systematic, harmonious, and strong athletic work going on here. Don't we need it? Can not we have it? Greek thrives, mathematics thrive, societies thrive, the Y. M. C. A. thrives,—athletics are nowhere. We need to be deeply interested in good athletic work for our separate selves and for the college. We need to begin at once. We need to be united in operation. This is a variety of work that cannot be carried on alone any more than a man can get up a good laugh alone. Surely, we have not all the modern instruments of convulsion in our gymnasium, all the side-dishes of gymnastic apparatus, so to speak. But we have the main course, the beef-steak and the bread, and the baked-beans of paraphernalia, and what we want to do is to *eat*. From cheerful, hearty athletic exercise a man incorporates into his personality a kick power, a push power, and a thrust power, that neither contemplation nor half-hour studies with the best authors can inaugurate, a power which is necessary in life, if you would ever influence men and women; a power which is essential, to get one's own living by and by, even if you do not happen to own a steam mill or cotton factory. As a rule what do those fiberless characters who aliment on toast, skim-milk, and metaphysics amount to in the world? What is the breadth and depth of their discourses? Individuals who never muddled their congress shoes nor raised

a blister. Perhaps they adjust some of the fine silken threads, embroider some delicate monogram in the human web. But are they the men who pull the grimy ropes that move the tug? Are they the ancestors of strong men? What a fine thing that man who can laugh hearty, tramp all day, lug the basket, play with the boys, and yet who is elevated by beauty, who can take Mr. Shakespeare by the hand and not feel embarrassed? Shall we not very soon have an endowment for our gymnasium,—an endowment of living presence of Indian clubs and base-balls (in motion), an endowment of time and strengthening competition?

IN looking back upon the work in the two societies the past year, one feature is very striking—the part which the girls or young ladies take in the meetings. Recitations and songs are expected of them and that is about all. A very few will take part in the debates, and only a very few; the most of them seem to feel that debating belongs only to the gentlemen, and their duty is done, provided they listen comparatively quiet, and look properly appreciative if they happen to be referred to in a complimentary strain. But is that all that should be expected of them? The young ladies are not honorary but active members, and as such should consider it as necessary for them to think and talk on the different subjects as for the gentlemen. Many of the subjects discussed are, or ought to be, of as much importance to the co-eds. as to anybody. Public schools, universal suffrage—such ques-

tions as these should be of common interest.

Why not institute a reform? Could not something be done? Make preparation on the question compulsory; hold the subject up constantly and let the ladies understand that it is as much for their advantage to gain fluency in speaking and ease and clearness in thinking, as it is for the gentlemen. Let this be seriously considered and some action taken, and see if this coming year the interest may not be made more universal.

THIS year promises to be one of decided improvement at Bates. Already the hall and chapels and society rooms have been lighted by gas; other improvements have been made in the society rooms, and it is rumored that the recitation rooms and chapels will soon be heated by steam. The library, under the supervision of Professor Stanton, has been thoroughly overhauled, the dust and cobwebs brushed from the dark corners, the books rearranged and shelves to accommodate 3,000 volumes, added and nearly filled. Three electric lights have been placed on or near the campus. The grading in front of Parker Hall has been extended to the line of the drive way across the campus, and we are promised a new and nicer fence in the spring. The road to the top of the mountain has been commenced and it is hoped that the corner-stone of the observatory will be laid next June. There is a prospect that Belcher Hall will soon be built and the co-eds placed on an equal with the boys in the advantages of a

dormitory on the campus. It is also stated on good authority that there will ere long be several new professors added to the Faculty.

In the general progress and improvement we hope the needs of the physical man will not be neglected, and consequently our gymnasium and regular gymnastic instruction and exercise.

A REPORT of the second annual business meeting and banquet of the N. E. I. P. Association, established last February, will be noticed in another column. The object of the association is the furtherance of literary interest among the colleges, the elevation of the standard of college journalism and the promotion of social intercourse among the editorial staffs. At the organization there were thirty-four persons present, representing nineteen journals from fifteen colleges, while at the meeting of December 9th only twenty persons were present and but twelve papers represented.

One reason given for this diminished representation was the inconvenience to many of the date assigned for the convention. In the majority of New England colleges the press of work in December, occasioned by the semi-annual examinations and a great increase in the required amount of magazine literature, rendered it almost impossible for the editors to leave until after the holidays. Hence the appointment of the next meeting for February 22, 1889, when it is expected that at least all magazines at present in the association will be represented, and, acting upon the instructions given to

the members at the last meeting, we herein extend an earnest invitation to all papers heretofore unrepresented to also be present.

The constitution entitles each paper in every college and technical institute in New England to send representatives and to cast one vote in all matters presented for consideration at the business session.

The expense entailed by membership is very slight, while the literary and social advantages to be derived are considerable. Who does not give more attention to, and consequently obtain more pleasure and profit from the prose article or poem of a personal acquaintance than from that of an entire stranger? Or what is more productive of harmony than the discussion of a sumptuous banquet?

The prime object of the association, however,—the furtherance of literary interest and the elevation of college journalism—was not, in our opinion, given due prominence at the last meeting.

To direct attention more especially to this object we would suggest that the executive committee call upon a number of papers to prepare articles upon some subject relating to the needs and acquirements of college journalism to be read at the next convention. Many matters of particular interest could thus be discussed more thoroughly and satisfactorily than if resort were to be had merely to the columns of the magazines.

Further information of the object and workings of the association may be had from the constitution soon to be

printed and circulated among the different colleges. Let us hope that a warm interest will be awakened in the association, and that sufficient representation be present at the next convention to voice the sentiments of every paper as to the ideal college journal.

SOME reasons why we should not: 1st—Because the constitution says no. 2d—For if we did it would become necessary to withdraw from the inter-collegiate Young Men's Christian Association. 3d—The ladies can institute an organization distinctly their own.

Some reasons why we should: 1st—This is a full-blooded co-educational college. 2d—It is not practicable for the ladies to organize a Young Woman's Christian Association, because many of their places of residence are so removed from the college that they cannot easily attend, and some of the leading ones would be excluded even from such an association on account of belonging to a church outside the evangelical alliance. 3d—The ladies pay the expense required by this institution and are full members, and therefore have a right to the privileges of the college—class, social, and religious. On that statement some one says, "Why not have them enter the Base-Ball League?" Well, why not? Why does not your sister chop wood? She is a member of the household, and that is one of the privileges. Nature and inclination preclude the ladies from base-ball and the chopping department. But nature and inclination and position are all reasons why they

should enjoy the religious privileges and engage in the service here. We do not criticise the Y. M. C. A., but we do question its adaptation to the requirements of Bates. Were you residing in a household where there were no ladies, it would be easy and natural to have an arrangement precluding ladies from the table service. But how is it with people who enter a family where woman is an element. Shall they say, "Madame, please retire while we are here. There is a custom followed by our friends precluding ladies from the table, so please withdraw."

This question needs the reflection of the students. We need an organization eligible to all members of the college. We need an association eligible to a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, or a Universalist, as well as a Baptist; an organization whose requirement is not sex nor creed, but virtuous intention.

WE are glad to learn that Massachusetts is to have a new college for ladies. Mr. Fay, a Massachusetts man, but who has for a long time resided in California, has offered, for founding a female college, \$600,000 to the town in Massachusetts which will raise \$400,000. Cambridge desires to have the college located there, but Rev. E. E. Hale is working hard to have it connected with the Clark University at Worcester, and it is probable that the new institution will find its home there. We believe the girl should have as good opportunities for securing an education as the boy. Education rather than the ballot should raise woman to a higher position, if there be one. We are not

anti-suffragists, but we have wondered that so many of the most influential ladies of to-day should think that the first and most imperative call of duty is to revolutionize politics. Doubtless such a condition would increase the desire for knowledge and would necessitate more schools and colleges for them. Should the ladies that work so hard to bring about a change in political affairs unite their strength to promote a stronger desire and better means for a higher education, the whole sex would be benefited more by their labors.

There is a great field of labor opened to those who will enter it, not only to help those that are needy to become educated, but to show to girls of wealth something nobler than the frivolities of fashionable society.

ALLUSIONS disparaging to the value of the newspaper, especially in its connection with the studies of the college course, are occasionally heard in the societies and elsewhere. Complaint is made that legislative proceedings at Washington are condensed into a few paragraphs, while stale bits of news and scandal are aired in two or three columns. Doubtless there is much to be regretted in the columns of those papers that dwell longer upon light articles and the details of human depravity than is necessary for a full report of the news. But, taking it for granted that every student's judgment is sufficiently ripe to enable him to make a judicious choice,—to avoid the mere business and so-called sensational papers, and to select such as, present-

ing the news in brief and clear manner, also devote considerable attention to matters of public concern,—we think that the daily newspaper has a just claim upon a small percentage at least of his time and attention.

There is danger lest the student in his proper zeal for standard books, which present the best principles of life, devote too little attention to the present. While he is not expected to engage himself directly in affairs of active life to the exclusion of the prescribed course, it is highly important that he begin early to apply to the present day the ideas and principles he has deduced from his studies and from his course of solid reading. Thus even in his preparation for life he may in imagination fight some of its battles and from the experience so obtained, derive wisdom for the future, actual and more vital contests beyond the college walls. There is no better means to this end than the daily newspaper exhibiting the drift of every phase of modern society and affording abundant material for thought and investigation. In the light of the facts found therein, the enthusiast in political economy, in sociology, or in history may assign causes and learn results from actual observation. Further, what is of interest to all, it gives that broad view of human nature elsewhere obtained only through a long and extended intercourse with men.

WAKE up, young man, and put a little more enthusiasm into your daily life. Don't pore over those books for hours in listless forgetfulness, but

sleep enough, eat enough, exercise enough, and then take hold in earnest. God never meant that man should go through this beautiful world half awake and half asleep. A college course is a dry affair to the student lacking a spirit of appreciation. If you are a member of a literary society, be a live member. Help your organization, and then the organization will be a help to you. Men that are enthusiastic have friends, while men that are lazy have at best but companions. Unless one be keenly alive to all the lessons of beauty, harmony, and knowledge by which he is surrounded, he may grow to be as old as Methuselah, and yet never really have lived. Existence is not life. "He lives most, who thinks most." Like most of the virtues, enthusiasm can be cultivated, and it is as much a man's duty to be zealous as it is to be upright and honest. In enthusiasm lies the secret of happiness and progression.

ONE of the most important parts of the college work is the rhetoric and essay writing, and it is also one of the parts that is the most neglected. The subjects are given out and the night before the essays are to be passed in, the more conscientious sit down, and with the aid of an Encyclopedia, etc., manage to make out the requisite number of words and then pass them in, and that is all there is of it. The essays are corrected of course and passed back, but it very rarely happens that a student looks them over, and if he does the corrections are accepted without a question of the why or where-

fore. Such work as this is almost utterly useless. It merely furnishes extra work for the professor and student alike with no benefit to either. There are a few of course who do their work faithfully and derive some little benefit from it, who think upon their subject and take the trouble to arrange their material properly, but the majority of students, like the majority of men elsewhere, do only what is required of them, and that, too, in the easiest way possible. With the system that is in operation now it does not seem to be the fault of either the Faculty or the student. If one essay a term was required instead of two, and then when the essay was corrected and passed back, it should be required to look over this one, examine the corrections, carefully re-write it, the advantage gained would be double what it is now and the work of correction less, and so both parties would be benefited by the arrangement. As matters stand now, in the Junior and Senior years some real work is done, the course being such as to make it necessary, but the first two years it is a mere farce.

WHILE it is impossible to always form just the correct estimate of a man's character, yet it is but fair if "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," that we should have some opinions concerning the motives and purposes of our associates. Thus we are led to inquire what are evidences of a sound mind and breadth of character. Judging from appearances, we should say that some consider as the only and infallible signs of a budding genius such

eccentricities as these: carelessness in dress, long hair, a studied reserve, a profound pucker to the lips, a deliberate speaking with solemn guttural preludes, and a bearing and gesture implying, "I'll speak now and settle this matter," also an air of indifference to the queries and remarks of others, always speaking as if to lesser mortals, and always with a judicial manner, as if bearing a weight of knowledge and decision unfailing and irrevocable. However it may appear to others, to us it seems that these are not the natural expressions of a great soul, but rather of a false ambition to make an impression other than the true character revealed would sustain. One thing is certain, a man can't get out any more than there is within. Genius must always work from the inside, outward. First, let us have our motives as true and as earnest as we can, then by all means and above all things else let our hearts guide our actions. How many there are who by their dissimulation and lack of sympathy make themselves hermits from that society which would enable them to grow.

AS we go to press, the common topic of conversation on the campus is the proposed new toboggan slide. Measurements have been made and the expense estimated. The committee report that at a comparatively slight expense we may have, entirely on our own grounds, as good a slide as any in the State. The chute would begin on the east side of the mountain, with a precipitous flight of two hundred feet to the base near the grand stand, and

from thence an easy descent across the base-ball ground to College Street, making a perfectly straight slide of fully one thousand feet. The chute would be built in such a manner as to be lighted its entire length by the electric light. The Faculty have shown a kindly interest in the matter. The general exclamation of the student is, "Why haven't we thought of that before? Just the thing, for winter, to take the place of tennis." Next issue we hope to be able to give a full account of the festive youths and maidens in worsted mittens and caps.

LITERARY.

A MAN.

By J. H. H., '80.

ALUMNI POEM.

By the parting ways the prophet stood,
And as the crowds went by
He lifted his hand, he lifted his voice,
With the strange and startling cry,

"A man, a man, can ye find me a man
In the streets of Jerusalem?
Can ye find me one? And if ye can
The Lord shall not condemn."

He sought in the hovel of the poor,
He sought at the palace gate;
He sought of the scribe, he sought of the priest;
Early he sought and late.

But he found not him for whom he sought,
The man of truth and trust,
Through whom the Lord might save the land
From avarice and lust.

Ancient records tell how the city fell,
And her children in exile wept;
For walls will not keep nor heaven defend
A city by men unkept.

Her prophet forlorn has ceased to warn,
And his bones long in dust have slept,

But the words of a cry that can never die
Their age-long course have kept.

That voice is but in volume swelled
By centuries gone by,
And I hear again that cry for men,
A great and mighty cry.

I hear it in Asia's deep-drawn sigh,
As she gazes into the past;
In Africa's great and bitter cry,
As she writhes in shackles fast.

Their gods are dead, their hopes are fled,
They sit in the gloom of night.
In their hour of need for men they plead
Who can bring them hope and light.

I hear it above the voice of thrones,
To their trembling slaves addressed;
Amid the sighs and curses and groans
Of the downtrod and oppressed.

The gate of freedom open swings,
And ne'er may close again,
The world that once cried, "Give us kings,"
Now thunders, "Give us men!"

I hear it above the meaningless hum,
Where myriad voices meet;
Above the cries of the market-place,
Above the din of the street.

But the cry is drowned by the million-voiced
sound
Of them that sell and buy,
While honor is sold for paltry gold,
And a dime is the price of a lie.

Alas for the Midas touch of greed
That spares not the joys of life,
But coins its treasure from hearts that bleed
And the tears of mother and wife.

Is, then, the highest aim of life
To get and to keep all one can?
Is gain the goal of a human soul?
Or is it to be a man?

I hear amid machinery's clash,
Above the steam-train's roar,
While messages winged with lightning flash,
That God-given message of yore.

The world was young when that message
came,
And now is growing old;

We laugh at her primitive ways, and claim
Improvements manifold.

They wrought with patient hand and slow,
But we have skill to plan
For every work a swift machine
To take the place of man.

But spring and wheel and cord and chain,
Combined with cunning art,
May take the place of hand, of brain,
But not the place of heart.

For man is greater than his work,
And never shall be seen
A wounded soul by art made whole,
Or world saved by machine.

The printing press, the telegraph,
Swift boat, and rushing train,
Industries vast, conveyance fast,
May bring us loss or gain.

The world is moving to its goal,
The ages ripen fast;
The seasons age-long onward roll,
And harvest comes at last.

And shall the swiftly rolling years
Bring paradise again?
All things are here, all means appear;
The only lack is men.

O hear to-day that yearning voice,
As it utters a world's deep need,
And rises above the clamor and noise,
Inspired for men to lead.

O shop, O mart, O place of art,
Hear ye that earnest plea?
Pray show your wares to him who cares,
'Tis men we wish to see.

O thronging church, if in our search
We come to thee, what then?
Mock not our need with talk of creed,
When what we ask is men.

O classic halls where learning calls,
And kindles manly zest,
Can we find within your storied walls
The objects of our quest?

Of science and art you have plentiful store?
You can give us—what do you say?
Doctors and lawyers and priests by the score?
Have you any men to-day?

The world is not dying for want of drugs,
Nor striving for want of law;
Nor is sinful heart cured by priestly art
And surplice without flaw.

We have enough of orators,
Enough to wield the pen,
Enough of teachers, enough of preachers,
But not enough of men.

And the cry goes out to the ends of earth,
And up to the vaulted sky,
And down to the hell where demons dwell,
And shudder for reply.

And is it weal, or is it woe?
In the hush of hope and fear
We breathe abate, as we listen and wait
An answering voice to hear.

"Rejoice, O earth, in thy second birth,"
The answer rings from heaven,
"For God above, in wondrous love,
A man to the world has given!"

Let earth her voice with heaven's blend
In swift and glad reply;
From north, south, east, and west ascend
An answering, "Here am I!"

They come, the men of the age to be,
The chosen of every land;
And He who leads to victory
Is one with pierced hand.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

WHEREVER the eye of man is directed, individual forms of plant, fruit, and flower meet his sight. The towering forest trees, the shade trees of our modern homes, encircled by clinging vines, add much to the delightful scene.

But how came into existence such unrivaled beauty as affords satisfaction to the organ of sight, and joy to the longing heart? For all of flavor or of scent that is found in flowers or fruit, or all that can be seen of the

beautiful and sublime in the physical world, from the majestic oak to the tiniest flower that makes its manners to the rising sun,—all says to us that no man, be he a philosopher as wise as Socrates, or a statesman as great as Cæsar, can array one lily in the lovely-hued robe in which it is clothed by nature. But the silent working influence of the elements of the natural world can, and do produce and perpetuate all such loveliness and power.

The roots of trees and flowers, though buried from sight, hidden where all is silence, are yet subject to a power whose muffled heart-beats are constantly giving life to their various parts. The sun, mist, and gravity, add their influence in the production of all vegetation, silently keeping their machinery in constant motion. Moreover, silent influence of organized atmospheric forces affect society. A misty, foggy locality produces dullness or gloominess in the inhabitants.

The temperament of the people of England, as compared with those living in a dryer atmosphere, is a good illustration of the point. Those living on our large plains seem naturally broad minded, and large hearted; the wider the scope of man's vision, the greater his endowments.

The absent Switzerlander, as he thinks of the mountain scenery of his own dear land, so grand and imposing, involuntarily breathes a sigh that he might hie away, and in blissful retreat pass his days, amid its delightful solitudes.

The silent influences that produce

such gigantic wonders of nature are constantly busy, and never weary in their beneficent work.

The good and evil influences that are constantly acting upon society, though silent, are yet potent in their results. The child has often felt the rebuke of a mother's look, far more than if she had used unkind or harsh words. The sweet influence that has come to us through the poets of long ago is of priceless value; for such as they understand, sympathize with, and enter into the finer feelings of the human heart. Writers in cloistered silence, learned men of quiet, who seemed formed for grand achievements, have, by their solitary devotion to literary labor, silently fed the undying lamp of thought. But for the untiring labor of a Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, Milton, and others of similar renown, we might still be enveloped in the thick cloud of superstition and darkness.

Amid the noise and din of active life, we forget the silent influence of literary men of the middle ages, who wrought so laboriously with their own hands, inscribing upon parchment the wisdom of past ages.

The silent influence of divine inspiration upon a sinful world, is without parallel; all other influence sinks into insignificance when compared with that of the Infinite God—ever present, in all, pervading all.

The human heart instinctively craves sympathy and love. It is a necessity to full development of inherent power. There must be something to stimulate to action, else man becomes sluggish and weak, not only in body, but in

mind capacity as well. He requires some uplifting power to enable him to rise to a higher altitude than the groveling things of earth. Man is constantly oppressed with care. It must ever be so. His short-sightedness often brings him into snares or plunges him into deep pitfalls from which he finds it difficult to extricate himself, or he becomes sick at heart, ready to faint by the way. And but for sweet, saving hope, the soothing balm silently sent by the Great Physician, he would seek elsewhere a resting place, and cruel despair be his inheritance.



IS THE ENGLISH CIVILIZATION SUPERIOR TO THAT OF ANCIENT GREECE?

By E. J. S., '89.

IN determining the degree of a people's civilization, we must, according to a generally accepted criterion, look first to its accumulation of knowledge; second, to the diffusion or spread of this knowledge through all classes; and third, to its moral state, which, as one writer has said, "shall be the salt to preserve the life of humanity from decomposing and to restore it back again when passing to decomposition."

With these conditions in mind, let us consider the most prominent features of the Athenian and Spartan societies, each respectively representing the higher and lower order of the Grecian civilization.

The knowledge of Athens has always commanded the homage of history. Within her walls Grecian poetry, philosophy, and the fine arts reached their

high perfection. In tragedy, comedy, geometry, physics, and history, she attained no slight proficiency, and her monuments of sculpture and architecture have served as models to all succeeding generations.

Participation in the government at the time of the democracy also somewhat familiarized her citizens with law, justice, and the constitution; and they also acquired, as compared with the neighboring states, some skill in trade and manufactures. Partly upon its perfection in these various departments of knowledge, and especially upon its admitted superiority in the line of sculpture and architecture, is frequently based the claim for "the unequaled excellence of the Grecian civilization."

It is true that "the fine arts have an elevating and refining influence upon the mind and character and help to rescue mankind from the exclusive dominion of sensual and selfish enjoyments." Still the opportunity afforded a mere forty or fifty thousand citizens out of all the Grecian inhabitants to gaze daily upon buildings adorned by the finest art or statues of the noblest conception, could not and did not avert a fatal corruption of their moral character. And now, when we inquire how this knowledge was diffused among the people, the answer will point to a great and fatal defect in the structure of their society.

In their civilization it is individuals who gain our admiration and homage. The pages of Grecian history reveal only a few great and gifted men, a Homer, an Eschylus, a Thucydides, a Demosthenes, and a few contempora-

ries. The great mass of the people, undeveloped in character and sunk in ignorance and misery, serve only to arouse our pity or contempt. Menander sheds considerable light upon their intelligence, when he repeats the words of Polybius, who said: "The multitude of women and all the common people are so ignorant and uneducated that they cannot be led to piety by the doctrines of philosophy. For this purpose superstition is necessary, which must call in the aid of myths and tales of wonder."

Besides, there were the slaves, who even in cultured Athens far outnumbered the free persons. We are told that in Attica alone, to 21,000 adult males, giving a total population of 150,000, there were 400,000 slaves. They were mostly employed as domestics, but a few were in the factories, on the farms, and in the mines, and the extent of their knowledge is indicated by the backward condition of all the productive industries.

Turn now to Sparta, where the proportion of Helots to the freemen was still greater and the education of the most cultivated citizen was confined to music and the tactics of war, and show me a state of modern Europe whose knowledge is not more varied and universal. Let us remember that between Sparta and the art and literature of Athens was a wall which only a few Spartans ever succeeded in scaling.

Such then was the extent of Greek knowledge and the intelligence of the average inhabitant, who in no degree approached the culture of the comparatively small number of citizens

collected in the few Greek cities of which Athens was the head.

As regards good morals, all must concede that the great principles of justice and humanity are elements that underlie the whole structure of human society; for history shows that the decline of a state in these virtues is invariably attended by its downfall.

Religion, then, as the great moral educator of the people, may be taken as a test of their civilization. Therefore it is almost unnecessary to say that it should be pure and also sound enough to command the respect of the most intellectual and cultured. Now the ignorant and superstitious inhabitant of Greece always clung to the mythical religion; but when the culture of Athens had reached a certain stage its doctrines were rejected by her citizens. What then could be expected in the morals of the Athenian citizen without a religious basis for action; or on the other hand in the condition of the main body of the Greeks, worshiping an immoral religion, investing their deities with all the human passions, and looking upon them as hard-hearted, cruel, deceiving, and easily deceived. The result of casting off even this universal religion was seen at Athens in the time of the democracy, when all the judicial and political powers were vested in the general assembly of citizens. "Then," says Macaulay, "customs and morals, law and right, began to decline, and religious persecution, arrogance, and cruelty gained the ascendancy."

Even if we pass by that greatest of all social evils, slavery, and the degraded condition of the women, the unjust

decisions and cruel decrees of this general assembly, are alone sufficient to convince all of the deficiency of the best and most cultured of the Greeks in those principles of justice and humanity which must permeate every well regulated community.

Glancing now to the English civilization, as represented in the British Isles and America, we find, in the first place, that a few of the modern inventions and arts, such as printing, engraving, and casting have preserved for us intact the boasted literature of the ancients, the masterpieces of Roman painting and Grecian sculpture. The greatest works of all ages are thus placed in the people's hands and an opportunity afforded the humblest person to form his taste upon these remains of ancient genius.

But in contrast to these people we are not content to stop here. Assimilating their knowledge in these directions, in many respects improving upon it, we have carried it into regions that they never entered.

We have produced writers and poets on every topic, orators, historians, and painters, men of genius whose works have added to a culture based upon the productions of every nation in every age; and hand in hand with the ideal and beautiful, we have carried the knowledge of truth. Our genius has been miraculously displayed in triumphs over real and material things. What wonders have been performed in science! Who can enumerate the blessings conferred upon humanity through the agency of steam, electricity, and their resulting discoveries and inventions?

But not less miraculous has been the spread of this mass of human intelligence, facilitated by the steamboat, the ocean cable, the telegraph, and the telephone. Finally, that great modern instrument of civilization, the printing press, not only improves the intellect of the humblest citizen with all the knowledge of past time, but through the agency of the newspaper lays before his eyes the daily condition and action of every civilized nation on the globe, the eloquence of statesmen, the criticism of art, and the results of science. Who then can doubt that our knowledge is greater in amount and extent, our education much more general, and the average intelligence of our citizens far superior to that of the ancient Greeks?

All these advances, together with the great improvement in the science of political economy, in law, and in medicine, and the possession of the facts and observations collected through ages, have exceedingly improved the condition of the masses, and now renders them more prosperous and happy than at any other time described in history.

If, in the face of these advantages, any one will have the hardihood to decry the influence of science and the modern inventions upon civilization, let him consider the object of society. Is it not, in the words of social writers, to give value to the individual and by increasing his comfort and happiness, to improve society as a whole?

The happiness of the individual is secured by the satisfaction of his legitimate bodily, intellectual, and spiritual

wants. Now it is no new fact, that the increased command over the necessities of life by the masses not only makes it easier to live, and gives better and more convenient homes, but also affords more leisure for the development of the intellectual and spiritual faculties; while criminal records have been repeatedly cited to show that crime decreases and morals improve in proportion as the comforts of life are extended to the lower classes.

I need enter upon no description of our moral instructor, the Christian religion, upon which all our legislation is founded, and which stands as far above the ancient mythology as our citizens are above the Greek slaves. Hand in hand with the progress of education among the people has this religion advanced, purifying their private habits and rendering them more true and just in their dealings. Under its influence slavery has been abolished, the family purified, and penalties made more human. The Christian missions, and hospitals everywhere established through public and private beneficence, are to be numbered among the noblest monuments of the nineteenth century, while the popular respect accorded to a Cooper or a Peabody sufficiently attests the philanthropic tone of our modern society. The historian tells us that the laws at Athens compelled the rich to support the poor, and adds, with the same stroke of the pen, that this was really a benefit to the rich, as it prevented their houses from being sacked. A marked contrast in the two societies, the one giving voluntarily at the promptings of a pure moral spirit,

the other forced to give through fear of violence.

Finally, there is an external sign of civilization, for all allow that no better test can be found than the position of women in the home and in society. Orators and poets have never ceased to applaud her influence in softening the cruelty, improving the manners, and lessening the selfishness of men. What was their position in Greece? The most degraded and pitiable. Grecian literature fully reveals the scorn with which women were everywhere regarded, and their lowly position in the family and in society. Here then is another evidence of the one-sidedness of the Grecian society, and its inferiority in development to the well-balanced English civilization, in which the condition of women has never failed to improve with every advancing step of progress, until now she occupies the proudest position ever accorded to her sex.

A LEGEND.

[*After the German of Krummacher.*]

TRANSLATED BY A. L. S., '89.

Entwined in embraces fraternal,
The angels of death and of sleep
Roamed over the earth, home of mortals,
Their God-given vigils to keep.

'Twas even. They lay on a hill-side,
Not far from the dwellings of men.
A silence benign brooded over,
The kirk bell was hushed in the glen.

The angel of sleep, off the mosses,
Arose, with his grain pouch in hand,
And scattered the seeds of sweet slumber
Abroad o'er the darkening land.

The zephyrs, unseen, bear them swiftly
Away to the husbandman's cot.

All eyelids are closed, all are peaceful;
Pain, sadness, and sorrow forgot.

Again, on his couch on the mosses,
The sweet faced sleep-giver reclines,
In innocent joyance, addressing
His sterner-faced brother betimes.

"When morning in radiant vesture
Pursues the night's shades to the west,
Then men with fresh exhilarations
Will awaken, and I shall be blest.

"What joy is true service in secret,
Not rendered that earth may applaud!
How beautiful is our vocation,
Invisible angels of God!"

A moment the brother in silence
Shed tears, as the immortals shed,
Then lifting his dark eyes with sorrow,
To *Schlaf*, the sleep angel, he said:

"Would that our rejoicing were mutual.
'I'm foe and heart-breaker,' they say."

"Not so," answered *Schlaf*, "the awakening,
The dawning of that better day,

"Revealing to mortals your mission,
Will bring your due guerdon of praise."
Content are the two holy angels
Entwining in tender embrace.

OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

By A. H. H., '67.

I HAVE just been reading the editorial comments in the *Christian Union* on Senator Palmer's anti-immigration bill which is soon to be brought before our National Congress, and I like their tone. The question is here asked, "Are we quite sure that it is desirable to check foreign immigration?" I think this question should be carefully pondered. No hasty conclusion, nor one colored by local prejudice should be accepted. Immigration has its perils, no doubt, but it has its promise also. I do not believe

any serious and permanent harm can come from this source. We hear much about this land being engulfed by the worst elements of European life. Any such consequence must be extremely remote; one must look through colored glasses to see the matter in any such light. Despite the tremendous foreign influx which we hear so much about, out of fifty odd millions fully forty-three millions are native born. We have been threatened with this supposed evil a good while, and yet the great bulk of the people own America as their native land. They have been trained in her free schools and know the value of her noble institutions, and would spring to their defense if imperiled as patriotically as any son of the Pilgrims. Did not the bloody days of 1861 demonstrate this? And do not the riots from which our large cities suffer prove the same, brought on by foreign ideas it must be confessed, but also quelled largely by foreign hands. Foreigners threw the bombs that dealt such havoc recently in the streets of Chicago, but foreigners also swung the policeman's billy, standing like heroes, and dying like martyrs in defense of American laws. Let us not forget these.

When we analyze carefully that stream of human life that has been pouring itself on our shores, there does not seem to be that peril in it some pessimistic writers and legislators would have us believe. From the beginning of our national life up to 1881, about twelve millions of immigrants had landed on our shores. About four millions of these, or about one-third,

were from the British Isles. They came, weary of monarchical rule, sighing for liberty, and pretty well prepared to sympathize with American ideas. If there were paupers and criminals among them, they were an inconsiderable quantity compared with the whole number. The next largest number came from Germany and Austria, and if here and there the anarchist was among them, they have been, as a rule, a sober, well educated, industrious people. Scandinavia has sent us a half a million of her hardy sons, and France three hundred thousand, and liberty-loving Switzerland one hundred thousand, and Holland and Belgium about the same, while Russia has given fifty thousand of her noble Mennonites, and Hungary and Poland perhaps thirty thousand more.

Now why is not this mostly good blood? When we look on these peoples as the progenitors of a race, which, in connection with the children of the Pilgrims, shall occupy and control the affairs of this continent, I submit that the outlook is at least hopeful. Their descendants born under free skies and educated in free schools can but be a noble people. It is not the rif-raf of Europe, that has been coming to our shores. The rif-raf do not immigrate as a rule. The dregs do not float. The lazy and vicious do not tear up their roots and leave the land of their fathers and go forth to conquer new situations. It is as a rule the most energetic and brave who do such things, and I believe that from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present, it has been the most earnest,

industrious people of Europe who have been seeking for homes and for liberty on these western shores.

Enough and more than enough of the bad have come no doubt, and they have swarmed upon the wharves of our great cities, clinging to our centres of commerce and manufacturing, a perfectly pestelential brood, appearing thus to be more harmful than they really are. But they have been greatly in the minority, and with our present immigration laws are becoming more so every year. The great majority who have come are such as we may safely welcome.

This will appear more clear possibly if we take any particular period and analyze it. Take for instance five years from 1870 to 1875, and we shall see that during those years $33\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. of our immigrants were Anglo-Saxons, and a little more than 32 per cent. were Germans, while the Irish were only $17\frac{3}{10}$ per cent., and this proportion holds good in later years when they have come in larger numbers. In 1880 there were 593,703 foreigners landed upon our shores. Of these 66,399 were from Ireland, while Germany furnished 108,725, and Scandinavia 50,731, and England 33,768, showing, as I think, that our country is being peopled with very good blood.

Then they represent such callings as we most need. Many of them are ministers and doctors, and lawyers. Not a few are teachers and artists, and a large number are artisans and mechanics and engineers. And then there are cooks and butchers and bakers, and a few merchants, and of course a large

class of laborers, who scatter upon our farming lands and go on to our railroads and into our mines and mills, doing for us a much-needed work, and one to which our native American boys do not take very kindly.

And then while many of these immigrants are poor, a majority of those who came from Germany and Scandinavia have considerable means so that the wealth of the nation is actually increased from this source some millions annually. It does not seem to me that great bugbear which some of our the alarmist writers think they have discovered in the character of our foreign population is so very great after all. There are elements of peril here I have no doubt, and these must be attended to. But there are many hopeful features, and on the whole I think we may devoutly thank God that our country is being settled by a worthy though heterogeneous people.

THE NEW-YEAR'S GUEST.

By B. A. W., '89.

I sat by the fire on New-Year's eve,
Musing the midnight hour away,
Thinking of money earned and spent,
Of lessons mastered day by day.

Ah, well, I murmured, half aloud,
Some riches, surely, I have won,
But I'll accomplish more by far
This hopeful year that's just begun.

"What kind of riches, may I ask?"
I raised my head in quick surprise,
To see who 'twas that questioned thus,
And, lo! an angel met my eyes.

Her holy presence with me there
My mind to higher thoughts reclaimed.
What joys had I to others given,
What strength of character attained?

I dropped my eyes in very shame,
Because so little I had wrought
In Christian charity and love,
In holy deed, in word, in thought.

"Look up, my child, do not despair,
Although some actions you regret;
The past has gone beyond recall,
The future lies before you yet.

"Think not that fleeting wealth e'er brings
The happiness that you desire,
Employ your time in doing good
If you to boundless joys aspire."

The angel vanished; I awoke.
The New-Year's morn dawned bright
and clear;
The sun, slow rising in the east,
Filled every heart with goodly cheer.

My angel visitor has gone;
Her radiant form no more I see;
The counsel that she left behind
Still guides, supports, and strengthens
me.

COMMUNICATIONS.

To the Editors of the Student:

The second annual business meeting and banquet of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association occurred at Young's Hotel, Boston, at 4 o'clock, Friday, December 9, 1887. Twenty persons, representing twelve out of the twenty-seven college papers constituting the association, were present.

Their names and papers are as follows: Fred L. Chapman, *Amherst Student*; S. Abbott, Harvard; E. H. Elwell, Jr., *Maine State College Cadet*; W. Barnes, Jr., *Harvard Crimson*; C. S. Severance, *Undergraduate*; E. L. Richardson, *Williams Literary Monthly*; Geo. B. Rogers, *Williams Weekly*; E. J. Small, *Bates Student*; Wade Keyes, Geo. N. Hero, E. J. Crandall, *Tufts-*

ian; L. H. W. French, Dartmouth; M. M. White, *Wesleyan Argus*; W. I. French, A. S. Warren, J. R. Towne, *The Tech.*; E. Spencer Baldwin, E. A. Kimball, *Beacon*; L. F. English, Dartmouth; J. C. Edgerly, Tufts.

It was voted to hold the next annual convention, on February 22, 1889, and to print and circulate the constitution among all the New England college magazines.

A short talk as to the necessity of more enthusiasm in the workings of the association on the part of many college papers was followed by the election of the following officers for the coming year: President, Abbott of Harvard; First Vice-President, English of Dartmouth; Second Vice-President, Edgerly of Tufts; Third Vice-President, Barnes of the *Crimson*; Recording Secretary, Small of the *Bates Student*; Corresponding Secretary, Severance of the *Undergraduate*; Executive Committee, Hero of the *Tuftsionian*, King of the *Crimson*, Towne of *The Tech.*, Hobson of *Beacon*, Chancellor of *Amherst Student*.

At the banquet, immediately following the business session, President Abbott presided, and the needs and requirements of college journalism were more fully discussed. Toasts were appropriately responded to by Chapman, Severance, French, Richardson, Barnes, and others, who in the course of their remarks, expressed great satisfaction for the past and hope for future harmony among college journals. Many other matters of general interest were talked over, and the constraint of new acquaintanceship

wearing away with the disappearance of the tempting viands, opinions were expressed and views interchanged with all the charming freedom of old friendship.

"But all good things have an end too soon," and when the time came for the final handshake, all were agreed that the onerous duties of the college editor are nearly if not wholly compensated by the good-fellowship and sociability enjoyed at his annual feast.

NEW HAVEN, CT., Jan. 7, 1888.

To the Editors of the Student:

In response to your request for a communication, I send you a few rambling notes from the "City of Elms." Well does New Haven deserve this name. Everywhere her streets are lined by the trunks and overarched by the branches of those noble trees. Massive, ancient, and enduring, they seem emblematic of the conservative spirit of the city to which they belong. For conservatism is one of the first characteristics to attract the attention of the observer of New Haven life.

The city has not forgotten her origin in this respect at least. So much of the old Pilgrim spirit has survived, modified no doubt by the bustle of modern life, but never annihilated. The Puritans are often thought of as innovators, and their lives were in certain respects protests against the established order, but after all they were in habit and in thought essentially conservative. Their descendants, the citizens of New Haven, in later years, have never wholly lost this characteristic. The introduction of the commercial spirit

was long regarded with disfavor by the old inhabitants. It is even related that when, years ago, it was proposed to build a sidewalk along what is now one of the principal streets of the city, the plan met with the bitterest opposition from some of those living there. Their opposition was in vain, however, and the sidewalk was at last built, but one good old citizen found consolation for his outraged dignity and expression of his contempt for new-fangled notions, by refusing to walk upon it. Coming down the path from his door, by means of long strides he cleared the despised sidewalks with as little contact as possible, and taking the middle of the street walked away saying, "God's earth is good enough for me to walk on."

The same conservative spirit shows itself also in the university here located. In fact Yale may be regarded as the supporter of the established in American college life and management, as Harvard is the advocate of the novel and the untried. The student here cannot by a judicious choice of electives, omitting all subjects that require mental exertion, render of no effect, so far as discipline is concerned, his four years of supposed study. For two years of his course he is kept down to the prescribed order, and during the remainder, though a good range of choice is allowed him, he cannot well avoid doing a fair amount of work. No doubt the system of elective studies has its advantages, but it may be questioned whether an arrangement which allows a student to spend his whole four years on the least difficult studies

to be found in an extended list, the translation of easy French, for example, is altogether a benefit. Yale students need not feel that they are necessarily losers because they are governed to some extent by the traditional.

Conservatism manifests itself again in the distinctness with which the different departments of the university are separated. The name "university" exists, but the object corresponding to this name seems not so easy to find. The different "schools" strike the observer more as separate institutions than as departments of a university. This will probably correct itself as time goes on, however. There are some seeming exceptions to what I have called the prevailing spirit of New Haven life.

The "New Theology" is at least tolerated in some of the leading churches. The oldest of these, established in 1639, with John Davenport as pastor, is now presided over by Dr. Newman Smyth, whose name has acquired additional notoriety in connection with the Andover controversy. The edifice in which this church now worships stands upon ground formerly used as a cemetery. Most of the dead were removed years ago, but the church was erected over the remains of a few who were left, and their names are engraved upon tablets placed in the vestibule. One can almost imagine these sleepers as disturbed in their long rest and rising to enter a protest against the uttering over their heads of sentiments so different from those which governed their lives when on earth. But they are silent, and perhaps if they could

come back to earth with the knowledge which they have gained since they left it, they would be even more tolerant toward the new beliefs than those who now occupy their places here. Who knows?

Apparently New Haven has not put forth, at least until recently, very much effort in establishing and beautifying places of public resort. The East Rock Park Association has, however, made a good beginning in this direction, and that its work is appreciated is proved by the crowds that visits its reservation during the pleasant season. This park includes, with the adjoining lands, one of the famous rock formations known to the geologist as the trap-dikes of the Connecticut valley. The almost vertical columns of this "rock" rise to a height of some three hundred and fifty feet above sea level, though buried at the bottom for many feet in the talus which has fallen from them. Upon the top has been placed a soldiers' monument of something like a hundred feet in height, affording from its summit a fine view of the city, the harbor, and the surrounding country, but hardly adding to the effect when the rock itself is viewed from below. Extended drives have been built to the summit of the rock and to the various points of interest within the park, and foot-paths, well supplied with guide-boards, run in all directions. Everywhere, too, are copies of the "By-Laws of East Rock Park Association," and notices telling the visitor that he must not do this, or that he will be subject to a fine if he does that, till he almost begins to

wonder if man has no rights which the association is bound to respect.

Across the valley from this, almost on the opposite side of the city, is a similar formation known as West Rock. This is somewhat higher than East Rock, and seems to be utilized at present chiefly as a source of stone for paving and macadamizing the streets of the city and vicinity. East Rock seems to have belonged originally to the same ridge as West Rock, and the valley is probably the result of erosion in past geological epochs. The ridge is continued to the westward from West Rock, and upon its slope, at some distance from the front, is found the "Judge's Cave." A large bowlder of trap, supposed to have been dropped here by glacial action, has become broken into several pieces in such a way as to leave a small irregular cavern between them. Here tradition says that two of the regicide judges of Charles I., for some time concealed themselves, while the king's officers were seeking for them in the town. They were supplied by some of the colonists with food which was carried by a small boy and left upon a stump near their place of concealment. This boy is said to have supposed that the food was intended for laborers, but he must have been different from the average small boy if he never attempted to fathom the mystery by personal investigation. New Haven and its neighborhood afford an abundance of localities of interest to the geologist. Here may be found formations of almost every kind, and rocks of almost every variety, from the granite and gneiss of the early

ages to the trap and red sandstone of Mesozoic time. The sandstone belongs to the same formation which in other parts of the Connecticut valley has afforded the tracks and other relics of the enormous reptiles of that "middle time" of geology.

The Peabody Museum, belonging to the university, contains fine specimens of these relics. Large slabs are covered with ripple-marks and rain-drop impressions, and show tracks of two different species of large reptiles. A flat sandy beach must have received the impression of the ripples as they died out along its surface; then a shower of rain left the marks of its large drops upon the yielding sands and some of the unwieldy animals, then so abundant, passed that way. A new deposit of sand covered all these markings, and they were preserved to tell their story to the far-distant ages of the present. Thus we may interpret the record of these rocks, while we are reminded of how important a service may often be rendered by the seemingly trivial and commonplace.

O. H. D., '81.

Alumni, we ask the benefit of your thought and experience. Fellow-student, we expect and need your aid. Let there be no lack of wit, news, and wisdom to please, gladden, and instruct.

Professor Edward S. Holden, of the University of California, has briefly analyzed in *Scribner's* for January a recent French book which throws a new light on Balzac.

LOCALS.

The function of the "Local" is intimately domestic. He is a sort of door-yard critic, as it were. He never strays far from home. He must be able to detect jokes in the inceptive state, and furnish them at once with a healthy and vigorous constitution. Earthquakes in Egypt he blankly ignores. Railroad carnage in the West goes on without a remonstrance from him. But the faintest breeze that turns over a leaf, or the slightest tussle that unseams a coat-sleeve within the home circle is faithfully registered, and of course when any large animal comes within the limit he is faithfully catalogued.

Toboggan. Join the club.

The chimneys are snowed in.

For a fire. *Sehr viel* kerosene.

Call, '89, is in the bookstore. Call in.

Gymnastics are compulsory until this ice is covered up.

Eugene Thayer was here a few days. He likes at Amherst very much.

Mr. Cox has a combination book-rest and writing-table for sale. Very convenient.

The boys will return soon with robust wallets. That will dispel some commercial doubts.

A horse-car leaves Parker Hall every hour, via Lisbon Street and Broad Street bridge, for Auburn.

Miss Mary Angell, '90, entertained a party of her friends, at her home, the first Tuesday evening of the term.

Rev. A. T. Hillman, of the First Baptist Church of Manchester, N. H., has accepted the appointment, as agent, to raise one hundred thousand dollars for the Cobb Divinity School, connected with this college.

During last vacation Prof. Stanton had the Library re-arranged and enlarged. It is now in a good business condition.

Prof.—“What do we mean by electric light plant?” Philosophical Junior—“All the luminaries under the genus electric.”

Pater Leathers says: “About six in this college are too economical to buy their B. L., and I have to furnish it to them for nothing.”

Miss Etta Given is recovering from her accident. Recently a gift of sixty-one dollars was presented her by college and other friends.

Saturday, January 14th, several of the students were the guests of Mr. Stackpole, the proprietor of the toboggan slide in Auburn, and enjoyed some fine sliding.

Professor (discursing on Obelisks)—“There are seventeen in Egypt, and forty-two in existence.” Inattentive Sophomore—“Where did you say those last ones were?”

Too literal a comparison: Prof. S.—“Now you know that to break into a man’s room and steal his book is just as bad as to go into his stable and steal his horse.”

Mr. Herbert Spinney, an excellent taxidermist, will be at Parker Hall a fortnight, this term, and will mount or supply birds for the students, at low rates.

Lewiston is splendidly illuminated. There are one hundred electric lights; seven of them can be seen from the steps of Hawthorn Hall, and three effulge on the campus.

The intricate tariff problem was clearly mapped out, Friday, January 6th, in the Eurosophian Society rooms, by Mr. Noble, on the protection side, and by Mr. Stanley on the free-trade side.

The Senior year, during the psycho-logical period, the mind seeks the intangible nebulosity; the next year, during the subsiding period, the mind seeks the heaviest gentleman on the school board.

How does this conversation strike you, boys? S.—“Is there a fire down to the Gym.?” J.—“No.” S.—“Well, why not?” J.—“What’s the use to have a fire? Nobody goes in there but the yaggers, and I haunt goin’ to warm up them fellars.”

There is a vigorous movement afoot among the students to organize a toboggan club, and construct a slide down David Mountain, on the slope facing the college, so that as the toboggan darts down the chute, it will emerge and spend its force on the level waste of the ball-ground.

What the Soph. did and what he said: Scene I.—A small school-house near the woods; the door is open; a row of dinner pails on the entry floor, a row of caps and jackets on the wall; a number of tracks and furrows in the snow about the door-step; a small wood-pile (not sawed) resting against the house. Scene II.—Interior, a small room, a big stove, a roaring fire, a small blackboard, a small map of Europe on the wall, some big wooden seats, some big cowhide boots that indulge frequently in acoustic phenomena; a whimpering youngster, a tall

judicial Soph. entertaining him by the ear; a philosophical instrument, consisting of a pin scientifically arranged, so that when it is placed in a seat the point reverts skyward; another youngster with a smile on his face and an active sensation near the capital of his pants. Scene III.—A college building; a room inside, well furnished with Sophs., sitting in chairs and lying on the bed; a tall judicial Soph. *lying* in the center of the room. He remarks thus: "Yes, it was a hard school, boys. I kinder hated to tackle it, but I made up my mind I would get through it somehow. You know three years ago they lugged a big fellow out of that school. The committee said I would have trouble. Everything went smooth enough until the middle of the term, when a big fellow who had been chopping wood for three winters, came marching in with his books one morning. He did pretty well for a few days, but one afternoon he kicked a little fellow who sat in front of him. I saw him, and I tell you I piled into him in great shape. I grabbed him by the neck, snapped him into the aisle, and dragged him into the floor before he knew what ailed him. Well! I had to do it quick, you know." "No." "That was the last trouble I had. After that he was one of the best fellows you ever saw."

Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, has received the cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government in recognition of his services in the field of astronomy.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Albert H. Heath, D.D., pastor of the North Congregational Church of New Bedford, Mass., was visited Saturday evening, January 7th, on the 20th anniversary of his marriage, by some of his friends, who presented him with a purse of about \$350.

'69.—Rev. W. H. Bolster, of South Weymouth, Mass, who has received a unanimous call to the First Congregational Church, Brockton, Mass., at a salary of \$2,500, was born in Oxford County, Maine, forty-three years ago. He is a graduate of Bates College and Bangor Theological Seminary, and has had successful pastorates in Wiscasset, Me., Everett, Mass., and South Weymouth, where he has been for six years pastor of the Union Church. His people are strongly attached to Mr. Bolster, and it is doubtful if he can be induced to leave them.—*Boston Journal*.

'69.—George B. Files, principal of Augusta High School, is president of the Maine Pedagogical Society.

'71.—George W. Flint is still the successful and popular principal of the high school at Collinsville, Conn., where he has been for many years. In addition to his school work he is managing editor of the *Farmers and Mechanics' Journal*, a new weekly paper. Last spring he was made deacon of the Congregational Church in Collinsville. In his last summer vacation Mr. Flint made a trip to Europe.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge, Esq., has sent to Professor Stanton, as a present

to the college library, a case containing 119 volumes of German works, consisting of standard editions of German authors, and of Latin and Greek classics with annotations by German critics. Mr. Stockbridge is connected, as manager, with Johnston's Patent Agency of New York City.

'73.—Almon E. Libby has recently been visiting his father, Rev. Almon Libby of this city. Mr. Libby, who is a civil engineer, is doing a very successful business in Minneapolis, both in the practice of his profession and in real estate.

'77.—J. K. Tomlinson is sub-master in a boys' school at Harrisburg, Penn.

'77.—F. F. Phillips is traveling chemist for Harrison Bros., Philadelphia.

'77.—C. V. Emerson has made a very efficient secretary of the Lewiston City Board of Health. He is also president of the Young Men's Republican Club of this city.

'78.—Rev. F. D. George, missionary at Midnapore, India, spent a part of last summer at a sanitarium in the Himalayan region. The *Lewiston Journal* of Saturday, January 14th, contains a letter from Mr. George, in which he gives a very interesting account of his short stay among the Himalayas.

'81.—John H. Parsons, principal of the Maine Central Institute, read a very able and interesting paper before the Maine Pedagogical Society, at the last annual meeting, in Augusta, December 31st, on the "Place and Work of the Seminary in our System of Education."

'81.—John F. Shattuck, M.D., is very pleasantly situated at Wells River, Vt., where he has a large and increasing practice.

'81.—Bates S. Rideout was ordained and installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Norway, November 15th. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. C. H. Daniels of Portland.

'83.—Clifford J. Atwater is doing a flourishing law business at Seymour, Conn.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett, returned January 2d to the Columbia College Library, New York, where she spent her first year after graduation.

'84.—Charles A. Washburn is giving excellent satisfaction as principal of the high school in Fort Fairfield.

'86.—Edgar D. Varney is spending the winter in Denver. Since he went to Colorado in the fall, he has had the pleasure of meeting several of the Bates alumni—Mr. Baker of '73, principal of Denver High School; and Professors Dennett of '73, and Brackett of '75, of Colorado State University.

'86.—Married in Portland, the 19th ult., by Rev. C. H. Daniels, Mr. Thomas Sale, of Portland, and Miss Lizzie J. Strout of Durham.

'86.—J. W. Goff has recently gone to Centerville, Conn., to teach.

'86.—W. N. Prescott passed through town, last week, on his way to his home in Monmouth, where he will spend a short vacation. He is in the employ of a Portland furniture dealer as head clerk.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth is stopping at the Palmer House, Boston.

'87.—John R. Dunton has been recently elected principal of the high school in the Central District, Belfast.

'87.—Leonard G. Roberts, who has been spending the winter in Jacksonville, Fla., has accepted the position of principal of the Somerset Academy at Athens.

STUDENTS.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is principal of the high school at Oxford.

'88.—E. F. Blanchard has recovered from his sickness and returned to college.

'89.—F. L. Buker, canvassing in Westminster, Mass., has met with good success.

'89.—C. J. Emerson, teaching in Newport, N. H.

'89.—I. N. Cox is teaching a difficult school on Chebeague Island, with success.

'89.—G. H. Libby, after a successful term of school at Foxcroft, and one at Hancock, has returned to college for the rest of the year.

'89.—W. T. Guptil is principal of the grammar school at Turner.

'89.—B. M. Sinclair, teaching at West Auburn.

'90.—C. A. Record, teaching second term, Brownville.

'90.—W. H. Woodman is a successful pedagogue in Stratton.

'91.—F. W. Plummer, teaching in Auburn.

'91.—F. E. Stevens left college and is in Colorado.

Student (to Prof.)—"I don't see through that problem." Prof. (sarcastically)—"Well, we can't stop to put a window into it for your benefit."—*Ex.*

POET'S CORNER.

THE POET.

O, sympathetic soul!

Whom nature's beaming features thrill;
Who loves old ocean's roll,
And hears a song in ev'ry rill;
Who sees the morning blush,
A maiden fair; the dew-drops, tears;
Fears not the lightning's hush,
Nor thunder's crash and roaring, fears;
Whose sharpened senses catch
The music of the heavenly spheres.

A. L. S., '89.

NULLUS SAPIENTIER.

There was a deep student of some sort of lore,
I cannot say just what they term it,
So much interrupted by leisurely friends
That he longed for the life of a hermit.
So he left his loved books for a number of
days,
Left the home he no more could abide in,
Determined to search in unusual ways
Till he found a snug nook he could hide in.

He found it! 'Twas down a long avenue's
length,

'Twas down through a lane—with a turning,
Then round a queer corner and four stories
high,

A snug situation for learning.

"How lucky!" he cried, as he moved in his
books,

"Sweet solitude! Dearly I prize her—
Here, hard I can study alone by myself,
And no one be any the wiser."

—Judge.

THE OLD, OLD STORY AGAIN.

"Give me a kiss my darling, do,"

He said as he gazed in her eyes so blue.

"I won't," she said; "you lazy elf,
Adjust your lips and help yourself."

—*Ex.*

HER LETTER.

In my hand I held her letter;
Held a flutter in my heart,
Dared not break the seal, from fearing
That the flutter would depart.

In my hand I held her letter,
Held it when I'd read it through,
Foolish I, that I should doubt her.
And the flutter grew.

LEON, '89.

VOLAPUK.

Take a teaspoonful of English,
 A modicum of Dutch,
 Of Italian just a trifle,
 And of Gaelic not too much;
 Some Russian and Egyptian,
 Add them unto the whole,
 With just enough to flavor
 Of the lingo of the Pole,
 Some Cingalese and Hottentot,
 A *soupcou*, too, of French,
 Of native Scandinavian
 A pretty thorough drench;
 Hungarian and Syriac,
 A pinch of Japanese,
 With just as much Ojibbeway
 And Turkish as you please.
 Now stir it gently, boil it well,
 And if you've decent luck,
 The ultimate residuum
 You'll find is Volupuk.

—Selected.

NOCTURNE.

That wizard architect, the Night,
 Hath spread with cunning hand
 The snow, with which the spires bedight
 Resemble Fairyland.

And dusting all with diamond-frost,
 He scrolls his mystic rune;
 While glow the floating clouds embossed
 With silver of the moon.

Thro' curtains stream the mellow bars
 Of light from towers above,
 That hides from all the eager stars
 The form of her I love.

Yet not a sound or note I made
 Upon the night's cold air,
 For light guitar or serenade
 Were discord to her prayer.

—Nassua Lit.

ASK NOT.

Prithee, ask not why I love you!
 Can the satellite discover
 Why it moves the same path over
 Daily round its brilliant lover?
 Can the planets give their reasons
 Why through all the changing seasons
 To their sovereign they are constant?
 (Hush! I see your look remonstrant.)
 Why do flowers seek the kisses
 Of the sunlight? (Heavenly blisses!)

Why do sunbeams softly quiver
 As they kiss the smiling river?
 Why do violets love the shadow?
 Why the buttercup the meadow?
 Why the larks go soaring high,
 'Mid the cloudlets, to the sky?
 When all these shall give their reasons,
 Birds, and streams, and skies above you,
 I shall tell you why I love you!

—Education.

THE MESSAGE.

I made a little song one day,
 Not over-sad nor over-gay,
 And every word thereof was full
 With praise of one most beautiful.

To her I sang it—while o'erhead
 The sunset deepened into red
 Behind the hills—word, song and
 verse,
 With utter love made wholly hers.

And so I put it from my heart,
 I said, "My song, since her's thou
 art,
 Save at her bidding it shall be,
 Return thou nevermore to me."

And as I lay to-day, quite still,
 Beside her grave upon the hill,
 The little song comes back, so clear,
 So sweet, I think she sent it here.

—Ex.

O'er wintry snows, in melancholy plight,
 A most pathetic, most suggestive sight,
 Ghosts of the summer joys are lingering yet,
 Held in the meshes of a tennis-net!

—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

"Oh, would the giftie some gift would gie us;
 To see our sils as ither people see us."
 But since she will not, let us all agree
 To tell each other what we seem to be.—Ed.

The first number of the *University*,
 a weekly magazine devoted to the in-
 terests of American colleges, comes to
 us replete with interesting and valua-
 ble information. Designed to give
 weekly the important doings in all our
 higher institutions of learning, it must

be the source of much material benefit and the promoter of mutual good feelings. It supplies a real need and we gladly welcome it in the field of college journalism.

One of the first to find its way into our sanctum this month and extend the greetings of the season fraternally was the *Colby Echo*. It is a creditable publication and always welcome among our exchanges.

An editorial in the *Hobart Herald* speaks of a complaint from some of the students that too much space is devoted to essays and class work which is of no interest to the students. We quite agree with the eds. in their view of the matter. In colleges that have but one publication, that one must necessarily be devoted to many interests. Of course, locals are of most interest to the students and should fairly represent the doings and sentiments of the boys; but to repeat campus gossip is not the only function of the true college journal. It must be the exponent of the college to the outside world, and it is the literary department almost alone that is of interest to the outsider. If some of the essays published were actual class exercises, so much the better is the literary character of your institution manifested, and the object of your journal accomplished.

The *Cadet* has filled its exchange column with clippings. Like the model small boy, it wishes "to be seen and not heard." Perhaps that suits the *Cadet*, but for our part we enjoy the familiar chats of our family circle of exchanges and fain would have our

say, and who, however humble, can fail to give and receive much benefit from earnest undissimulating conversation.

The *Bethany Collegian* has this month several well-written literary articles. The author of "Voices of Nature" displays a poetic appreciation of the beautiful which is always pleasant to be met with. The local department contained some references to the ladies that, to say the least, were decidedly ill-bred, especially in a co-educational journal.

The *Sunbeam* is a bright artistic little magazine and reflects credit upon its institution and editors. This thought, however, is suggested to us, that contributions to the literary department should generally be from those connected with the institution—professors, alumni, or students. It seems to us that we college editors need to especially guard against making our publications scrap-books of current literature.

Among all our literary exchanges, none holds a higher place in our estimation than the *Nassua Lit.* The following extract from "The Study of Models in Literature," might very properly be referred to the subject of reviewing standard periodicals by college editors. "Nothing but absolute perfection, such as man has not obtained, is entitled to admiration without hesitancy or inquiry. *It is no presumption, then, in any of us, as persons of respectable education and intelligence, to criticise the productions of great minds, provided we do it with an inquiring and not a supercilious spirit.*

"For it is true that faults may be

detected by those who are vastly inferior in genius to these authors. To have a true conception of what a thing should be is one thing, to have the power to fulfil the ideal is quite another. One who is unable, even in prose, to express his own thoughts with elegance may yet be competent to perceive and point out the defects which mar the style of other men. Judge, indeed, we must, or it were nearly or quite as well for us that no great work had ever been produced. For if, while studying blindly, we might derive some benefit from the beauties with which our minds are brought in contact, we should be sure also to receive material injury in being led to admire as beauties what are really defects."

The *Brunonian* is here with its usual number of interesting articles. We clip a portion of an editorial on theatre going, and add "Them's my sentiments, tew." It says:

"We are far from believing that theatre-going is an evil, when properly indulged in; an evening at the play once in a while, when a good company is performing a respectable piece, we believe to be a healthful and pleasing relaxation to the mind. But we see too many of our friends and classmates who carry this matter to a monstrous excess; who go to see 'everything that comes along,' good, bad, or indifferent, and an indefinite number of times to the same thing. This we must believe to be radically wrong. We do not pretend to judge of the moral effect of excessive theatre-going; each must make his own judgment of that, but

positive practical harm results in two directions—there is a waste of money and a waste of time. Even the modest 'Dime' counts up in a long run, and there is little moral or mental benefit to be derived from most theatrical performances. If one must have diversion, there are lectures and concerts to be heard which would be of real, practical benefit to the student, and offer at any rate some adequate return for the investment. Furthermore, theatre-going seriously hinders college work by occupying the very part of the day best adapted for study, and compelling the student either to neglect his duty altogether, or to sacrifice his afternoon to in-door work. What an extraordinary change would appear in the standing of half-a-dozen friends whom we could name if they should turn into the paths of learning all the enthusiasm which they now bestow upon the stage!"

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

A "Henry George" club is Cornell's latest innovation.

Princeton expects to be transformed into a university.

Dartmouth has 418 students, and the University of Vermont, 347.

Gen. Benj. F. Butler is to give a fountain to Colby University.

The change in the marking system at Cornell has proved a success.

Cornell expects President and Mrs. Cleveland at their next Commencement.

Dr. McCosh, the retiring president of Princeton, is the favorite of the reviewer just now.

A Ramabui circle for the elevation of woman in India, has been formed at Cornell.

Neither at Cornell or the University of Minnesota, is attendance upon recitations compulsory.

Dr. Francis Wayland, dean of Yale Law School, has been elected a Fellow of Brown University.

The local editor of *The Sunbeam*, of Ontario Ladies' College, says, "Little women are the fashion this winter." What next?

Mrs. Clara S. Hayes and Miss Nellie E. Rawson have received the degree of Master of Domestic Economy (M. D.E.) from the Iowa Agricultural College.

Mr. Fay, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is to endow the new college for women, is said to have made his fortune of \$1,500,000 by fortunate investments in railroad and mining stocks.

Dr. Sargent has offered \$1,600 in prizes to persons of either sex who will approach the nearest to perfect physical development. The offer remains open until June 1, 1890.

Hazing is becoming quite popular among the co-eds. at Dickinson. Probably they terrify the guileless freshmen with apparitions of spiders, or put awful, real, live mice under each other's pillows.

There are 1,100 students, and a faculty numbering 130 at the University of Pennsylvania. This seems to be one of the most wide awake and progressive of American universities. The most recent projects of that estimable institution is the sending of an exploring expedition to Ancient Babylon,

under the direction of Dr. John P. Peters, and the building of a \$50,000 theatre to be used especially for classical plays.

Honors do not come singly to Lord Lytton. The ink is scarcely dry on the official papers appointing him minister to France, when he is made Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.—*Public Opinion*.

Denver, Col., is to have a college for women, modeled after Wellesley or Vassar. The Ladies' College Society, which has the matter in charge, is to be incorporated, and will work to raise \$750,000 in real estate and cash.

The Stinnecke Scholarship, giving to the successful competitor of every third Sophomore class the sum of \$1500, has been awarded to Shick, '90. In this scholarship Princeton can boast of having the most valuable one of its kind offered by an American college.

It is a source of gratification to the American that it was not necessary, in casting about for some one competent to take charge of the Lick Observatory, to look beyond the limits of his own country, and again that there are Americans and Princeton alumni well qualified to become successors of Dr. McCosh.

The following is abridged from *Harper's Weekly*: "The Lick Observatory, situated on the highest summit of the Mont Diablo range, 4,200 feet above sea level, and about fifty miles from San Francisco, is completed. The atmosphere at that elevation is nearly free from mists. The stars, therefore, can be observed with the highest magnifying power. This is not only the

finest observatory in America, but the finest in the world. The telescope is 36 inches in aperture, and is moved and adjusted by the finest instruments that can be made. The corps of astronomers consists of Prof. Burnham of Chicago; Prof. Schoeberle, late of Ann Arbor; Prof. Keele of Alleghany Observatory; Prof. Barnard of Vanderbilt Observatory; and Prof. Hill, formerly in the United States coast survey. This splendid instrument, under such scientific control, is an honor to America, and a valuable acquisition to the whole scientific world. The observatory has been put under the permanent control of the University of California.

She (early in the evening)—“Good evening, Mr. Sampson.” Same She (late in the evening)—“Good night, Gene.”

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

First Bostonian—“I see that Sullivan has met the Prince of Wales.” Second Bostonian—“Is that so! Which whipped?”—*Judge*.

A professor having asked his class to write a paper on “The Results of Laziness,” a certain bright youth handed in as his essay a blank sheet of paper.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

A young scapegrace threw the ball at his sister and hit her on the back of the head so hard that the bawl came out of her mouth.—*Ex*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend he wrote on the back of it “Taken by O. W. Holmes & Sun.”

The girls do not like to go unarmed. The young fellows will see that they have arms about them.

A LATIN SCHOLAR.

“I see that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-mortem examination mean?” asked a young wife of her better half. A post-mortem examination, my dear is intended to allow the victim to state verbally his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing.” “Thanks, darling; and you won’t look down on me, will you, because I haven’t your education?” He said he wouldn’t.—*Medical World*.

POTPOURRI.

TO PHILIPPUS.

The jockey’s horse has feet of speed,
Maud S. has feet of fame;
The student’s horse has none at all,
But it gets there just the same.—*Ex*.

This was written on the fly-leaf of a book on moral science: “If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly; though all the world should be submerged, this book will still be dry.”—*Ex*.

DISGUSTED.

“No, sir,” he said to the captain, “I am not seasick, but I’m disgusted with the motion of the vessel.”—*Ex*.

In Duruy’s History of France is the following amusing historic bull. The writer says: “The first king of France was Pharamond, an imaginary being who had never existed. He was succeeded by his son.”

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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THE BATES STUDENT



Number 2.



Sixteenth
Volume.

'89

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 2.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
10 cents.
Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly
should notify the Business Manager.
Contributions cordially invited.
Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

IT is rumored that the Gymnasium will be newly fitted up the coming spring, and an instructor in calisthenics be secured. We hope it will become an established fact before many weeks.

ABOUT a year and a half ago an editorial appeared in the STUDENT, asking if something could not be done to provide a better place for the college mail. Nothing has yet been attempted, and we still gather round that little box, where everybody can pull over letters and papers and examine the postmarks, and read the postal cards, however much it may discomfit the owner. Many devices have been suggested for avoiding this unpleasantness, almost any of which could be carried out at a slight expense. If the college authorities are unwilling to remedy the evil, let the boys take the matter into their own hands. The present condition of affairs is a positive disgrace to the progressive spirit of our institution.

THERE is little danger that the natural passions and appetites of most men will not be well fed. But the great natural sentiments, such as toleration of justice in opinion, of appreciation of others, are ignorantly ex-

changed in the life of many people for a kind of uniformity and punctiliousness of deportment which means no more than the wrinkles in a coat-sleeve. If one is peevish in his toleration of the conduct of others, it may be disagreeable to them for a short time, but that one is suffering an infinite loss. A generous wish for the well-being of others, though unexpressed, will in a few years have a remarkable effect on one's mental development. Many are they who in deep and solemn tones exhorting to religious duty, hear but a request to refrain from using bad language and to maintain constancy in the singing of hymns. We are personally acquainted with very good people, who would not sing "Yankee Doodle" or saw a stick of wood on Sunday unless compelled by the most urgent circumstances, and yet whose faces grow unwholesome and pale from dissipation, and solemn from care. These same people thus meet again and again, and yet see not that herein lies something vital and tragic.

THE public school is constantly presenting new problems for solution. Out West our Teutonic brethren are clamoring to have their native tongue taught in the common schools. Here at the East our Catholic neighbors insist upon having separate schools for their children where the Protestant Bible shall not be read. In the establishment of schools at the South, the color line has been promptly drawn. All this seems to be a mistake. Unity of thought and speech makes a common people. There can be no more

reason for teaching German in our common schools than for teaching Russian or Norwegian. We do not care to have our country cut up into clans or tribes. One language is sufficient to be taught in the lower grades of our common schools, and that language should be strong "United States." Moreover, there can be no plausible reason why Uncle Sam should maintain different schools for different classes of people. Such a course has always been a cause of discord. But let young Pat and Hans and Sambo attend the same school, and when they grow up they will stand by one another. The public school is the surest, and about the only instrument for Americanizing these diverse elements. The demand of the times is not so much for the higher education of a few as for a general diffusion of knowledge among all classes. Patriotism and Americanism are the lessons to be taught.

THE students who teach during vacation: have nearly all returned. About the usual number have worn themselves thin with overwork and worry. Others have come back to us fat and sleek, showing that with them teaching has been one long, unbroken holiday. The life of the average school teacher is peculiar; that of the college student (who is more than average?) is still more peculiar.

He is expected to teach the unteachable, tame the untamable, and furnish energy for entire communities. He is at once an actor of comedy and of tragedy, his experiences ranging from the humorous to the pathetic in aston-

ishing and wonderful variety. He is revered as a man of wisdom and of justice. He is derided as a dude whose soft pate and tender hands debar him from all manual labor. He is a teacher of Sabbath schools, and a frequenter of evening parties. He is the associate of professional and business men, and also the recipient of children's prattle and old maids' gossip; fond mothers invite him to tea. He smiles and flatters all, while he inwardly abuses the fates that ordained his condition. This is one picture of the student's life.

However, the energetic and enthusiastic teacher has much cause for congratulation. He is doing a work, the value of which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. There is a deal of satisfaction in assisting young minds to a wider growth; in helping them to a clearer conception of life's purposes, and in strengthening their convictions of personal nobility. The teacher is constantly adding to a circle of friends, eager in gratitude and affection. He is actually doing some good.

THE study of Political Economy is every day receiving more and more attention, and this is right. Many of our high schools and academies that formerly left it out of their course entirely have inserted it, and are ranking it among the most important studies taken up.

In a country like the United States, governed by the people and for the people, it must be very necessary. No man is really qualified to exercise the privileges of a voter until he has gained some knowledge of this

study. Statesmen and politicians ought not to be allowed to decide these questions for us; each man should be able to consider and weigh them carefully for himself. The banking system, tariff, wages, such questions as these touch each one of us, and that so many men who cast their votes on these subjects know so little about them is a disgrace to them and to the country. How can a man intelligently throw his vote at the next Presidential election until he has carefully examined the arguments for and against "Protection" and "Free Trade," and that other question, how far the government has a right to interfere in such cases as the prohibition system? It is as ridiculous for a man to turn from his plow or his plane, and, without any previous preparation, help decide the questions continually coming up, as it would be for a woman to leave her molding-board or her needle to do the same thing.

Physiology and Hygiene, the effect of alcohol and tobacco, the study of these has been made compulsory in our public schools within a few years, and the time is not far distant when Civil Government and Political Economy will be treated in the same way, and some slight knowledge of the great principles underlying our government and all governments will be driven, if necessary, into the brain of each man that intends to exercise his privilege of voting.

CARLYLE in one of his writings has said, "If a man kens, he can." An author who treated this lately made

it merely a lesson in etymology, but it seems as though a lesson altogether different and of more vital importance may be gained from it. If a man thoroughly knows any one thing he can of course do it, but education should be so carried on as to develop a man on every side, so that he may be enabled to do everything the better for it. This is what the liberal education aims to do, and what in part it does do, that it does not do it perfectly is due to imperfections in carrying out the theory rather than in the theory itself.

Those who laugh at the theory of a liberal education being necessary for every one, argue that all cannot be doctors or lawyers or teachers, and to those who pursue no one of the so-called learned professions, a liberal education is time and money thrown away. It is often said that Greek and Geometry will not make a better mechanic or a more successful farmer. First and foremost is this idea, We were not put into this world to make mechanics or farmers, but to make men, and that should be our first concern to do those things, to follow those pursuits that shall make us the noblest, most useful men possible. But yet to leave that and go back to our first proposition. In every trade in this world that man is the most successful and achieves the most, even in a merely business point of view, who is capable of controlling men, and he alone is capable of controlling other men who is capable of controlling himself, and that man, other things being equal, can best take care of himself who has trained himself in every direction and

has developed himself, brain and body. This is what we ought to learn in our colleges and seminaries, and that our graduates are many of them so unevenly developed is due, as has been said before, to our carrying out of the plan rather than to the plan itself.

The first advantage gained by a knowledge of Greek and Latin is not the mere fact of so many declensions learned and stored up, or even the acquaintance gained with so many good authors, but rather it is the discipline the mind gets, the power of reasoning from cause to effect, from the abstract rule or principle to the actual construction and sentence. And this applies to the higher mathematics and the natural sciences, and the other branches that make up a college curriculum. It is by these means that our most prominent educators are trying to get this evenness of development, and it is by these means, and these means alone, that it is being acquired. We have not yet reached the end, but the end is coming, and every year patient efforts and the knowledge gained by experience are bringing it nearer.

THE law of inertia, indeed all law, seems to be universal. Thus a sort of social inertia tends to keep humanity in the old ruts. One of these old ruts, we think, is the almost universal practice of keeping Saturday as the holiday of the week. Where the custom originated and how well it is adapted to the needs of the general public are interesting questions and might be discussed elsewhere, but our purpose is to call attention to the

needs of the college student. It is urged that a temporary relief from work on Saturday prepares the mind for the proper observance of Sunday. But is any relief necessary for such a preparation? Is, or ought not, Sunday itself to be a day of relief and recreation to the mental faculties? Another says that he lives near the college, and goes home to spend the Sabbath. Perhaps no other arrangement could as well accommodate him, but he represents a very small per cent. of our students, and his convenience could justly be sacrificed to the general good. Another argument in favor of Saturday for colleges is the custom of society in general. True, special arrangements are made in the mills, on railroads, and with other things, for a part of the last day of the week as a day of rest, but if for other reasons, it is as we believe advantageous to have Monday in colleges, this fact of common practice has no force. Perhaps the "last and least" objection to changing the custom is that the present arrangement affords an opportunity for putting rooms in order, bathing, and other like things. These however require so short a time, comparatively, that the ordinary student would find time for them under the new *régime*. Having prepared the way for a candid hearing by answering some of the objections beforehand, let us in outline consider some of the chief advantages for Monday.

First—it gives opportunity to enjoy Sunday. As it now is, the mind, tired by the week's study, relaxes on Saturday, and one has little inclination to continue with books. The result is, as all

teachers will testify, that the Monday morning recitation is the worst one for the week. The student knows he is not prepared, and all day Sunday he is harassed by visions of Monday morning's "flunk" or "fizzle," or is driven to that worse extremity of studying Sunday. There is also another consideration. A part of the "day off" is, or ought to be, devoted to preparing the literary exercises. As it now is, the same remarks apply to this work as to the Monday morning recitations. It is nearly impossible to confine the mind, even to an hour's consecutive thought, when exhausted by continued application for five days. The result is, a large part of this work is merely superficial, and worse than not any. Nor is this all. A portion of the day in question is generally spent roaming about in the country in pursuit of butterflies, birds, plants, or minerals.

These runs in the fields are a God-send to the mental, as well as the physical system. The fresh air inflates the lungs and brightens up the smoke-tainted corpuscles, while the increased activity sends them with renewing vigor to thrill every nerve and tissue. Coming in from these excursions one is in just the condition to begin study again with enthusiasm, provided his mind has been previously rested for a little. If Sunday intervenes, with its sedentary diversions, the *ictus* of the recuperation is lost.

THE other day one of the most enthusiastic and capable of our baseball players and organizers informed us that probably no attempt would be

made to enter the league this summer. The reason given was the loss of so many players from the underclasses, in addition to that of two of our most reliable pitchers, making it difficult to find more than seven or eight really good men in the college.

Now with this crippling effect of last season's inactivity before us, it seems hardly possible that one should be blind to the fact that a continuation of this inglorious sloth will still further weaken our future base-ball interests, and in a year hence perhaps find us in an even worse condition than now. At present we could not indeed have strong hopes of winning the pennant; but it is not at all certain, in view of the fact that other colleges have sustained considerable loss by graduation, that we would stand at the foot of the league.

This disposition to yield to discouraging conditions, lacking in every other department of our work, unfortunately is and has been too prevalent in base-ball. For a cursory glance at our past record shows that no college exhibits at once such signal success and unexcusable failure; success attained when energy and perseverance were employed to overcome all obstacles; failure, when these qualities were absent. An average of the last fifteen years might not give us the lead, but it is safe to say that were this to include only those years in which the players and students in general had worked together for the common end, we would occupy no mean position. Indeed, all facts concur in showing that Bates has always been favored with more than ordinary base-ball talent, and when this has only been

moderately cultivated, if not victorious, we have been defeated by our sister colleges only after a desperate struggle. And it will be expedient for the despondent to remember that in these years our base-ballists have not as a rule enjoyed much practice before entering college. Many of our best men hardly ever played a game in the fitting school, but Bates' knack, together with a year's training, has generally put them in a condition to successfully contest with those more experienced in the diamond.

As regards the arguments of a few mistaken but well-meaning individuals who consider the games of the league, which are essential to base-ball enthusiasm in any college, as productive of rowdiness, gambling, and neglected studies, we have only to point to the fact that our field, and undoubtedly the fields of our opponents, have always been comparatively free from any tendency in these directions. The spirit of gambling was more rife ten years ago than it is to-day, and enthusiasm in the national game fully as strong, yet we have seldom heard the state league deprecated because of excess in the first, or of studies neglected for the second. We venture to say that in those years and classes that saw base-ball most successful in our college, also saw, if anything, an increase in the average scholarship. To bring up, then, such changes when a decade of experience has proven the infallibility of Bates and other college men in these respects, seems wholly unwarrantable.

We think, however, that the experience of the past year has indicated

the need of some game which, fostered by a league, will awaken more of the *esprit de corps* in our college. Let this need be met, and the lack of enthusiasm in athletics, especially marked by the absence of field day, and already spreading to other departments of our work, will disappear. If we put our hand to the helm, and, with such a nine as our best efforts can organize, strive at least to reach a fair position in the league, we can, perhaps, by such an increase of energy, nearly if not wholly compensate for our loss. While we may not succeed in winning high laurels this season, we will find, at the next, the underclassmen more competent to fill the places of those graduated, and, with the aid of the entering class, be enabled to equip a nine that will honor the athletic interests of the college. We started in well last fall; let us not, discouraged by a few difficulties, now succumb to a pernicious inactivity.

LITERARY.

THE TRILOBITE.

[A Geological Fable.]

By A. E. H., '89.

INTRODUCTION.

I sat me down, one pleasant night,
To study 'bout the trilobite,

Who lived in ages long ago,
In deepest waters far below

The surface, where from times unknown,
The trilobite had lived alone.

Nor did they wander far away,
With other ancient beasts to play.

Ichthyosaurus of noble race,
Lived far above their dwelling place.

And Phlesyosaurus, swift of wing,
Was to them an unknown thing.

Tree ferns might flourish like the rose;
'Twould not disturb their calm repose.

And so they were content to be
Immersed in great simplicity.

Nor cared they thro' the revolving years,
To learn new thoughts, or new ideas.

But not all thus, for some were wise,
And strove by dint of enterprise,

To lift their nation and their race
To a higher and more exalted place.

PART FIRST.

Once on a time (so tales were wont to have beginning)

A trilobite, Silurius by name, arose,
Who, not content with the way his tribe was living,

Endeavored some new truths of science to disclose.

He dared to rise e'en to the top of ocean
To gaze into the starry heaven above,
To watch the restless billows' wild commotion,
And wonder what great force caused them to move.

'Twas night when he this journey great attempted;

The sky was clear, in place of noonday sun
Fair Luna, poised aloft o'er Latmos mountain,
With moonbeams soothed to rest Endymion.

And Luna had a train of many followers
To light heaven's great cathedral everywhere;
For planets, stars, and satellites, together
Produced for him a scene surpassing rare.

Then down to ocean depths again descending,
Returning to his nation and his home,
He gathered all the trilobites about him,
And thus addressed his people: "I have come

"From regions far remote, above the water,
Where air and ocean meet in fond embrace;
Where flourish many a strange and wondrous creature;
Where many a monster hath his dwelling place.

"The world above is bright, for it is lighted
By many a star, and swift revolving sphere;
Their queen is Luna, she in grace presideth,
The central light in Heaven's great chandelier."

He finished speaking, but his tribe, indignant,
Arose in scorn and drove him from their sight;

Proclaiming him a heretic and outlaw,
Who dared teach such things to a trilobite.

But wheresoe'er he went he told the story,
And wheresoe'er he told it, was denied;
Till seized and tried on false and groundless
charges,
They basely slew him. Thus Silurius died.

He perished nobly, but his teaching never;
He sleeps in death; the truth lives on for aye.
His followers, few at first, increased to many;
Till thousands joined his standard every day.

And long years after when his nation's council
In solemn conclave met, so much they prized
His worth and merit as a sacred teacher,
That he, tho' once outlawed, they canonized.

PART SECOND.

In course of time another came,
Seeking for truth, not satisfied
To rest upon Silurius' fame,
Or follow blind a faith untried;
Deronius was his name, and he
A student of philosophy.

To oceans' surface he would rise,
As great Silurius rose before,
And gaze upon the azure sky,
And count the planets o'er and o'er
A lowly pilgrim he, intent
To study well the firmament.

He came up mid the glittering noon,
When sunbeams shine upon the sea,
Bright as the fairest day in June;
(Which seem the brightest days, to me,) While winged creatures o'er him flew,
While warm and gentle breezes flow.

When to his country he returned,
His people came from far and near,
That they his wondrous tale might learn;
That his adventures they might hear.
Said he, "'Tis true the world is bright;
From one great source comes heat and
light."

"'Tis false, 'tis false!" their leaders cried,
"He teacheth doctrines dangerous.
Our nation's faith he hath denied,
And basely wronged Silurius.
Down with the traitor!" loud they cry:
"Down with the heretic! Let him die!"

He perished, but a few believed,
And steadily his following grew,
Till many more the faith received,

And yielded him the credit due;
And long years after he was made
A saint, and to him honors paid.

And with mankind 't has been the same;
For since the world was cursed with sin,
The very men we crown with fame,
Have the greatest sufferers been.
Racked and tortured in their day.
Able does Lowell say:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

A GLIMPSE AT A MAINE LUMBERMAN.

BY VID, '89.

IT was the winter of 1881, I believe," said our old friend, James Falstaff, "and I had a small concern of about twenty hands hauling logs on the other side of Enchanted Pond.

"One morning about the first of March my oldest boy, Scott, came out to the dingle where I was welding a chain link and said he was going moose hunting.

"Go spruce hunting more likely," said I, for the day before one of my sled tenders had cut his knee. I had got to go out to the settlement, and so I was short of help."

"No, really," replied the boy, "Wendal Woodside says there is a large moose yard two miles beyond where the ox team hauled up there on the left. He is quite sure we can get a moose in this deep snow and crust." Well, he went hunting, and I to the village across the pond.

"As I was returning about dusk I saw Scott coming at a brisk walk to

meet me. His manner betrayed excitement, and in a instant my nerves were all activity. We were hauling down a very steep 'ram down,' and I thought it must be that one of the teams had got sluced. As soon as he was near enough, however, I was undeceived, for I saw Scott's face was all aglow and his eyes shone triumph.

"Where's your game, says I. 'Oh, we've got it up here, and I want you to take your horse and sled and go after it. We've got two cows, but the old monarch went in another direction, and Woodside wants you to go with him to-morrow.' The sight of the two slain beauties and the exciting story of the chase proved too strong a temptation, and next morning at daylight found us well on our way to the yard. A moose yard, as perhaps you all know (we didn't, however.) is a place having a suitable kind of browse where a family of moose spend the winter. It is called a yard because the moose, wandering over these several acres after their food, the small twigs and branches tread down the snow giving it the appearance of a farm-yard.

"We found the track and started after our eager hound. We had traveled nearly three hours when a peculiar bay from the hound far in advance told us that the game was overtaken. We hastened on and coming out to a white birch ridge such a sight met our eyes as would thrill the most tranquil-minded. The animal stood at bay about fifty yards away. His enraged, blood-shot eyes seemed kindled to a blaze; the long gray hair along his back stood erect from sheer anger.

Suspended from his brisket by a roll of skin a foot in length and no larger than one's thumb hung his bell. It was jet black. From the creature's mouth lolled a huge red tongue, and as he slat it from side to side and struck violently at the dog I think he was the most formidable animal I ever looked upon. We had quickly removed our snow-shoes, and when he discovered our presence and made a lunge and a charge at us we were glad to start off on the quarter and thus avoid him, for the animal cannot turn suddenly from its charge. Our dog weighed nearly fifty pounds, and as soon as the moose turned, one leap enabled the dog to set his teeth firmly through the gambrel of the huge animal. For a short distance the bull rushed on as if snow, crust, dog, and all were as autumn leaves in his path. He soon halted, however, and stood again at bay. Now was the time. Once, twice, thrice sped the deadly bullet and the monarch lay dead. We quickly dressed him off, hung him up on a tree, and started on.

"That night, when we returned to camp, we brought with us two other animals, somewhat smaller than the one of our first triumph, but nevertheless large enough to supply us with meat for nearly all the remainder of the winter. Thus ended a successful day's hunt."

THE STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY.

By C. W. C., '88.

THIS nation stands, to-day, the representative of a model government. The principle of liberty and equality are the distinguishing features of our

political policy. These principles now, as we believe, proved to be practical, are elementary, yet to prepare society to receive them has been the work of ages. Since the earliest historic times, unequal civil rights and unbalanced conditions of society have pressed heavily upon the mass of the people. Political rights have been abused, people have been deprived of their freedom, and the lives of nations threatened by the hands of tyrants. When the people have resisted these acts of oppression, then has there been a struggle for equality. Since the time the grievously oppressed plebeians seceded from Rome, more than twenty-three hundred years ago, again and again have the so-called lower classes struggled to gain or to maintain their rights.

Some of the most notable events connected with the advancement of this cause of the common people have occurred within the history of our own country. A new era began when the oppressed of Europe first sought the shores of America. A new world was opened up as a refuge to the downtrodden, and many there were that sought it, risking life and fortune amid the vicissitudes of an unknown land, rather than continue longer with their tyrannical superiors the hopeless struggle for equality. The seed thus planted brought forth, in due season, abundant fruit. It was the Continental Congress, that deliberate body of sagacious men, which dared to face the haughty lords of England and declare that "All men are created equal." The Revolutionary war put a new aspect upon all civilization. Lib-

erty has since been enjoyed as it was never known before.

Three-quarters of a century had passed when another stroke was made for liberty and equality. This time not by the oppressed, but by liberty-loving people in behalf a most humble race. The victories won so dearly by our Northern armies brought about the emancipation of the slaves in America. And the struggle engaged in so fiercely, both on the field of battle and in legislative halls, eventually resulted in making the late slave a citizen, equal in all civil rights and privileges with his former master.

Grand, indeed, were these achievements; proudly do we look back upon them. But if for a moment we should throw off this mantle of patriotic pride and look without prejudice into the social condition of our country, here we might see strange and dangerous inequalities. We might discover a tendency, which, if allowed to go too far, would prove fatal to many of our institutions. It is the tendency to return to castes. Wealth, the shrine at which many hearts have bowed, and at which the happiness and the best part of many lives have been offered, has done much toward this development of castes. There is a gulf between the poor man and the millionaire; there is war between labor and capital. Every man may have an equal voice in the government, but every one has not an equal opportunity in society. This is surely wrong, for, in a measure, the stability of the government depends on the purity of society.

But the same spirit that has hitherto

moved the American people to obtain and grant equal civil and political rights, still lives. It is moving among them now. There is going on in this country a struggle for equality. Not content with their much-improved circumstances, the people strive for equal social rights. No doubt, in this struggle, many mistakes have been made. Ignorance has led blindly into dark ways, retarding the movement to equalize the social condition of the people. But thanks to our system of education, which teaches the principles of equal citizenship and arouses the philanthropic spirit of a common brotherhood, upon this mainly we must depend to bring society into the desired condition.

With the spirit that pervades so many loyal citizens of this country, and with the opportunities of an education within the reach of the humblest, we may well hope to see our country safely outride the storm of social discord, and still and ever be the refuge of the oppressed and the abode of justice.

THOROUGHNESS.

By C. J. E., '89.

ON the afternoon of January 10, 1860, the main building of the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, Mass., fell, and six hundred operatives were buried in the ruins. Lack of thoroughness on the part of the builders had caused a disaster terrible in its destruction. Moreover, this instance is but one of many that might be cited under the same general head. Railroad accidents, steamboat disasters, and fall of houses, testify only too surely that somewhere

there has been gross negligence, or that "some one has blundered."

The mechanical arts are not the only ones to suffer; lack of thoroughness is also apparent in the professions. Too often ministers lack special training, and Sunday after Sunday lull their congregations to sleep with soothing words. Too often the physician's gilt sign hides the graves of his patients. Too often justice is defeated through the ignorance of law givers, and teachers lacking experience are not exceptions to the rule.

To be great a man must be thorough, for greatness has been defined as intense earnestness and the ability to produce something that will wear; and genius has been defined as the power of taking infinite pains. In the galaxy of great men few are found who have not been distinguished both by intense application to work and by pains taken in making it perfect. Hawthorne wrote with painful slowness and care; Gibbon was more than twenty years writing his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Sumner ransacked England, France, and Italy, in the mastering of his profession; Thomas Arnold's renown was due to the intense earnestness of his life.

Spurgeon says of the Christian man: "He should do his work right thoroughly, pray over it heartily, and leave the result to God."

The question is often asked why so many young men of early promise fail to distinguish themselves. Evidently they are unwilling to devote themselves to that toilsome culture that alone deserves success. They would rather

have the fever and ague than to work. It is not the opportunity of rising that is so often wanting, as the ability to rise.

Good work is always appreciated, whether it be in writing a book or in guiding a plowshare, and the services of the man who can do good work are always demanded. If he is an architect, his are the largest and best paying contracts; if he is a lawyer, his are the greatest and most remunerative cases; if he is a statesman, his are the highest offices and the fattest salaries.

Again, thoroughness has a moral worth. It begets a depth and strength of character that no external polish can give. It creates a love for beauty and for truth, and places man on a higher plane of living. In nature there is no blemish; whatever bears the impress of God's finger is perfect. Can finite man do better than to follow the divine precept?

The thorough man goes slow, if need be, in order to go sure, and bearing in mind that the first blow is half the battle, when he does strike he lays it on hard. Thus he asserts his manhood, shows his independence of circumstances, proves the superiority of mind over matter, wins for himself a satisfied conscience, and leaves posterity to thank God for what he has done.

INVOCATION.

By J. I. H., '89.

Come from the East, ho!
Come from the West, ho!
Come from the North and South,
Bear me away
From this vesturing clay,
O, wild winds!

Up from the cold earth,
Out from the grave's dearth,
Borne on the wings of Faith;
Bear me away
To Eternity's day,
O, wild winds!

♦ ♦ ♦

OF MT. SAINT BERNARD.

[Translated for the Traveller, from the French of Chenedolle, by F. F. Phillips, '77.]

From thickly shrouded skies the snow
Is rushing through the vaulted atmosphere,
The shapeless drifts incessant grow
On Saint Bernard's old summit lone and drear.

Each pass bemoans obstruction bleak.
Shade falls, and on the wild winds of the night,

From his dim, solitary peak
The eagle hurls a final scream of fright.
At this dread cry, presaging ill,
A traveler, lost, pauses with bated breath,
Then sinks beneath the storm and chill
Upon the precipice, awaiting death.

There in his dazed and wandering thought,
Visions of wife and children now appear
About his couch, with ices fraught,
Adding a double horror to his fear.
The end is nigh: the final hour,

Remorseless, keeps its march 'neath inky
skies;

Fate, lurking in the clouds that lower,
For aye would close the cold lids on his eyes.
Oh great surprise! Oh chance most strange!
Faintly he hears the tinkle of a bell;
The sound augments at shorter range;
A gleam of light breaks through the darksome
spell.

Anon, indeed another sound
Relieves the pain of listening suspense;
It is the barking of a hound,
That with a monk would brave the storm
intense.

Joy, echoing in the dog's clear bay,
Rouses the lost one from his sinking state;
Grim death, thus foiled, let's slip his prey,
And charity recounts a wonder great.

♦ ♦ ♦

It is reported that Dr. Schliemann has discovered a Greek temple, which he supposes to be the oldest in existence.

NATURE AND ART.

By G. H. L., '89.

I HAVE but little sympathy with that person who, in his admiration for art, is blind to any excellence found in nature. Every art has its idolaters,—idolaters because convinced in their own minds of the superiority of the imitation over the real creation from nature's mint,—their love for it is a religion.

Between nature and art there is a fixed gulf. Nature creates; art embellishes. Art may bring out the lustre of the diamond; may fashion gold into things of beauty; but their creation defies the skill of the alchemist. Thus all attempts to counterfeit nature's products, result in mere paste and sand which resembles the genuine only as wax resembles flesh and blood. Whatever beauty, whatever truth the artist has embodied in his work is due to the inspiration received from the appreciation of the original in nature; and if the draught we receive at his hands be sweet, why not drink of the fountain itself? In sculpture, Phidias, perhaps, succeeded as no other in infusing into cold marble the breath of life; in clothing in unfeeling stone the affections and virtues of his ideal. Yet there are, and ever have been, noble souls, whose very presence turns our thoughts to higher things; whose saintly faces a god might chisel.

It is said that sculpture represents the ideal, while painting must fall short of that ideal. But the former, if an ideal, is but the ideal of a human sculptor, subject to human prejudices and weaknesses. Could the hand per-

fectly execute the dictates of principle and taste, that so-called ideal would approach no nearer the real ideal than the lives of great men approach the perfect life? The former is at best but a dream; the latter works revolutions in the welfare of men. The greatest artist is he that in the chaotic mass of sin and lust, carves a life of purity and usefulness.

In the age of Phidias himself, what examples? Now that both are gone, which should we admire most the sculptor or that child of nature, who upon the bema from which Pericles harangued, exhorted his countrymen by their homes, by their old Greek life, by the spirit of their fathers at Marathon and Thermopylae, to resist the Macedonian prince; who when the phalanx of vanity, sensual self-indulgence, and distrust of the gods had lost Greece her liberties, replied to the ambassador of Philip: "I dread the clemency that you offer more than the torture and death I expected. Glorious and beautiful I had thought it, if that life could have been guarded by my country, by the fleet, by the walk I have builded, by the treasury I have filled, by her assemblies of freemen, by her ancestral honor, by the love of my countrymen who have crowned me so often, by Greece I have saved hitherto. But since this may not be, I, Demosthenes, whom nature never formed for disgrace, I, who have drunk in from Xenophon and Plato the hope of immortality, I, for the honor of Athens prefer death to slavery and wrap myself thus about with liberty, the fairest winding-sheet."

There are galleries of paintings that

in the eyes of some nearly cheat nature of her prerogatives. But the designer of the universe did not intend that beauty should be hemmed in by human barriers or wrapped by human hands, any more than that the earth should be lighted by a candle and that placed under a bushel.

The lad of sterile New England, riding the horse to brook, or on his way to school by some by-path best known to himself, or when in those autumnal gala days, searching the woods for nuts, sees hill and valley, tree and rock, shrub and flower, arranged in better proportions than ever decked the canvas of Raphael. "The herds and flocks upon a thousand hills," defy the skill of a Landseer. No tints and colors mixed with genius can paint a sister's look of tender love or the halloved face of a mother.

These remarks are true in regard to music. For, after years of practice, musicians must acknowledge themselves outdone by the unnoticed bird that sings for the sake of singing, the spontaneous outburst of notes of joy, or the plaintive strains for a dead mate, that know no human deception. Correctness is not music, for art can give this; but if there be wanting the charm of naturalness, the individual expression of a soul, it is not music. Art, on the whole, tends to a mechanical process, is an engrafting of the ideas and expression of others, without even the assimilation. In consequence, men do not follow the bent of their own minds, though it were as practicable to turn the red rose white, or to make the grape to bear cherries, as to turn a mind from its legitimate province of

thought and expression,—that which it loves.

Artlessness is the greatest of arts, for, searching deeper, we find that the frank, outspoken soul that shows itself—mistakes, defects, and all,—is the one that aids humanity most, the one that wins more hearts than all the vague, fantastic, deceitful wiles of art. As one has said, "Be what you seem and try to be somewhat worthy."

It is well to remember that the greatest sculptors have lived in the midst of Grecian grace, beauty, and nobility; that the greatest painters have gazed upon an Italian sky; that the most noble, virtuous souls have been reared in those rugged mountainous regions, whose very air is a breath of flame to lust and luxury. There is such a sickly sentiment in fashionable society, that one must become enraptured with every blotch or daub or be pronounced "uncultured"; that one must be blind to the blessings of nature around, above, and beneath us. They lack novelty; the common people possess these. Those who would not have his lot cast among the "common" people, for lives there one that recognizes the ambrosia of his soul in the majestic pine, in the waving grain field, in the grouping of clouds, in the smiling flowers, in the caroling birds, in the rippling waters, in the solemn thunder, in the sighing of the night wind, in the fresh breath of the woods, he is thy friend.

Johns Hopkins University now requires all undergraduates to pass an examination in gymnastics before obtaining a degree.

SELF-DENIAL A CONDITION OF
TRUE GREATNESS.

By A. S. T., '86.

IT is related of the great Italian painter, Michael Angelo, that he was accustomed often at his work to wear a lighted taper in his cap that he might avoid bringing his shadow upon his canvas. About every man's work there hovers the shadow of an ever present self obscuring the work and hindering the workman. In a deeper sense and a broader significance than that in which Michael Angelo felt it, such is the experience of every human workman.

Whatever is the product of our endeavor, whatever is the outgrowth of our lives is likely to bear upon its face the shadow of self. How to rid ourselves of this shadow is a thing not easy of accomplishment; but it is a problem that may well tax our effort.

The great painter banishes the shadow of his material self by an expedient simple enough—a light upon his cap. But this immaterial self and its more troublesome shadow, what shall we do with them? How can we get beyond the circle of self, so that what we have done and shall do, and what we are, when placed under the blaze of a righteous judgment, shall reveal none of the discoloration of selfish purpose?

The pen that has chronicled the names of the world's illustrious men has written them as great in proportion as they have been unselfish. History never excuses the blemish that self-interest casts upon achievement. It never forgets to search deeply into

motive; is always severe in its demand that its heroes lose sight of individual ends and aims. It never forgets to write moral greatness as the highest type of greatness. Just as names stand for self-forgetful service do they rise in the world's respect and veneration. He spoke truth who said: "There are some things that can be gained only by renouncing them." One of those things is the praise of men. Who works for it does not win it.

The peculiar glory that attaches itself to the name of Washington lies in the fact that it stands for unselfish devotion to a great principle.

The name of Napoleon fails to command the reverence and esteem of men because over all his vast achievements there falls the blighting shadow of self. The judgments of history are correct. Men are great in proportion as the self-element is eliminated from what they do. This instinctive admiration we feel for a piece of workmanship, from which the shadow of self has been banished, is born of the divine within us. It is God's seal of approval upon the nobility of the unselfish.

Philip Sidney, fatally wounded on the field of battle, faint, exhausted, fevered with thirst, raising a cup of water to quench the fire of his lips, stayed his hand to satisfy the wistful look of a dying soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." That was Philip Sidney at his best—a man that embodied in himself so much of what is popularly called greatness. That was a touch of the highest manhood. To stop short of this is to stop short of highest devel-

opment, without which the image of the Divine is wanting. Instinctively do we yield assent to the proposition that self-sacrifice is an element of the highest greatness—the highest development of character; and it is only by the light of a divinely-inspired purpose brought between us and what we do that the shadow can be chased away—the work and the workman glorified.

Individual worth is not measured by battles fought with material weapons, not by the splendid drapery of outward circumstances, not by pompous achievements heralded abroad upon the lips of men, but by victories over self, by thoughtful acts of self-denial for the good of others.

It requires heroism to lead an army into the conflict, to confront the force of opposing weapons, but the struggle and victory over evil desires and passions requires a heroism that is grander, nobler, truer. Truly spoken are these words, "Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."

To win earthly laurels is within the reach of few, but to live nobly, to act unselfishly, to add to the world's sum of goodness, sympathy, generosity, and love is within the possibility of all.

To perfect self-denial is to give proportions of beauty and symmetry to the soul. This self-element is one of the alloys that is to be expurgated from the pure gold of character. The progress we make in eliminating this self-element from our dispositions and purposes, and in banishing the self-shadow from what we do, marks an advancement in establishing the in-

ward over the outward, the unseen over the seen, the eternal over the temporal, soul over sense.

The object of this life is to overcome the material by the immaterial, to spiritualize character. As we progress in this, we progress in greatness; we grow toward Him "who pleased not himself," but who went about doing good.

ONLY AN EMPTY NEST.

By C. W. M., '77

Only an empty nest,
High in a leafless tree,
Where the wailing winds pass by,
With a mournful melody.

Only an empty nest,
Swept by the wintry blast,
Telling of days gone by,
And joys that could not last.

But faith looks far away,
Through the drifting snow and sleet,
Almost catches the sound
Of swift on-coming feet;

Knows that the leafless limbs
With verdure shall be crowned,
And the happy songs of birds
Throughout the air resound.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

The fourth annual reunion of the Boston Association of the Bates Alumni was held at Young's, Wednesday, December 28th. The business meeting was held at 4.30 p.m. Rev. F. L. Hayes, of '80, was elected President; L. A. Burr, Vice-President, and Geo. E. Smith, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer. The annual meeting of the association has come to be an occasion of great interest to its members, and not-

withstanding a rain storm had threatened to develop into a flood, and that almost turned the narrow streets of Boston into brooklets, about thirty of the alumni were present. The special attraction of the evening was the attendance of Prof. Stanton. The brisk clapping of hands that greeted him as he entered the parlor in which his former pupils were assembled, had in it the magnetism of genuine sympathy and affection, and from that moment every mind was busy with precious reminiscences of college experience in which the helpfulness of the warm-hearted professor was the element of abiding interest. There was but one theme for conversation during the two hours devoted to the dinner with its many inviting courses, and nearly all found themselves more than once in the condition of the ancient philosopher whose absorbing devotion to his favorite study is presented in the old Latin Reader, in the words, "*Cogitationibus inhaerens, manum ad cibas appositae parrigere abluisceretur.*"

The after-dinner speeches were bright, appropriate, and interesting, full of the spirit of loyalty to *Alma Mater*, and set off by anecdotes of college life and old-time associations. Each speech took its color from the presence of the guest that had been to every alumnus present, not only an honored instructor but a warm personal friend. Prof. Stanton wished for each graduate a life as happy as his own had been made by the purity, the manliness, and the successful endeavors of the sons of Bates.

Rev. Elijah Horr, D.D., of Boston, a warm friend of the college, was also

present as a guest of the Association. Dr. H. told, in earnest words, how the grand work of Bates in helping students to help themselves had won and kept his sympathy. He appealed to the alumni present to see that the college should be true to its honorable mission of affording to self-reliant young men and young women the amplest facilities for obtaining a liberal education.

The meeting broke up at a late hour, after an opportunity had been given to all to renew acquaintance and generally to exchange greetings with Prof. Stanton.

The Secretary was instructed to invite Prof. B. F. Hayes to be the guest of the Association at its next annual meeting.

PRÆSENS.

LOCALS.

Sanctum.
Disconsolate
Editor seated,
Trying
To write out a
Thought.

Cornet
And Sophomore.
Persistent tooting.
Vanished
The fancy to
Naught.

Drifts.

Snow-shoes.

Horses, off the Campus.

"Key in this pocket? No."

Did your 'observe the eclipse?

Professor Chase is welcomed back
by his classes.

Prof. Stanley recently entertained

the Juniors for an evening with a magic lantern exhibition.

The boys have nearly all finished their schools and returned to their college work.

By an oversight the name of C. L. Wallace, '88, author of "Silent Influences," was omitted in the last issue.

Recently Mr. Stanley, the photographer, delivered a very interesting address before the Eurosophian Society.

Thursday, February 23d, is the day of Prayer of Colleges. Rev. J. M. Lowden, of Portland, will give the usual address.

Prof. Angell's horse (a live one) was recently stolen from near the city building. The thief has been put under \$500 bonds.

By mistake in last issue it read "I. N. Cox and G. H. Libby, Business Managers," instead of "I. N. Cox, Business Manager."

The boys have decided to postpone building the toboggan slide until another fall, on account of the deep snow and the lateness of the season.

"Pater" will close his work for the college, March 14th. He will hereafter drive the Poland Spring delivery team, and says he will furnish the boys with good water very cheap. The new janitor will be Fred Merrill, who was here while "Pater" was sick.

The annual intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association conference occurs at Boston, February 24th, 25th, and 26th. Many prominent speakers will be present and address the students. Bates is represented by Wood-

row, '88; Blanchard, '88; Safford, '89; Baker, '89, and Richardson, '91.

There is an unusual interest taken in the reading-room this term. Quite a number of the underclassmen have joined the association. Several new publications have been added, and the room now presents a lively appearance. Its prosperity doubtless is due in a large degree to our efficient secretary.

A very enjoyable affair socially, and successful financially, was the recent jug-breaking at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The proceeds of the entertainment, which were devoted to the Fullonton Professorship fund, exceeded in amount the most sanguine expectations. Over \$100 was found in the broken jugs. Many of the college boys were present and assisted in the entertainment.

It makes us tired: To see so many Freshmen with whiskers; to have a snow-storm nine times a week; to be told of a "form like that" twenty times in a single recitation; to stand twenty-five minutes in chapel; to see "Buda" with his mouth always open; to have everybody in the college handle the mail over three or four times a day, and perhaps scatter it on the floor; to try to find a magazine in the reading-room when some fellow has lugged it off; to see the Freshmen walk down street with the Co-eds.

Many of the students attended the seventh Young Men's Christian Association entertainment, at Music Hall. Miss Couthouli appeared at her best and was highly appreciated. Mr. Hall gave some very fine cornet solos. Mr.

Leopold Lichtenburg appeared as magisterial as when last before a Lewiston audience, and refused to respond to an encore. He nevertheless furnished the listeners with some very fine music. The next entertainment will be February 27th. Miss Louise Baldwin, who delighted Lewiston two years ago, will be the chief attraction.

Miss Maude Banks recently appeared as Joan of Arc. Some one of a poetic turn has sent us the following:

Thou, other gentle maid Joan,
Our thanks to thee
That thou hast spanned, for our delight,
The ever-widening gulf of time
That separates the inspired maid
From our rapt gaze, the while.

'Till now we knew Joan of Arc
A warrior maid.
We saw, in dark half-formed concept,
The iron heart of man beset
By some strange chance in woman's garb,
Nor thought of tenderness.

Thou hast with thy consummate art
Revealed to us
What thine own heart, with larger wealth
Of tender sympathy, hath felt
Of womanhood idealized,
In her who succored France.

Pure as the wild flowers growing at Dom-
remy,
Loving as sunbeams that kissed their fair
cheeks;
Grand and as delicate in her emotions
As the soft moonbeams or gray mountain
peaks.

Still with a soul filled of heavenly fervor,
Strong as an oak 'mid the furies of storm,
Firm as the hills, old, that shelter the low-
lands;

Heart that wrought coldly, but beat true
and warm.

Go on, then, and with all thy skill
Teach men to feel
The worth that will appear in lives
That know the thrill of true, strong hearts.
And may thy soul be spotless white
As Joan's seems to-night.

IN SYMPATHY.

Whereas, In the divine order of events, death has removed a beloved sister from the home of our esteemed classmate, E. J. Small; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '89, hereby express our heartfelt sympathies with our be-
reaved classmate in his affliction, and with the community in its loss;

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to our classmate, and also that it be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

JOHN I. HUTCHINSON,
DELLA M. WOOD,
A. L. SAFFORD.

Committee.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—February 2d, F. E. Sleeper, M.D., of Sabatis, was married to Miss Helen Nash of Lewiston.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, the founder of the BATES STUDENT, has returned from an extended tour in Europe.

'76.—J. Rankins is first assistant at the House of Refuge, Randalls Island, at a salary of \$1,600 per annum.

'81.—Charles Haskell of Jersey City, N. J., has been appointed to the position of principal of the Grammar School of that city, at a salary of \$1,800.

'82.—January 3, 1888, born to the wife of C. E. Mason, a son, Edward Files Mason.

'85.—January 19th, married at the residence of Professor Hayes, Rev. Arthur E. Cox, of Carolina, R. I., and Miss Elizabeth A. Hayes.

'86.—Miss Angie Tracy has just closed a term of school at Bowdoinham.

'86.—Frank Sandford has been teaching the High School at Topsham.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Hamlet is the only member of this class not present this term.

'89.—F. J. Daggett is teaching at Dennysville.

'89.—O. B. C. Kenney, formerly of this class, has entered the Medical School at Bowdoin.

'89.—Miss S. A. Norton has just finished a successful term at Bingham.

'89.—Miss E. I. Chipman is first assistant at Foxcroft Academy.

'89.—E. J. Small has taken a short trip to Florida.

'89.—Grant will complete his course with '90.

'89.—H. W. Small is teaching a private class at Lisbon.

'90.—Record has returned to his home on account of illness.

'91.—C. H. Johonnett is reported quite ill.

Dew-drops brightly sparkle,
Soon they'll disappear,
List ! the milkmaid's calling
Soft, comes to our ear.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
From the dew-wet glade,
Where the sheep move slowly
In the slumbering shade.

Higher climbs the monarch
In the eastern sky,
Soon the glades soft shadows
Fade before the eye.

Fast the earth is wak'n'ing
From the night's repose,
Joy and grief shall greet her
Ere the daylight close.—*Ex.*

SOMETHING THAT MAY BE LOST.

A wee little maid, with a bright little face,
Climbing up on the railing one day,
Which guarded the pansies—a slip and a fall,
And down 'mid the blossoms she lay !
No very bad bruises were found on her knees,
And very few tears in her eyes,
"The child lost her balance," her grandma
declared;
May listened in wondering surprise.

They missed her, and down in the pansies she
knelt,
Now peering first this way and that :
" 'Tis gone—some one stole it," she calmly
announced,
Looking up from the depths of her hat.
"And what did you drop ?" asked her mamma,
surprised
(And kissed her cheeks all aglow).
They laughed at her answer, and kissed her
again :
"My balance—I lost it, you know !"
—*Our Little Ones.*

POET'S CORNER.

OUR LEGACY FROM THE GREAT AUTHORS.

How blest are we ! How favored is our lot !
To see, to know, to feel out heart-strings
thrilled,
Through some great soul, by loves and griefs
and tears—
All human joys and woes, which of ourselves
Encountered were to be o'erwhelmed and
lost.
—*Leon*, '89.

MORN'S AWAKENING.

Rosy morning greets us
From the hill-tops gray,
Circling larks above us
Herald in the day.

Flowerets ope' their eyelids,
Birds their carols sing,
All the earth is waking
With the breath of spring.

MY VALENTINE.

O moonlight deep and tender,
With thy gold and silver sheen,
With thy pure and heavenly splendor,
Shining from the world unseen !
Rays celestial ! Messengers divine !
Be, oh be my valentine !

O stars that gleam in colors,
Many thousand, everywhere,
If within thy far land lingers

Matchless pleader, strange and rare !
Then for me her heart entwine !
Be, oh be my valentine !

O strong winds, bold and fearless !
Curb thy power to do my will !
Subtle plead a love that's deathless,
With thy soft breath's sweetest thrill !
Till her heart to me incline !
Be, oh be my valentine !—*Ex.*

Then straight I questioned Echo more
Who'd taken note of all I'd said :
" What Cal-er-ana now will help
To solve life's problem gruesome Q. E. D."'
Quoth Echo archly, " Some co-ed."

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

Hark ! o'er all the hill-tops high,
Rest doth steal;
Through the waving tree-tops nigh
Thou dost feel
Scarce a zephyr's breath.

The woods are silent still,
The birds have gone to rest,
Wait with patience best,
Peace thy soul will fill.

—*From the German.*

ODE TO MY GEOMETRY.

Many a long and dreamy evening
Have I held thee up before me ;
Looked upon thy well-worn pages,
Shuddered o'er thy planes and angles,
O'er thy pyramids and prisms,
O'er thy cones of revolution,
And thy parallelopipeds ;
Wondered really if the distance,
Shortest distance on the surface
Of a sphere, is always measured
By the arc of a great circle ;
Tried to find some milder method
Than the method of the author's,
Which might show that two triedrals
With the three diedrals equal,
Equal each unto the other,
Are symmetrical or equal,
But gave up in desperation,
Cast the book upon the table,
Cursed the man who first invented
Geometric lines and angles.
But the time has come—we sever ;
May the parting be forever !—*Ex.*

TO DAPHNE.

Daphne sweet, thy blushes prove
That thou surely hast a Love ;
One who for thy hand doth sigh—
Swears he'd gladly for thee die.

Daphne fair, he loves thee well,
This his melting glances tell ;
When he at thy side shall wait,
Then pray trust to him thy fate.

Daphne gay, he fears thy heart,
Fickle changling that thou art.
Now he lingers at thy side,
Pleading, asks thee for his bride.

Daphne coy—(not always so)—
Will this patient lover woo.
Ha ! you call him " dearest brother."'
(Ting-a-ling !) he seeks another.—*Ex.*

RONDEAU.

Upon a stormy winter night,
With curtains drawn and low-turned light,
We sat alone, my Nan and I.
The bright wood fire blazing high.

Our fancy roamed in aimless flight,
O'er thoughts of love and future bright ;
In bantering mood—O luckless wight !—
I called her with a deep-drawn sigh,
My Anarchist.

Her pretty face became a sight,
With anger's flame her eyes alight,
Flashed like meteors in the sky,
Her stormy mood howe'er passed by.
And naught but love remained when I
My Anna kissed.—*Ex.*

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

One of the most interesting, yet difficult, duties of the editor is in compiling the " Gossip " column. Some facts we get from the newspapers, a few by personal or other similar knowledge, but by far the larger part are taken from the columns of our exchanges, often *verbatim*. We do not generally acknowledge these clippings because the very name of the department suggests that we are not the originators of all within.

Union has a new president.

Prof. Drummond is soon to be mar-

ried to the daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen.—*Amherst Student*.

Miss Helen A. Shafer, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in Wellesley College, has been appointed President of the college, to succeed Miss Alice E. Freeman.

Johns Hopkins University publishes eight magazines—one devoted to mathematics, one to chemistry, one to philology, one to biology, one to historical and political science, and three of local interest.

The trustees of Columbia College have passed resolutions that henceforth the professors and students shall wear caps and gowns. It is, however, said to be optional with students who have not taken a degree.

The trustees of Oberlin elected to the Chair of German, at their recent meeting, Professor Charles Harris, Ph.D., of Carbondale, Ill. Prof. Harris is a native of Illinois, and graduated at the Indiana University about the year 1880.

A Cornell University man wrote a burlesque on the modern sensational novel and sent it as a rebuke to a publisher of "trashy" literature. It was entitled: "Hildebrand the Horrible, or The Haunted Pig Sty." The story was accepted and paid for, and the writer asked to furnish another.

A student who thinks he knows, was heard to say, not long ago, that in order to be an original thinker in Oberlin, five things were necessary. First, to believe in Free Trade. Second, in prohibition. Third, in no probation after

death; fourth, in Henry George, and fifth, to belong to Alpha Zeta Society.

"The trustees of Adelbert College, Ohio, have become fully satisfied that co-education in that institution is a failure and have voted to receive no more young ladies. They have at the same time expressed their sympathy for the young women thus turned upon the cold world. Those now in the college will be allowed to complete their studies, but no more will be admitted. The trustees are convinced that co-education has been a hindrance to the highest success in educating young men and they hope by this action to place the college on a higher basis. This decision will prove another set-back to the cause of co-education, and will emphasize the foolishness of attempting to educate both sexes in the same college. It is generally admitted by prominent educators that young women require different circumstances for their best education, and to place them in the same environment with young men is injurious to the highest development of both."

So says the *Amherst Student*. We should think, however, that the Amherst editor spoke rather unadvisedly. There are good grounds for the opinion that the lack of prosperity at Adelbert College was due to other causes than the presence of young ladies in the institution, and the actions of the trustees have not escaped severe censure by many who have the interests of the institution at heart. It also seems rather sweeping to speak of "emphasizing the foolishness of attempting co-education" in view of the fact that so many of the smaller and medium sized colleges are founded on that principle and yet are eminently successful and prosperous.

EXCHANGES.

The *University Herald* will have a new board of editors next issue. The *Herald* is an excellent magazine, and we hope it will not suffer by the change.

The *Aegis* contains an interesting sketch of Count di Camillo di Cavour the Italian statesman. The following will give an idea of the piece.

"The unification of Italy is an achievement which modern statesmen and historians delight to regard as one of the greatest in history. It was possible only to a mastermind, because it required a foresight, a skill, a courage and a readiness for sacrifice as are seldom combined in one man. Reputation, property and life must be constantly held at stake, though failure seems inevitable. Old alliances must be broken and new ones formed regardless of tradition, even regardless of men's esteem. Expenditures too great for an exhausted treasury must be borne by private fortune. Opposition to the blind reactionaries and the fanatical revolutionists might be met by the assassin's dagger. Cavour has truly 'erected a magnificent Romanesque structure from materials that would scarcely have sufficed another for a hut.

"As in a beautiful work of art the very soul of the artist finds its expression, so in the deeds of Cavour shines forth the grandeur of his character."

The *Wabash* has caught the war fever and has its entire literary columns filled with an essay of the civil war. We think the ideal Lit. columns should be filled with short stories, poems, and essays on live topics. We hope our own columns will hereafter not lack for interesting sketches.

The *Williams Lit.* has come again and has awakened a real interest in

some of its articles. "A Poet of the Seventeenth Century," Robert Herrick, is a very attractive piece.

The *Lasell Leaves* and *Hamilton College Monthly*, among the magazines edited by the fair ones, are the favorites of the sanctum. The *Leaves* is especially free from that sickly sentimentalism so common among some of our exchanges. The *Hamilton Monthly* is always sure to have some bright bit of poetry or something else nice.

The *Dartmouth* easily takes the lead of the bi-monthly that come to us.

We take as follows from the *College Transcript*:

"We might expedite our study of history with great economy of time and pains, if we could acquaint ourselves with the great influential families in the history of different nations. In England, for example, there are the Tudors, the Lancasters, and the Plantagenets. Each of these would furnish a nucleus about which we could cluster a host of facts whose relation would be suggested the moment our attention was called to them. In this way the various transactions of nations, as they overlap each other, might be retained distinct, which could not possibly be so, were we to attempt to remember them as they occur in chronological order without any aid from classification."

The last two numbers of *Haverfordian* contains a very instructive article on "College Poets and Their Work." It is very well written and deserves to be read by all youths who cultivate the muse.

We can scarcely conceive how an intelligent college man could write such a maliciously false and narrow-minded criticism as the following from an edi-

torial on novel reading in the *Hobart Herald*:

"Take for example the 'Schönberg Cotta Family.' Observe here the false coloring of Martin Luther's character and times: Martin the licentious and depraved monk who hesitates not to break holy vows to that most sacred body the Church, actuated by feelings of jealousy and ambition alone. In this book, and, by the way, it is usually put in the hands of the young as a very truthful and instructive guide, is painted in brilliant and glowing colors which may well induce the infant reader to believe, as many ignorant people to-day do believe, that he was quite a saint, and his perjured and guilty paramour, for by no better name should she be called, was all that should be admired among women. That the name Catharine should have two such brilliant examples of iniquity as she and Catharine de Medici it would seem almost like tempting Providence to bestow it upon a child. Yet this fiction is mild compared to many others of the present day; even 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' can surpass it in the evil effects wrought, if the statement of many be true that this novel did more toward causing the late civil war than anything else."

The *College Journal* has the following attractive verse, in an otherwise rather ordinary poem.

"Our lives are locked with many keys;
With all in turn we part,
Save one; no man has yielded yet
The key that locks the heart.
Nor friend, nor son, nor mother, wife,
Has ever seen or trod
The mystic spot the miser self
Would fain conceal from God."

POTPOURRI.

A scrupulous, clever co-ed.,
One time to her room-mate she said:
"Let's not call this jigger a horse;
I think it's decidedly coarse.
I'd rather, if you do not care,
Henceforth only call it the *Mayor*."

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

"You are the autumn leaf," said he,
"And my arms are the book, you know,
So I'll put the leaf in the book, you see,
And tenderly press it, so."

The maiden looked up with a glance demure
And blushes her fair cheeks wore,
As she softly whispered, "The leaf I'm sure
Needs pressing a little more."

—*Williams Weekly*.

A kid-napper—Paregoric.

The only rest which Jay Gould wants
is the rest of the railroads.

Prof. in German—"What does *weiss nicht* mean?" "Don't know."—*Ex*.

It takes but little time and space to
turn man's laughter into man-slaughter.
—Proof-Reader.

"The Brown University Base-Ball
Association gave a ball to raise funds
for the nine."—A base-ball?

Edith—"You ought to read this
book of Howells', ma. It's so real. I
never saw anything like it."—*Ex*.

"How do you define 'black as your
hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of
his pupils. "Darkness that may be
felt," replied the youthful wit.

Of all the genial liars about,
And those, in all grades we see,
The thermometer liar, without a doubt,
Is the one of the lowest degree.—*Ex*.

Professor (to student)—"What variety
of wood do you think should have
the most bark?" Student—"Dog-
wood, sir."

SO THE GIRL THINKS.

The young man who would waste his
time kissing a girl's hand would eat the
brown paper bag and leave the hot-
house grapes for some one else.—*Boston
Journal*.

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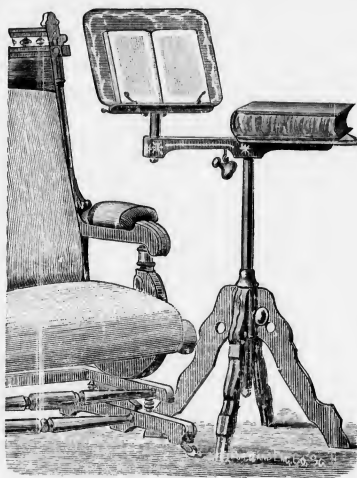
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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 3.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON, E. T. CHIPMAN,
E. J. SMALL, A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT, L. E. PLUMSTEAD.
I. N. COX, Business Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly
should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

NOTHING is more trying to the editor and to the printer than badly prepared manuscripts, especially since they are of so frequent occurrence. Space forbids extended directions, but we venture these few suggestions, hoping it may not only lighten our own burdens but also be the means of saving some otherwise worthy productions from the waste-basket.

The best size of paper is packet heads or half sheets of commercial note. For some inexplicable reason amateur writers almost invariably use foolscap. It is much less convenient.

Contributors to the STUDENT that apply to the editors will be supplied with the regular copy paper. The manuscript should never be folded or rolled.

Never write on both sides of the sheet. A failure in this would be deemed by many publishers sufficient excuse for the rejection of the contribution.

Book manuscripts should be carefully paged in ink near the middle of the top of the sheet. If paged on a corner the number is liable to be torn off. All matter for the STUDENT, however, must be re-paged, and we prefer that the author's number should be placed

on the upper right hand corner in light pencil marks.

All directions not intended for print and all underlines should be made in red ink. Foot-notes and explanatory prefaces are generally best printed in nonpareil and it should be so indicated. Paragraphs are better designated by the sign. Marks of punctuation should be made proportionally large to avoid the possibility of being overlooked.

Lastly, the subject matter should be written with black ink in a neat plain hand, care being taken to make each letter distinct. One should be very particular with foreign words.

WE hope to see a lively interest taken in the study of Ornithology during the coming spring. Few studies afford more profit or pleasure. One who begins this study finds a new world of beauty and melody opened to him. A new sense has been awakened, and instead of the few straggling birds that he has been accustomed to see he now finds himself surrounded by a multitude of songsters, wonderful in their varieties of habits, songs, and colors. A man will be a better orator or poet for having a familiar acquaintance with the birds. His quickened observation inspires in his own being kindred sentiments of purity, sympathy, and truth. Moreover, Ornithology presents exceptionally good opportunities for recreation. A tramp through the fields and woods in the early morning, with field-glass and gun, invigorates the whole system and gives a zest to other work. We have unusually good advantages for studying birds. Our collection is

large, wild birds are numerous, and the expeditions and lectures conducted by Prof. Stanton are *par excellence*. There is no excuse for the A.B. who boasts his education and yet cannot tell a sparrow hawk from a myrtle warbler.

SINCE we have been in college we have seen an awakening in baseball, in tennis, and in other secular work; but not until within the past few weeks have we seen that enthusiasm shown in Christian work which has characterized Bates in her other departments. The powerful sermon preached by Rev. J. M. Lowden on the Day of Prayer was the beginning of a grand revival. Mr. Sandford, of '86, led the prayer-meeting on the evening of that day, infusing some of his enthusiasm in this grand work into the members of the college Y. M. C. A. The result has been a renewed consecration on the part of college Christians. Meetings have been held since, four or five evenings of each week, the result of which has been a general quickening of religious feeling throughout the college. Some have made a stand on the side of Christ for the first time, and many have re-consecrated themselves to His work. Perhaps there never has been a time in the history of the college when Christian influences were so potent as now, when so many felt, in their hearts, that the life and teachings of Jesus Christ were the true philosophy and guide of life.

THERE has come to our notice a circular issued by Sharp & Bacon, wherein they say: "Upon considering

the work of Seniors in their closing weeks of college, we have endeavored to fill a long-felt want by engaging prolific writers to furnish all kinds of productions at a slight cost."

Here then, Seniors, is a chance to get your graduation parts all ready-made, to fit you like a hat or a coat. There is no danger of getting a misfit, for Sharp & Bacon say, "The large number of productions that we have already furnished to the best colleges in the United States have given entire satisfaction."

A great educational problem has been solved. There are to be no more nights of weary toil; no more bent shoulders and aching heads; no more incentives to know anything. A profound and scholarly essay on the "Immortality of the Soul," can be obtained for \$3.50; a "Criticism on Chaucer," for \$4.25; "Orations," and "Philosophical Treatises," slightly higher, while an A No. 1 invective, with all the modern improvements, may reach the sum of \$25. Such, in substance, is the circular now being sent to American colleges by the enterprising firm of Sharp & Bacon.

Now, Messrs. Sharp & Bacon, permit us to say that we judge you to be swindlers or villains. Probably you are both. You evidently have no regard for truth, nor respect for honesty. You are parasites that would exhaust the life blood of virtue and nobility. In the sight of justice you are criminals as much as the thief and counterfeiter. You are cursed with an itching palm, and in your lust for gain violate every principle of right and decency.

A man who has had four years of literary training needs not your fraudulent and trashy goods.

NONE of us read so much as we should like, or as much as we perhaps might if our time was used with stricter economy. Yet when we do catch a little time apart from our studies to extend our knowledge of the world's literature, we often fail to receive a just profit. We think it is mainly owing to the profusion of books that the reader too often permits himself, in his haste to become acquainted with as many authors as possible, to fall into the bad habit of superficial reading. It is absurd to suppose that one can, in two or three hours, get all or even an appreciable part of the value of that which required as many years in being prepared.

We would say, then, read fewer books, and those much more carefully. One book carefully read, more than once, too, and thoroughly assimilated, would prove of more value than a hundred read in the ordinary way. It is a good plan to mark striking passages with a lead pencil. Not only would this require a closer critical attention, but would make greater convenience if one should afterwards desire to refer to the book for a quotation. It is also excellent to make notes or abstracts. Lefrange always read with a pen in his hand, jotting down suggestions and criticisms. Macaulay early acquired the habit of stopping at short intervals and making a mental synopsis of what he had just gone over. He was thus enabled in later years to repeat a

work almost *verbatim* after a single perusal.

The student will find that such a course influences his own style of writing more than much knowledge of Rhetoric. Irving's style was formed by an appreciative acquaintance with Addison. Franklin's in the same way. Carlyle was influenced by the German writers, especially Goethe and Schiller. Keats and Cowley by Spenser. Shelley by Æschylus and Sophocles. One unconsciously falls into the mode of thinking of the author he is reading, and of course will reproduce it in what he writes.

THERE are many men, well informed men even, who do not believe in the education of the people. They seem almost jealous of their own position in life and try to keep others below themselves. These self-interested men make as their chief argument against enlightenment of the people, that there is a sufficient number of educated men now to do the thinking for the world, and it is best to keep in ignorance those who are to do the world's drudgery. "Educate them," they say, "and you will place them beyond all work." The slothful man can never be the successful man, and those that are so niggardly in their opinions that they would hold others to their level, are certain to be the earth's drones. There are men that find the sons whom they have educated still heavy on their hands, after the A.B. or A.M. has been appended to the names of these prospective-sons-of-fame, and these failures are to them living arguments of the overproduction of intellect.

It was not long ago that a public speaker said something ought to be done to prevent so many "five-dollar rascals" from obtaining a "five-thousand-dollar education," but he did not say what would become of the ten-thousand-dollar numskull without the five-dollar rascal to write out the tests. So many look upon studying as the building of a machine which is to be a very profitable labor-saving agent, and if this result does not follow, the machine is considered an unpleasant reminder of a shameful failure. To grind ideas into cents is the common invitation to study. Whoever thinks Education's route to wealth and fame an easy one has but to make the trial to undeceive himself. But where there is one to oppose the education of boys there are a dozen to oppose the training of girls, as if they had no part in this world of work. "Why, it is simply preposterous for that girl to study so much. Likely as not she'll marry and there'll be a waste of time and money," is the cry. But they never think she may be as unfortunate as Scheherazade and need her inventive genius to help her. An English writer said education was never known to improve the temper of a young lady. We must admit that the authoress was right—doubtless her knowledge was experimental,—but there is no ease on record where education has proven very injurious to the disposition. Society has done much to put restrictions on the intellectual training of girls, and its conservatism has done some good, for had education been "the thing" for girls, at once, many that wish only

to hold what society orders, would have rushed to the academies and colleges. But whether it be boy or girl, the thought not of getting but of leaving, not of living but of life, should urge them to all work. A clear intelligence is the birthright of every one, and whoever gains it possesses his own, merely.

PROBABLY no study in our college course, that furnishes so valuable a discipline, is so universally slighted as Mathematics. We believe that any branch of learning loses its value in proportion as the student fails to bring himself into sympathy with it. Disliking it as he does he may memorize and grasp with sufficient clearness its salient principles, and yet miss altogether the spirit or soul of it. There is in every subject a vigor, a fire, which belongs to its own peculiar nature, which is its very essence. Unless this fire is communicated to the sympathetic mind, the entire value of that subject is lost. We all know that any one might, with more or less practice, become enabled to write verses, perfect in mechanical execution, but entirely wanting in poetic feeling. It is just the same with anything else. In Mathematics a similar difference exists between computation and analysis. Almost any person, who has the rules before him, can perform the mechanical operation of computing, with complete accuracy; but it is the searching Analyst, the Newton or Laplace who can ever hope to scan the far horizon of undiscovered truth.

We wish we might say something to

encourage our fellow-students to interest themselves more thoroughly in this study. We believe that dislike for Mathematics is more acquired than natural. Most scholars are prejudiced beforehand with its difficulty and dryness, and as a legitimate consequence they never once give it a fair trial. Be it remembered that but very few have not in their minds the necessary groundwork for appreciative comprehension, since Mathematics has for its intellectual basis the most universally shared mental faculty,—reason, that faculty which so largely distinguishes man from the brute creation.

Mathematics develops the habit of sustained, persistent, consecutive thought. This is a matter of inestimable worth. As far back as the time of Aristotle it was found that an argument would never have any convincing force upon those to whom it was addressed unless arranged in a certain order. This is the conservative or logical order. Destroy that and the effect of your essay, oration, or debate is weakened or lost. No doubt many of us have noticed the effect of a rambling, aimless style in a speech or sermon. We go away confused and unprofited. We sometimes hear others say of a certain speaker, "I couldn't tell what he was driving at." This is just because no care has been taken in presenting the thoughts in their proper relations.

Again, Mathematics gives a power to grasp a subject in all its fullness and importance. Without this power the writer is confused by a multiplicity of detail, a variety and breadth truly perplexing. He fails to perceive the

main issues; he is inclined to give importance to wholly irrelevant matter, does not understand the relation of different, and, to him, eternally conflicting parts; and, in the great issue, flies wholly wide of the mark. Another man analyzes his subject, discards all side issues, assumes his hypothesis, gives his definitions, shows what may be taken for granted and marches straight to his conclusions with the same fatal certainty with which Napoleon approached Austerlitz or Jena. He sees his mark, takes deliberate aim and mortally wounds some enemy of truth, or brings down some rich prize from Heaven.

Another benefit conferred is the power to reason in the abstract or subjective, rather than the concrete or objective. The abstract generalizes, the concrete particularizes. The abstract, in a single reach takes hold of a thousand different elements at once; the concrete can take but one at a time. As Holmes says: "One of the many ways of classifying minds is under the head of arithmetic and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula, $2+2=4$. Every philosophic proposition has the more general character of the expression, $a+b=c$. We are mere operatives, empirics and egotists until we learn to think in letters instead of figures."

Seeing so great benefits are derived from appreciative mathematical studies it is to be regretted that so many evince such a decided distaste for them. But yet we feel that for such students it is

lost time to pursue the study beyond certain limits. We think it should be the aim of every course of study to use all possible means to put the scholar in the most favorable and unprejudicial relations to his work, to carry him far enough to determine positively his natural capacities and there leave him to the bent of his own genius.

TO many who are hesitating on the border of entering college, the chief thing taken into consideration seems to be, By graduating from what school shall I gain the highest name and so be successful, and not that other question, From what school shall I get the most good? Gustave Doré threw away paint and brush and went back to his crayon; left all the brilliancy of color and kept to severe black and white, and with these alone he accomplished what no man ever accomplished before. The simplest means are often by far the best. That is the best training which while it controls a man yet gives him a freedom of motion peculiar to himself alone, and so that school is the best which compels a man to work out for himself the questions which arise continually, schools which while they aid him yet compel him to assist himself, not allowing him to find everything ready made. A school is really no school, in the strict application of the word, which settles all matters and has them cut and dried beforehand, but that is a school where each one must think and act for himself.

And this is one great thing to take into consideration in deciding what college to enter. Too often in the larger

colleges, a man who has no especial incentive to study finds out that he can get along without study; that by the skillful use of assistants and a little maneuvering he can complete his course and even gain his diploma with almost no work, and in many cases he takes advantage of his discovery. A college course passed in this way is an injury rather than a benefit. In the smaller colleges this is true to a considerably less extent. There a man must work for what he has. He can not shirk through. For this reason it often happens that a man who has graduated from a small college, whose diploma does almost nothing for him, is better fitted to enter life than a man of equal natural advantages who has gone through a large college, where he was not compelled to overcome his constitutional lassitude.

LITERARY.

THE WONDROUS BATTLES.

By F. L. P., '91.

I tell of wondrous battles, fought
Upon a wondrous battle ground;
'Tis somewhat like a fairy tale,
And yet 'tis truthful, I have found.

This strife, it is an ancient strife,
I know not when it first began,
But yet I think it is at least
Coeval with the age of man.

This strife, it is a ceaseless strife;
No mortal can its end foresee;
And so I think 'twill last at least,
Until mankind shall cease to be.

Some heroes are in every strife;
Two heroes in this strife I find,
Yet these, unlike most heroes, are
Extremely opposite in kind.

For one, a mighty man is he,
And large and strong and fierce and bold;
I know not whom he may be like,
Except some warrior king of old.

Some warrior king with trappings proud,
And casque of steel, and coat of mail,
And neighing steed, and lance at which
The most puissant knight would quail.

In truth he is a mighty prince;
He conquers kingdoms far and wide,
And all save one he hath subdued
And made subservient to his pride.

The other hero in this strife
Is but a merry elf indeed,
His form is fair, he bears no lance,
He wears no armor, rides no steed.

His weapon is a simple dart,
He hurls it with unerring aim;
Nor coat of mail nor helm of steel
Can rob this urchin of his game.

A curious smile he ever wears,
No scar of conflict mars his face,
His every movement seems to add
Some new and unsuspected grace.

He has a kingdom all his own,
No land so fair beneath the sun,
The very garden of the gods
By this bright realm is far outdone.

Sequestered from the busy world,
It is indeed enchanted land,
A vale of bliss beyond compare,
Forever beautiful and grand.

To guard it round on every side
Romantic hills and mountains rise,
Whose peaks in solemn silence stand,
Like mighty watch-towers in the skies.

Perpetual day unclouded shines,
Sweet perfumes laden all the air;
Nor form of beauty ever was
That does not dwell enchanted there.

There groves refreshing shade supply,
And cooling fountains ceaseless flow,
Perennial flowers and fruits abound,
And none but gentlest zephyrs blow.

Again, as oft in days gone by,
This armored prince in all his pride,

On neighing steel sets forth to roam,
Amidst the mountains far and wide.

Again he seeks the blissful vale,
By might to gain it for his own;
Again he meets the fatal dart,
And yet again is overthrown.

And so contend from age to age
These heroes in their curious feud.
Yet every generation finds
The courage of the knight renewed.

Now should you ask these heroes' names,
I'll answer ere I cease to sing;
Sir Reason is the knight so bold,
And Cupid is the elfin king.

And should you further ask me where
This realm so wondrous may be found,
I'll answer 'tis the vale of love,
With Passion's mountains towering round.

♦ ♦ ♦ THAT CITY MINISTER.

By C. D. B., '89.

"I SAY no, Mary! It is no kind of use, you can't marry that city minister. I won't have it. The idea!" Here farmer Evelith's voice broke, so intense was his indignation, and he remained speechless for full half a minute. "The idea!" he continued. "I knew when I sent you to that boarding school to learn things your mother never dreamt of knowing, that you would come home spilt. Just think, what piles of money I've spent on you, how, being my only child, you've been the very apple of my eye; how I've lotted on you; and now you are going to marry that city minister. I tell you, Mary, I won't stand it, and there's an end on't. I won't have a white-handed, muscleless, sinewless city chap for my son-in-law. Give me some likely Maine lad, who can mow, shovel, pitch, and dig, earn his living like a man. Now

there is Sam Jones, he is what I like for a man. I tell you what, Mary, he is the likeliest fellow in these parts. He can do more work in one day than any other two men in town can in the same length of time. And Sam has a liking for"—

"But," remonstrated pretty Mary, "Sam is illiterate, awkward, and"—

"What's that amount to? Do you think you are going to eat, drink, and wear that city fellow's politeness, graces, and 'complishments? I guess not. I tell you what, Mary, all the larnin' and other fine things in seven States won't make a man."

Farmer Evelith crowded his old straw hat on to his head firmly, and taking his scythe, started for the hay-field, still muttering his deep disgust. What did Mary do? Did she cry her pretty eyes out, as most modern heroines would have done on such an occasion? Not at all. With a quiet smile on her pretty face she went about her domestic duties. Evidently her philosophy was quiet waiting. That night, however, she wrote to Boston. Two days later her father brought home a letter, and casting it on the table with an uncontrollable look of disgust, said, "There is somethin', I s'pose, from that city chap." Mary caught up the letter, and, hastily breaking the seal, read its contents, which seemed to delight and amuse her very much, for she laughed heartily again and again. "She'll be stark mad 'fore long," muttered the farmer to himself. "Oh! that I ever let her go to Boston with Belle Oakes."

Three days after a tall, good-looking, muscular young man came to farmer

Evelith's place and inquired for work. The farmer looked him over critically, asked almost innumerable questions with respect to his capabilities, but finally hired him. "I've got a new hand," he said to Mary that morning as he started for the field, "and a likely looking fellow he is, too. Have things ready for him." Some way he could not understand the queer look that came into her eyes and the amused smile that played round her mouth.

Noon came, and with it dinner. "That new hand," said Mary's father to her, while she was taking the roast meat from the oven, "is a regular tearer. He works like fun. He puts the cap on, he does. Sam is nothin' side of him. Why, he mowed right away from Sam; and you'd have thought Sam was standing stock still. I don't know, Mary, I guess you had better set your cap for this fellow. He can't be beat nowhere."

"Well," said Mary, when, just before supper her father came in for a drink, "how does your new hand do this afternoon?"

"The more I see of that chap the better I like him. Why, he will go 'long side of one of those big hay-cocks down in the medder, stick his fork through it, and chuck it on the load as slick as a whistle. When we got the first load of hay into the barn Sam and I got down into the bay to kinder spread the hay round like, leaving this George to pitch off. Soon we thought a western cyclone had struck us. In less time than it takes for me to tell it, he switched that big ox-load off. We stood back in the corners of the

bay; if we hadn't, we'd have been buried alive, sure."

When supper was over, the dishes washed, and farmer Evelith and his hired help gone to see how the potatoes were prospering, Mary said to the "new hand," who, strange to remark, had remained in the kitchen: "You must be tired, George, after such a day's work as father says you have done. How is it that you are not only skilled in farming, but also possess the strength of a Hercules?"

"I worked on my father's farm until I was eighteen, and since then I have kept my muscle up by college athletics and other practice," he replied.

"Father is delighted with you. You are his *beau ideal* of perfect manhood. He advised me to give up that city minister, George Montrose, and set my cap for George Sanford, and I am not sure but I shall take his advice."

"I am willing. George Montrose or George Sanford are all the same to me."

Mary took from the cupboard a dish of cherries and began to pit them. Some way George's seat in the doorway did not satisfy him. He got up, took a chair, and placing it pretty near Mary's, sat down. He was going to help her, he said. Right here my prosy Pegasus breaks.

In every kind of farm labor George showed remarkable skill. He could use the hoe and axe with surprising dexterity, hold the plow, drive the oxen, in short, do everything that was required of him in the most satisfactory manner. The farmer's partiality for him increased, encomiums in his favor

daily became stronger and more numerous, and the farmer's countenance showed undisguised approval when he saw George and Mary together.

In the meantime, however, Sam grew jealous, not that Mary had ever encouraged his suit, indeed quite the contrary, but her father had given him to understand more than once that he could marry his daughter if he should choose. Now Sam was not the man to cry sour grapes at once. "I'll unstarve him," he growled to himself, "see if I don't. If I could get my fingers on him, I'd shake him out o' his boots, I'm thinkin'." He turned the above thought over and over in his sluggish brain, and at last exclaimed, "I'll do it, I will!"

Two or three days later, about sunset, half a dozen of the sturdy young farmers who lived near by assembled, apparently by chance, under the large elms that grew in front of the Evelith place. George, leaning indolently against one of their wrinkled trunks, listened inattentively to their talk, occasionally replying to their jests and witticisms. Soon they became a little boisterous, a slight scuffle took place between two of them, and one exclaimed, "Boys, let us have a wrestling match, and try our strength."

"All right," said Sam, who had evidently been waiting this turn of affairs. George's inattention disappeared. To use a common saying, "he smelt a rat." The wrestling began. Sam, who was the heaviest and strongest, successively threw each one of them. Then approaching George, he placed his large

hand upon his shoulder and said, "Your turn comes next. I've threw them all but you." In an instant Sam lay sprawled out on the greensward. In another instant he was on his feet. A moment after, however, he picked himself out of some wild rose bushes that grew near by. Nothing daunted, he rushed in once more. But two seconds later he found himself on the farther side of a high board fence. He climbed back, but that "city chap" had vanished, and his companions were convulsed with laughter.

"No use, you're beat, Sam," said the farmer, who was sitting on the doorstep.

Sam swallowed his chagrin, becomingly acknowledged George's superior skill and strength, and gave up henceforth all hope of ever marrying Mary, for he well knew that he had lost cast with her father.

One rainy day some time after, when George had left the kitchen, having remained there alone with Mary an unreasonable length of time, farmer Evelith went out and said: "Mary, I thought you'd think better of marrying that city minister; wa'n't I right? Don't you think that George is a likelier fellow than that city chap? I tell you, I never seed a man I took to like this George."

"But how about Sam?" said Mary.

"We won't talk about Sam. I've changed my idee 'bout him. I wouldn't have him nohow for my son-in-law, I wouldn't."

"I cannot say that I like George any better than I did Mr. Montrose, but I like him as well; so to please you,

father, I will marry George, if he ever asks me to become his wife."

"Girl, you're the best daughter in ten States. I will take back all I ever said 'bout your being ungrateful and wantin' to marry that city minister." And the farmer kissed his daughter and went out to see after the cattle.

That evening, when the Evelith family was supping, Miss Oakes, who had been Mary's companion while she was at Boston, came in. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Montrose?" said she, addressing George. "I am very pleased to meet you again. When did you come?"

"You're mistaken," said farmer Evelith, "this is Mr. Sanford."

Mary could check her mirth no longer, and, bursting into a fit of laughter, left the room. George preserved his dignity and calmly said, "My name is George Sanford Montrose."

"And you're that city minister, after all!" ejaculated the farmer.

"Yes."

The revelation was too much for the old man's equanimity. Without a word he went out and sat down on the piazza, and for full half an hour remained there, chewing the cud of reflection. Finally a bright smile broke over his rugged countenance. He found Mary and George in the kitchen.

"You played me a pretty joke, you did, children. I was mad like. It's all gone now. You, Mary, were awful willin' to swap, but for all of that you are the best girl that ever was. You, George, you're a smart chap, I'm thinkin', and have got muscle and sinew enough to make me a fine son-in-law.

You both, as I said before, have played me a pretty joke; but then, all's fair in love and war, the fine folks say, and 'sides, if I and marm had been placed in like way, we'd—I don't doubt—have done as you have."

On the following Christmas there was a wedding at the Evelith place.

THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF THE UNITED STATES.

By F. W. N., '89.

WE often hear of the population and wealth of this country, and we have read of the hardships of its first settlers. The greatness of the country may appear, at the first glance, to be due mainly to the population, but on careful examination we find that it has great natural advantages.

The geographical position of this country is very favorable. It is completely removed from the strife and jealousy that so distract the various nations of Europe, and also of Asia, yet being midway between the great nations of Western Europe and the rich products of Asia, its advantages for communication with the three southern continents, and with each of them are unequalled. Add to this the fact that in extent of connected territory we are second to but a single country in christendom, and, if colonies and dependencies are also considered, we are surpassed by only two nations. Including Alaska, our territory is greater than the continent of Europe together with the British Isles. Even without Alaska it is larger by half a million miles than the continent of Australia.

Nor is this all. The mineral wealth of the United States is unequalled by that of any country on the globe. When the Spaniards first came to America they wandered over a great amount of territory in search of gold and precious stones. They even searched in vain for these in the very state where, three centuries afterward, was made by a poor laborer a discovery that would have satisfied their wildest dreams. The Western highland is rich in mineral deposits, and the Eastern is also well supplied, while coal is found over an area estimated at 200,000 square miles, a coal district larger than that of any other country. The gold mines of this country are the chief source of the world's supply, while the lodes of silver are the largest and most productive known. The supply of iron is unsurpassed, and the production is second to that of Great Britain only.

Here are found also the richest copper and lead mines in the world, and great quantities of mercury, graphite, nickel, tin, and salt. In the production of petroleum we far surpass all other countries. The immense deposits of sandstone, granite, and marble furnish us with abundant structural materials, and slate and limestone are also very plentiful.

Still more wonderful are the agricultural resources. The soil of hundreds of thousands of miles of this country is unequalled in fertility, as can be readily seen by its productions. If all the arable land in the country were to be utilized, it would easily produce enough to supply the entire population of Europe together with that of North

America. When the Norsemen found the country peopled only by a few savages, or when the colonies of Plymouth or of Jamestown were hard pressed for food, little did they dream that they were in a country that should yet be better supplied with luxuries than any man had yet seen. This great fertility of soil insures a great amount and variety of vegetable productions. The forests have always been a source of wealth, while the land that is free from forests produces great quantities of grass, or if cultivated, is soon covered with broad fields of cotton, corn, wheat, hemp, flax, or tobacco. Even the rough hill-sides are covered with orchards or vineyards, while some of the warmer portions of the country produce rice and sugar cane, or are dotted with orange groves. By such abundant supplies of grain and grass millions of horses, sheep, cattle, and other animals are furnished with subsistence; and thus we are well supplied with all necessary food and clothing by the produce of the soil.

Rushing down the slopes of the hill country are innumerable brooks and rivers on their way to the sea, and by their descent they supply the country with inexhaustible water power, and so great is the amount, that, if it were all utilized, it would furnish as much water power as is now used by all the countries of the world.

Yet without advantages for the transportation of all these varied and abundant productions, we should still be at a loss how to dispose of them. We have not, however, been left in this way. Our lake and sea-coasts give us, with-

out including indentations, shore lines of over 13,000 miles, while we have over 8,000 miles of navigable rivers. In these particulars we are superior to any other country of equal area.

Besides all these advantages there is one without which all the others would be as useless as the gold of Midas. Were this country placed in the burning, cloudless regions of the tropics or near to the frigid, icebound poles, where man cannot dwell, or if he makes the attempt, cannot reach any high degree of advancement, all these advantages so lavishly poured out upon us would be unknown or undeveloped. But on the contrary, we are placed in that "golden mean" where man attains the highest physical, mental, and moral development.

Now what is the significance of these wonderful resources and opportunities? Is it not that Providence has desired that our republic should be the greatest, the noblest, the best nation the world has ever produced?

BIRD-NOTES.

By M. M., '91.

I stand by the shining river
Aglow with the sunset fire,
While over the trembling tree-tops
The new moon rises higher.

Soaring aloft in the azure,
Like a bird on silver wing,
She waxes brighter and brighter
As the sunset light grows dim.

Just over beyond the river,
At the foot of the rocky steep,
Lies the forest, a sea of shadow,
Whose billows have sunk to sleep.

A hush broods over the landscape,
As if Nature were listening

For some sweet and holy music
From out the shadows dim.

And hark! from the silent forest
It comes, a soft, clear call,
And tenderly on earth's listening ear
Its music seems to fall.

And sweetly through the darkness
Comes another liquid note,
And now from a hundred thickets
The clear bird-voices float.

As I listen with pulses thrilling,
In the waning light of day,
Like a dream of strife and trouble
The dim world fades away.

And I, in the sunset splendor,
By the shore of a golden stream,
Stand silent with awe and wonder
At the gates of the world unseen.

The hinges are slowly turning,
The glories within I see,
And beings of wondrous beauty
Are stretching their hands to me.

I catch a sound of its music,
A radiant gleam of light,
But e'en as I gaze the gates are closed,
And the beauty is shut from sight.

The sunset glow has faded;
The song of the birds is still;
A single star hangs trembling
O'er the brow of the distant hill.

I stand 'mid the falling shadows,
But the darkness to me is bright;
For I have caught, through the gates ajar,
A gleam of the heavenly light.

God speaks to our souls with the voices
Of the birds or the waters clear;
A message of love he sendeth
That the listening heart may hear.

And the mystic veil that shadows
The land of our purest dreams
Is drawn aside, and the light divine
Upon our pathway gleams.

A Parsee girl named Sorabji has just been graduated in the University of Bombay in the first class, a distinction won at the same time by but five men.

A PLEA FOR WRONG DOERS.

By F. J. D., '89.

IT is not my wish to eulogize Satan and his imps and satirize the saints celestial, not to speak in behalf of sin but the sinner, not to sympathize with crime but the criminal, not to be charitable toward dishonor but toward the dishonored; not mine to illuminate with a diseased sympathy and imagination the ghastly night of error, but to cast therein a ray of encouragement to him who has fallen from good society, from the altars of purity, from the beauty of innocence into the Stygian vaults of a corrupt and mistaken life.

Is it not evident that sin is a disease, that no evil is performed without an adequate cause, and whether you appropriate a pair of boots of which your neighbor holds the receipt, or empty a bank of its bonds and gold, or stealthily invade at midnight the slumbering chamber and saturate the alarmed bed with the unoffending blood of its aged occupants, or darker yet exchange the mantle of purity which childhood and a mother's love wove for her darling, for that vesture woven in the very looms of hell itself, embroidered with despair and stained with shame, is it not evident that all these lines of conduct are the result of disease?

Contemplate for a moment the conduct of those brave men and women who inhabit the disease wards and hospitals of our great cities during the reign of some deadly epidemic, and ascertain the motive of their sacrifice.

Does the physician love the small-pox? Is the nurse infatuated with yellow fever? No, it is not the small-

pox, it is the man in its clothes that the physician loves; it is not the fever but the woman it has made delirious that the nurse wears herself out for. Their mission on earth is to alleviate suffering, to restore the human system to a condition of health, and to work among the foul and deadly things for humanity's sake. Can you trace the analogy between those external body-wasting diseases and the internal subtle spirit-wasting maladies!

To many of a dainty and æsthetic judgment it is an enigma what there is interesting in people who have transgressed every law of God and man. Do you wonder what there is attractive and redeeming about felonous men and fallen women?

It is the manhood and womanhood that still lives though down in the depths; it is the man and woman from whom the better impulses and thoughts are ebbing like the tides of the ocean, and ebbing, leaves dark reaches on whose slimy surface birds of prey flock and wrangle. Observe the similitude between the true mission of a prison and the mission of a hospital. Is a hospital a place where the mortal coil is to be unwound without pain; or a dyke built up to keep contagion from leaking into the world? A hospital is to arrest the dissemination of disease and unclasp the hands of deadly contagion.

The mission of the prison is to restrain the ravages of violence and raise the mind to an affection for nobler things. Prison discipline should reach beyond punishment and end in the sublime possibility of reform. A prison

should not only confine, but liberate; not only be a master, but a friend. As doctors, firm and self-possessed, pass through the hospital wards taking a diagnosis of each particular patient, and bearing the healing potions to the sufferers, so should good men, firm men who know something about human nature and believe in eternal life inhabit the prison wards, endeavoring to know each particular prisoner, the history of his temptation and mistaken ideas. They should bear to the prisoner the medicine of reform; a genuine regard, a belief that every man would repent if he only knew how. Such conduct would not avail much with a few hardened, old criminals who have been inured to crime for years; but would avail with those tender in crime, who have just begun to dabble their fingers in the fatal stream, who are yet but slightly spattered with the ichor of destruction.

I do not criticise the law, the court, and the prison; but the hand and heart and complete attitude of society when the offender swaps prison garb for citizen's dress. There is no time a man needs more help and sympathy than when he steps from the prison a free man; yet just at that time all whom he meets, except those lower than himself, trip him toward despair with a stone in each hand and a sting in the tongue, they hound him on to the places of darkness until in sheer desperation and self-defense, a human soul sinks for the last time into the depths of corruption.

Three great considerations compel a charitable conduct toward the fallen:

a person's natural disposition; a person's early training; and a person's temptations,—vast factors each in their influence upon human action, so vast, finite understanding cannot measure them. What temperature is to climate, temperament is to man. There are tropical men whose passions are as intense and consuming as the equatorial sun, whose anger eclipses their better judgment with the completeness that night quenches day. Their fancies are as rich and various as tropical foliage, swift to love, swift to hate, and swift to forgive. What can you expect from such men? Steadfastness? Calm deliberation? Reason is impotent over them. They are men who fall early through accident and passion, men who pass out jauntily for an evening's entertainment and are brought back murderers. A hasty answer and a knife thrust do in one swift moment what eternities of years cannot wash away. They who have volcanoes in their blood are not wholly to blame for eruptions.

Observe men upon the streets and you can almost read their destiny in the conformation of their features. A man's destiny lies in the shape of his chin, the set of his lip, the gleam of his eye, and the height of his forehead more than we think. Let us look deeply before we censure deeply. I suppose the flower and the peach cannot know their debt to the sun. When that perfume was distilled the flower knows not; when that delicate blush suffused its velvet cheek the peach knows not. What of sun, what of wind, and what of dew ripens fruit

man knows not. But this is the possession of the simplest, that flowers do not bloom in mouldy cellars; that fruit ripens not in darkness and cold. Think you not there are many human plants springing up in the dark and gloomy places of society, where never fell a ray of that light, nor a drop of that dew, without which human character is imperfect and deformed?

You who have noble thoughts, who would withdraw in alarm at the faintest approach of evil, whose infant and youthful life was guarded by the solicitude of loving parents, have you ever considered the debt you owe to your early training? Have you ever considered that your present hopeful situation is due to circumstances you did not create nor adjust; that you are pure and good not altogether because of yourself, but in spite of yourself?

Many people cannot help being good. Where the loam is generously warmed by the sun, cleft by the plow, spaded, harrowed, enriched, and planted with good seed and assiduously tended, is there blossom and growth and fruit. Where the shadow falls and the weeds root and multiply, there is neither blossom, growth, nor harvest. When you have met upon the street a lecherous woman whose face yet bore in dimmed glory the traces of "What might have been," has not then the thought crept over your young life, that had you fought her battles and faced her temptations you might have been where she is?

Here is an example in mathematics that does not require a collegian to solve. Given two good people called

father and mother, plus a home, plus music, plus choice books and clothes, plus caresses and words of love, plus the best schools and wisest encouragement, plus happy evenings around an attractive table, and added to all this a little child, and what is the result? A blackleg? A convict? A rowdy? A harlot? The grand total of such items is almost of a certainty culture and respectability.

Here is another example, where all good is minus and all bad is plus. A city, a clamorous, dirty street, a repulsive, old tenement, two rooms, the corners reeking in filth, salacious stories, people in whose minds a pure thought would die from the need of companionship, in fact, replete with all the paraphernalia and ultima of human refuse, and added to all this a little child. Unravel the perplexity and declare in what degree that child is responsible for its degradation. When that man is born who shall translate into language the temptation of one human life, the world will know a greater than Angelo, Mozart, Darwin, or Columbus? The man who has nearest approached it is Shakespeare in Hamlet.

Some temptations are impetuous, abrupt, and fatal as the spring of a panther; some bewildering as the storms on the lake; some benumbing as the Arctic night; some consuming as a flame; some enticing as the dream of an opium eater; some ravishing as sweet music on a summer's night; some unobtrusive as the gliding serpent and fatal as its venom.

In every human experience the waves

of temptation are continually beating against the rock of resolution. The four agents, that practically annul the force of temptation and form a good character, I consider to be: Harmonious health; a philosophical turn of mind; a sound education; and the principles of true religion. Whoever has all these conditions is more than thrice blessed. He who has one of these conditions in a goodly degree will be a better man at forty than at twenty. But the poor fellow who lacks them all, in agricultural language, has a hard row to hoe; that man is more deserving of pity than of censure, and therefore at that point where the world proclaims over the human wreck that all is lost, it seems true that then the laws of God declare in eternal contradiction: There is hope in your future yet.

SAINT PAUL AT ROME.

By E. T. W., '89.

COULD we with magic power command the wheels of time to roll back for eighteen hundred years, and stand amid the pomp and luxury of atheistic Rome, upon her Palatine Hill, we might behold the palace of the Cæsars rearing its lofty towers toward the ethereal sky, its gilded domes made resplendent in the rays of the setting sun. Along the marble pavement would resound the tread of a motley crowd of goers and comers; victorious generals returning with their legions mid dazzling triumph; merchants laden with the wealth of the Orient; votaries of pleasure attended by a servile train, all eager to mingle in the averice and

lust of this, the world's emporium. Her men of rank had long been given over to that spirit of reckless debauchery which has made Rome a "City of lost gods and god-like men," and in almost every home, from the reed-thatched cottage of Romulus to the magnificent halls of Nero, dwelt the lovers of sin and vice, consulting the dumb oracles of uninspired reason and accepting as their creed the cold and frigid philosophy of the atheistic stoic, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Before a tribunal composed of such as these, and presided over by a man whose name will ever be associated with crimes of the darkest hue, who, not content with the murder of a wife and a brother, had stained his hands in a mother's blood, stood a prisoner from the distant province of Judea. Before this prisoner the majesty of power, and even the imperial diadem itself, seemed to fade as though but an empty pageant, as here he stood a witness for that faith which concerns man's dearest pleasure, his fondest hopes and highest aspirations.

Napoleon, with four hundred thousand followers, could climb the "cloud-capped Alps" and descend like an avalanche upon his enemies. Alexander, at the head of a powerful army, could spread the civilization of Greece over the Asiatic and African shores of the Mediterranean, and revive for a time that image of imperial unity which has placed him among the colossal figures of history; but here was a man alone amidst an enemy far more formidable than any that ever bore the Austrian spear, or charged a Grecian phalanx,

who dared to defend the cause he loved in the face of a blood-stained king. He had been accused by emissaries from the Sanhedrin of defaming their holy temple, and of disturbing their religious worship, being the leader of a new and factious sect. These, not relying on their own strength, had secured the services of a Roman lawyer to paint the dangerous character of their antagonist in darkest colors. They appealed to that spirit of fanaticism ever prevalent in a land of false gods and idol-worship, and even raised the voice of a mob, as if to add new tumult to an already overexcited populace; but the waves that sweep over the troubled Baltic were never more undaunted than this man. Calm and dispassionate, his voice fell upon the ears of his awestruck listeners. Never before had they been addressed by one so gifted with the rarest powers to convince the understanding, or sway the hearts of men. His was not the eloquence of Demosthenes pleading for a crown, nor of Cicero pleading in behalf of a friend. His was an eloquence inspired by a faith that has been the hope of millions for a life beyond the grave; his was a theme that was destined to drive back the darkness that had so long brooded over the world, and to assist human progress to emerge from the rayless gloom of heathenism, barbarism, and universal corruption.

To-day, wherever temples and altars rise to the worship of the true and living God, there the name of "Paul of Tarsus" is revered as the great teacher of "universal redemption," the "herald of glad tidings to all mankind." Even

as the New England villager gazes at the old church tower that overlooks the graves of his kindred, so the hearts of the civilized world turn toward that gray old mausoleum, beneath whose dim shadows the sword of the headsmen ended the earthly career of their patron saint "the apostle to the Gentiles." There, looking beyond the transitory shades of mortal vision, his weary soul burst its fetters, and Paul had triumphed in a faith for which he had given his life, to wear a martyr's crown. Well might the immortal muses have crowned his brow with a victorious garland, and sang to the parting hero,

"When thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said:
Welcome to heaven's 'home, sweet home.'"

THE MAPLE'S LAMENT.

By J. H. J., '88.

Summer and its rose have faded,
Ripened into autumn's glow,
From the land of snow and icebergs
Chilling blasts of winter blow,

And among the reeds they're playing
Many a sad and mournful lay,
As they scurry 'neath the moonlight,
Like an elfin band at play.

'Mong my branches in the spring-time
Many a songster built her nest.
Zephyrs, sporting round their cradle,
Rocked the little ones to rest.

Now, their songs of joy are silent;
Unperceived they took their flight;
Gone where southern skies and sunshine
Fill their hearts with fresh delight.

And my leaves, that comely garment
That enwrapped my slender form,
Torn and faded, have been scattered,
Rent by breath of chilling storm.

Floated singly from my branches,
Topmost baring first of all,
As from off an aged forehead
Silver threads in silence fall.

Though my form is decked with jewels
Wrought by fingers of the frost,
What care I for all this splendor,
With my robe and playmates lost?

While I stand here cold and cheerless,
Shivering in the icy blast,
By the silvern winter moonlight,
Spectral shades anon I cast.

I am lonely and forsaken,
And my heart is cold as stone.
Am I doomed to desolation?
Must I ever grieve alone?

Borne on pinious of the night-wind
Comes the Angel of the Leaves,
Comes and gently whispers to her,
For she hears her as she grieves,

Speaks in tones of reassurance,
Words of comfort, cheering, mild;
Mingling with them soft caresses,
As a mother soothes her child.

"Be not sad, disheartened, daughter.
Think not thou art left alone.
Fear not, thou art ne'er forgotten,
When then the storm-winds roar and moan.

"I'll not leave thee, not forsake thee,
Though thou canst not see away;
I am ever near to keep thee,
Near to guard thee night and day.

"Let the Storm King spend his fury,
Though the hail should buffet sore;
Sorrows are but for a season:
Soon shalt thou rejoice once more.

"Spring will come again and flowers;
And for thee once more I'll weave
Yet a far more lovely vesture
Than the lost one thou dost grieve.

"Then the birds will seek thy bosom,
And again their voices raise,
As they watch o'er nest and fledgelings,
Swelling joyous songs of praise.

"Sorrow then shall turn to gladness;
And what seems thy present woe
Is but working to prepare thee
For the bliss thou soon wilt know."

Thus, Oh man, what seem thy trials,
Grievous loss, afflictions sore,
Are but blessings to prepare thee
For the life that's on before.

COMMUNICATION.

[Professor Brackett, of the University of Colorado, has kindly responded to our request to contribute something for the *STUDENT* by sending the article which we present in this department to our readers.]

AN ELEMENT OF CLASSICAL STUDY SOMETIMES NEGLECTED.

Dante, recalling his dread on entering the "Inferno," spoke a word about Virgil that would be an appropriate epitaph for the good schoolmaster:

"And after he had laid his hand on mine
With joyful mien, whence I was comforted,
He led me in among the secret things."*

When boys and girls enter the realm of the dead languages, what they need most is the warm hand of sympathy and the good taste that can initiate them into the mysteries of beauty. The student should understand that he can not recognize true beauty; that the perception of beauty is the result of culture; that the formation of good taste, even, is the work of a life-time; and that men will differ about the truly beautiful as long as they will differ about the truly good. But, in his plans for life, the day of perfect beauty should have charms second only to the day of perfected goodness.

A poem is first of all an edifice of sound. An infant or a savage would take delight in Virgil's mellow voice as he read his epic before Augustus. The metre is the heart-throb of the poem. Its significance can be taught at first by

* Longfellow's translation, *INF.*, III., 13.

metrical translations, as in Whiton's "*Auxilia Vergiliana*"; soon the student will not only notice apparent adaptations of the sound to the sense, as in

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

"Soundeth the hoof as the four-footed coursers beat stroke on the level,"*

but he will also take an honest delight in the swing of the hexameter:

"Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean."†

All students may be taught to scan well, and students who scan well nearly always love the poets.

From the perception of beauty in sound it is but a short step to the admiration of those half lines whose richness of expression can hardly be imitated outside of the Latin language:

O passi graviores—
Vobis parta quies—
Dis aliter visum—
Heu vatium ignarae mentes.

The youth who has his mind stored with such pregnant sayings begins to admire the beauty of Latin as an instrument of thought; his admiration will be increased by such lines as

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito,
"Yield not thou to ill fortune, but more courageously breast it."‡

Macte nova virtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
"Practice virtue, dear boy; only thus one may rise to the heavens."

The beauty of proverbial passages is not of the highest order, but it is of a kind readily appreciated by the beginner.

By comparing passages it is not diffi-

cult to make pupils realize how much of a holy book the Homeric poems were to the Greeks; for example:

ὅς κε θεοῖς ἐπιπείθεται, μάλα τ' ἔχλον ἀνθρώπων,
Whosoever obeyeth the gods, him they gladly hear.

St. James says, "If any man be a worshiper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth."

χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς,
The gods are terrible to be seen.

Job says, "With God is terrible majesty."

ἐὺχέσθαι πάντες δὲ θεῶν χάριν ἄνθρωποι,
Pray; for all mankind require the assistance of the gods,

can hardly be matched even in Holy Writ. Every thoughtful student will see something of sublimity in the descent of Apollo:

"Down he came,
Down from the summit of the Olympian mount,
Wrathful in heart; his shoulders bore the bow
And hollow quiver; then the arrows rang
Upon the shoulders of the angry god,
As on he moved. He came as comes the night."

But this feeling will be heightened and rendered more distinct by comparison with the words of the Hebrew prophet, "And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

The student who loves the rhythm of the classic tongues, who perceives their expressiveness as instruments of thought, who looks to Homer and Virgil for such wisdom and sublimity as he finds in his Bible, is on the way to an appreciation of the beauties of the grand style. It is not my present purpose to discuss the style further than to

*Whiton. †Schiller, translated by Lytton.

‡Whiton.

*Bryant's translation, *ILIAD*, I., 57.

remark that its greatest excellences are the last to be revealed, and that its study leads one to delight in the contemplation of simple, severe, and lofty beauty.

But the master should not be satisfied with bringing his students into the beauty of rhythm, into admiration for particular passages, into a conscious delight in the grand style. He should look forward to the time when they can enjoy the spirit of a poem as a whole. Their attention should be directed, first, to its creative thought; secondly, to its organic structure, and, thirdly, to the analysis of those living characters whose interplay constitutes the life of the whole poem.

After such a study of the "Iliad," embodying a faithful attempt to realize its creative thought, to view its grand architectural proportions, and to become familiar with those characters—pillars and arches admirable in themselves—whose artistic relations to one another constitute a temple of beauty, there remains the question of deepest significance, what vitally true thing does this old poem teach to-day? a question to which an answer will be found, in time, by him who seeks. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that such a seeker has been placed in living relations with one of the greatest artists of all time; that imperceptibly his notions of beauty have been enlarged and purified.

Thus far I have spoken of instruction that has for its aim simply to make the "Æneid" and "Iliad" intelligible; but if we are allowed to load the prose masterpieces with such mountains of

philology that a smart boy cannot burrow through more than fifty or a hundred pages of the text in a year, what harm can there be in loading the poetry very lightly with aesthetics? For example, instead of allowing the young ladies to dream of snakes the night after reading of Laocoon, why not fill their minds with those marvelous essays of Lessing on the distinctive spheres of poetry, painting, and sculpture? When the boys read Homer's description of ideal beauty, why not tell them about the painting of Helen by Zeuxis? When translating those beautifully pathetic lines in which Helen is represented as peering over the battle field to get a glimpse of her brothers, there are abundant precedents for referring to the *lucida sidera, frates Helenæ* of Horace, and for saying that these dear brothers of Helen were transferred to the stars by Jupiter; but why not add to these fables a fact—that the first representations of the gods and heroes in Greece were blocks of wood or stone—that even in the palmy days of sculpture the same word, *σίμω*, was used to denote a pillar and also a statue—that among the Spartans, Castor and Pollux were in the form of two parallel blocks of wood connected by two cross sticks, and that this primitive mode of representing Helen's brothers is yet to be seen in our sign for Gemini, II, by which they are denoted in the zodiac? and need one wait till he comes to the word "*Hermes*" in the text to say that, when in the course of time heads were set upon the ancient four-cornered stones the figures were called

hermæ, and that full-length statues were named *Dædali*, from Dædalus, who first began to separate entirely the lower half of these *hermæ* in the form of legs? When reading of the pledge of Zeus to Thetis:

"The son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial
 curls
Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
Wereshaken, and with them the mighty mount
Olympus trembled."*

why not that Phidias, the greatest sculptor of Greece, acknowledged that these lives served him as a model for his Jupiter at Olympia, and that it was by their help that he succeeded in producing a godlike countenance? How much easier it would be for a boy to see gods in Homer, if he knew something of ancient statuary! Such a description as that of Apollo by Winckelmann can hardly fail to kindle the imagination. It begins as follows:

"Among all the works of antiquity that have escaped destruction the statue of Apollo is the highest ideal of art. The artist has constructed this work entirely on the ideal, and has employed in its structure just so much only of the material as was necessary to carry out his design and render it visible. This figure of Apollo exceeds all other figures of him as much as the Apollo of Homer exceeds him whom later poets paint. His stature is loftier than that of man, and his attitude speaks of the greatness with which he is filled. An eternal spring, as in the happy fields of Elysium, clothes with the charms of youth the graceful manliness of ripened years, and plays with softness and tenderness about the proud shape of his limbs," etc., etc.†

As the student rises in appreciation of the "Iliad" he should realize that this magnificent poem is only one of the windows through which we get a

glimpse of Greek beauty; that the sculpture of Phidias was as beautiful as the poetry of Homer; and that the Greeks themselves and very high modern authority* praise the painters of Hellas not less enthusiastically than her sculptors; that painting, sculpture, and poetry are merely different modes of expression for the creative impulse; that without painting, our knowledge of beauty would be sadly imperfect; that the poem is not all of beauty; that the statue is not beauty, but beautiful. He should look forward to a time when, his taste having been refined by the different forms of art, he may say with Browning's Cleon:

"I have not chanted verse like Homer, no—
Nor swept string like Terpander, no—nor
 carved
And painted men like Phidias and his friend;
I am not great as they are, point by point,
But I have entered into sympathy
With these four, running these into one soul;

Say, is it nothing that I know them all?"

The student who finds the study of Latin and Greek only a new form of drudgery may prefer to return to the fields or the mine, where his less monotonous labors may bring him immediate profit; but is it not true that the ranks of scholars must be recruited from those who find in literature a culture for the imagination, who find its study constantly enlarging their ideal world, men whose greatest delight is in attempting to fill a sphere ever expanding beyond the apparently attainable and the apparently practicable? Is it too visionary to cherish a hope that the classical student may soon

* Bryant's translation, *ILIAD*, l., 667.

† "History of Ancient Art," book xl., chap. 3.

* Dr. Woermann, of Düsseldorf: "Painting in the Ancient World."

enter upon the vast inheritance of literature and art that of right belongs to him; that the day is not far distant when it will be considered as important for a Bachelor of Arts to define a *replica* as it now is to describe a trilobite, when he will be expected to know more about a Gothic arch than about the aspiring *formule* of rosaniline and anthraquinonic acid?

J. R. BRACKETT, '75.

LOCALS.

There was tumult in the air,
And the snow it thronged her hair,
Near the drift;
There was stagger in her gait,
From the white accumulate
Falling swift.

Base-ball.

Now practice.

Fast-Day, April 19th.

The Sophomore prize declamations will be held the last week of the term.

Soon will the wicked Sophomore rise early and listen to the charming music of the birds.

Why not have the old dining-hall under Parker Hall fitted up for laboratory work in Chemistry?

It is commonly reported that next term we shall have a trainer and new apparatus for the gym.

Prof. (in Greek, to Freshman who is suspected of using a horse)—“Now drive right along, Mr. P.”

Prof. Carl Braun is again with his German classes. The study of German is receiving unusual attention this term.

To one of our Professor's remarks, not long since, the whole class answered “Rats!” “No disrespect; it was a *logical* reply.”

The Sunday evening lectures, by Rev. Mr. Twort, at the Free-Baptist Church on Pine Street, are enjoyed by many of the students.

Sophomore (in literature, reading)—“She left her lover's for her father's arms.” Prof.—“Of what is that an example?” Soph.—“Pathos.”

Last year two Sophomores discovered a new species of the genus *Oscines*, classified as *Puella High-Schoolis*, or High-school warblers.—R. + + F.

Prof. (in Greek)—“What do you supply there?” (Miss P. hesitates.) Prof.—“Don't you supply some part of *επι*?” Miss P.—“Oh, yes sir. I see (*επι*).”

We were surprised the other morning when one of the Prof.'s suggested that we could perform our experiments better in a place of the temperature of red hot iron.

First Co-ed.—“You will need to have the seams pressed out of that basque.” Second Co-ed.—“Oh, those seams will get pressed out soon enough after I get it on.” Why did every one laugh?

Prof. (in mechanics)—“I have often magnetized a knife-blade, and it would take up tacks quite readily a year afterward.” Co-ed. (in stage whisper)—“It must be handy for spring cleaning.”

The declamations by the prize division from Nichols Latin School were held at the Main Street Free-Baptist

Church, Friday evening, March 9th. S. O. Baldwin and L. S. Bean took respectively the first and second prizes.

Soph. (translating)—“*Annette voulait nous sive; elle pleurait, elle m'embrassait; mais madame Madeleine ne voulait pas.*”—Annette wished to follow us, she cried, she embraced me, her mother did not allow her to do that.”

A typographical error in the last number of the *STUDENT* has caused the communication from one of the Faculty to be severely criticised by the Freshmen. We exclaim with Horace “*Ah miser, quanta laborabas Charybdi, digne puer meliore flamma!*”

To a rather foolish question Prof. S. replied: “I suppose you have heard how a Dutchman proved that one of their navigators discovered America? He said the navigator sailed away Westward and never returned. If he did not go to America, where did he go?”

Mr. Stanley the photographer, delivered an excellent address on the “Tariff,” before the Polymnian Society, Friday evening, March 9th. Mr. Stanley has made this subject an especial study, and as a consequence was able to handle it in an unusually vigorous and logical manner.

The Senior exhibition will take place at the Main Street Free-Baptist Church, Friday evening, March 23d. Following are names of those who will take part: E. F. Blanchard, C. W. Cutts, Miss L. A. Frost, J. H. Johnson, F. W. Oakes, R. A. Parker, Miss M. G. Pinkham, C. C. Smith, G. W. Snow,

W. F. Tebbets, A. C. Townsend, and S. H. Woodrow.

On Tuesday evening, March 13th, the class of '89 enjoyed a social time at the house of Mr. Leathers, ex-janitor of the college. Mr. and Mrs. Leathers entertained the class handsomely, both as regarded refreshments and amusements. Before saying good-night the boys presented “Pater” with a meerschauum. It is hoped he will become much attached to his pipe: at least to one end of it. The janitorship of a college is a difficult position, but “Pater” has filled it acceptably, and now as he goes away he carries with him the friendship of every boy in college.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'72.—In the February number of *Transactions of the American Institute of Engineers* appears a discussion by Geo. H. Stockbridge, Esq., upon the “Revision of the Patent Laws.”

'72.—George E. Gay, of Malden, Mass., has a Bible class of 185 members.

'73.—A. C. Libby, whose headquarters are Minneapolis, Minn., recently paid a visit to his parents in Lewiston.

'73.—William Pynne is having a successful practice as M.D. in Portland, Maine.

'74.—J. F. Keene has an important practice in law in Minneapolis, Minn.

'74.—H. H. Aeterian is giving instruction in instrumental music in Boston, Mass.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, who holds the important position of Principal of the Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Mass., has just issued a handsome prospectus showing the organization of the various clubs and societies connected with the Academy.

'76.—Horatius Woodbury, M.D., of South Paris, has recently been in town.

'76.—B. H. Young, M.D., is enjoying a lucrative practice at Amesbury, Mass.

'76.—R. C. Everett is teaching a private school at Minot Corner.

'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., chairman of the Republican Committee of Lewiston, has received congratulations from many sources for his successful management of the Republican campaign prior to the spring election.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox, M.D., has an extensive practice at Princeton, Minn.

'83.—E. J. Hatch is practicing law at Springvale, Me.

'83.—J. B. Ham is teacher of Mathematics and Sciences at Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'83.—O. L. Bartlett, M.D., has a good practice at Rockland, Me.

'84.—C. S. Flanders is Principal of the High School at Perrysville, Ind.

'84.—Miss H. M. Brackett has entered the School of Library Economy, Columbia College.

'85.—G. A. Goodwin is Principal of Bluehill Academy, Bluehill, Me.

'85.—A. B. Morrell is Principal of the High School at Lancaster, Mass.

'85.—Miss Clara L. Ham is teaching at the Lyndon Institute, Lyndon, Vt.

'85.—W. W. Jenness is in the Boston Law School.

'85.—Mr. Wm. B. Small of Lewiston, Bates, '85, has just taken the degree of M. D., at the Bellevue Medical College, New York.

'85.—The second edition of "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses," by Dexter Carleton Washburn, is now ready. The author, a native of Lewiston, and a graduate of Bates College, belongs to the recent school of charming writers whose verses never fail to delight the reader. Richard Henry Stoddard, the eminent critic, says in the *New York Mail and Express*: "Mr. Washburn is one of the best of this young school of verse writers." The *St. Johnsbury Republican* says: "The book of poems, "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses," is as delicate and dainty as a young lady's wedding glove. Inside it is as full of good things as a Christmas plum pudding." Mr. Washburn is at present on the staff of the *New York Press*.

'85.—Charles T. Walter, a successful publisher of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has just published the second edition of "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Verses," by D. C. Washburn.

'86.—Charles Hadley is in the Newton Theological Seminary.

'86.—I. H. Storer has recently been in town. He has just closed his labors in the Warren High School.

'86.—W. N. Prescott is in the office of the *Odd Fellows Register* at Portland, Maine.

'86.—T. D. Sale is business manager of the *Register* at Portland, Me.

'86.—A. H. Dunn is teaching the High School at Alfred.

'86.—E. A. Merrill, who is studying

law in Minneapolis, will spend the summer in Auburn.

'86.—H. M. Cheney is editing a paper at Concord, N. H.

'86.—G. A. Downey, at one time of the class of '85, is Principal of the Round Rock High School, and President of the Lincoln County Teachers' Association.

H. L. Wadsworth, a student of the Maine State Seminary from 1860 to 1863, is editor and publisher of the *Mining and Scientific Review* of Denver, Col.

THEOLOGICAL.

Prof. Fullonton is convalescent, and again with his classes.

'84.—Rev. F. E. Freese of North Anson has accepted the unanimous call tendered him by the Atkinson Church, and will remove there soon. The society is to be congratulated in having secured the services of so able a man. All may feel safe in predicting great prosperity in the days to come in this field.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick is spending his vacation at home.

'88.—W. M. Davis will enter Bates another fall.

'89.—J. W. Burgin has left school. At present he is stopping at his home in West Waterbury, Vt.

'89.—J. H. Roberts is engaged to preach at Freeport another year.

'89.—T. G. Donnocker is to preach at Green for a year.

'90.—G. B. Southwick will preach for the Casco Church during the year.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Miss F. M. Nowell is reported seriously ill.

'88.—J. H. Mansur and J. K. P. Rogers, formerly of the class of '88, have entered the Medical School at Bowdoin College.

'89.—B. E. Sinclair has closed his labors in the West Auburn Grammar School. His success has secured for him the offer of a very lucrative position.

'89.—A. E. Hatch has returned from a successful lecturing tour.

'89.—Miss H. A. Given will be with the class next term.

'89.—E. H. Thayer, formerly of '89, is change pitcher and second base man of the Amherst nine.

'90.—W. J. Pennell is teaching the High School at Waldoboro.

'90.—E. W. Morrell and A. N. Peaslee are teaching in the Nichols Latin School.

'90.—C. A. Record has closed his second successful school at Brownville, and is now negotiating for a school at Hillsborough Bridge, N. H.

'90.—It is reported that L. H. Dorr formerly of '90, has gone to New York to enter a Medical School.

'91.—Has forty-five members now present.

'91.—C. H. Richardson preached at Brunswick, March 11th.

POET'S CORNER.

But this we know, from what has gone before,
Life's what we make it, hardly less or more.

WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

Haste, little flowers. Thy message bear
With graceful tongue and mien.
Do thou, my friend, accept, nor dare
To thrust aside unseen.

Grant its request. Forgive the faults
The dark things hide away.
Let friendship reign; kinds words abide;
Bright mem'ries hold full sway.

A. L. S., '89.

NATURE.

Nature is like a sister to my eyes,
A maiden playful, petulant, and shy.
Deep in her face sweet meanings I espy
Which now she fain would hide, as the far
skies
Hide their blue souls by some thin cloud that
flies.
Rendering concealment lovelier. I sigh
When gazing on her charms, so quietly
Expressed, and learn her soul by its fair guise.

Sometimes, with folded hands upon her breast,
Alone, apart, like some sweet nun, I hear
Her pray. Sometimes she sings to me, and
fear
And joy alternate rob my mind of rest.
Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness:
Her saddest moods are rich with hopes that
bless. —*Leviston Journal*.

Our actions on this world-stage tend
To find a mark—to reach an end.
Yet in the broad immensity
Of life—itsself a tossing sea—
They seem to lose identity.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

SONG.

There's a flush on the high western mountains,
And the forests in rapture awake;
There's a flashing of light in the fountains,
And a promise o'er valley and lake.
And the lover, who gloomily wanders
Through the morning's first beautiful flush,
In his hoping soul greedily ponders
O'er a promise, a song, and a blush. —*Ex.*

SERENADE.

Sweetly slumber, now, my darling,
While the stars their vigils keep.
Golden dreams flit round thy pillow,
Love's bright angels guard thy sleep.
Would I were that down thrice-blessed
On which rests thy blushing cheek;

By my soft and silent pressure
Fervently my love I'd speak.

May these low strains of affection
Penetrate thy sleeping ear,
Bringing to thy dreamy vision
Him to whom thou art so dear.
May each word, like silken fetter,
Never in all time to part,
Be a bond of love between us,
Binding closer heart to heart. —*Ex.*

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

Then his hand he placed, as ever,
On his heart,
And swore from her he'd never,
Never part.
Well he knew, that Boston drummer,
How sly Cupid had all summer
Dogged his steps, the little bummer!
With his dart.

Quickly Cupid caught the notion,
Wily Greek!
Deftly made his arrow's motion
More oblique.
Thought, "Dost shield a spot so oaken?
At thy head shall fly my token"—
In a trice its point was broken
On his cheek. —*Ex.*

FAREWELL ODE TO ANALYTICS.

(AIR—"Shoo, fly, don't bother me.")

On David's lofty mountain
We lay our burden down.
We've borne thee o'er the campus
And throughout our college town.
Our tears are multitudinous,
Our sighs are deep and long,
For now the time has come for us
To sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

Anna, farewell to thee;
Anna, farewell to thee;
Anna, farewell to thee;
And may you slumber peacefully.

We've followed thee up Science hill
Through many a weary year.
With lines and conic sections
Thou hast filled our souls with fear;
And many of us had to crib,

Though cribbing may be wrong;
But now we use the crib no more
While we sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

It never used to seem
Thy duties e'er would cease.
We never dared to dream
Thou wouldst give our minds release.
And now we find it hard indeed
To realize thou art gone,
As we gather round thy funeral pile
And sing our parting song.

CHORUS.

The third angle is thy locus,
Thine equations are transposed,
Thy signs are henceforth negative,
And all thy series close.
Thy functions equal zero,
To thee no powers belong,
And all thy squares are frail affairs,
So we close our parting song.

CHORUS.

A. E. H., '89.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

Yale and Amherst have put the Bible on the list of elective studies.

Two-thirds of the Dartmouth students work their way through college.

Colby has a new professor, who will take the place of Professor Wadsworth.

Bowdoin Freshmen have decided to go into boating, and have purchased a shell.

Vassar has been invited to become a member of the American school at Athens.

Dr. Ely, of Johns Hopkins, recently lectured before the Vassar students on socialism.

A Freshman at Princeton recently won the prize in a debate between the four classes.

It is reported that Harvard would

like to buy the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

A woman's college has been established at Tokio, in Japan. The teachers are English.

Mt. Holyoke Seminary has asked the legislature to change its name to Mt. Holyoke College.

Columbia has taken another step forward and will admit women to all her higher courses.—*Ex.*

The latest rage in some of the colleges is telegraph clubs. At Dartmouth there are twenty instruments in use.

Oberlin supports four clubs, each having for its purpose the investigation and discussion of some economic subject.

Andrew D. White, formerly President of Cornell, has been elected as Prof. Asa Gray's successor as a regent of the Smithsonian Institute.

The students of Harvard have rented the Globe Theatre, Boston, at a cost of one thousand dollars, to hold religious meetings on Sunday evenings.

Mrs. Dexter of Baldwinville, Mass., will have charge of the Ladies' Hall. Dr. Robinson, President of Brown, will give the annual address before the literary societies.

The Protective Tariff League has awarded the prize of \$500 for the best essay on protection written by any college Senior, to a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Rose Cleveland is about the best paid teacher in America. She receives \$16,000 a year for her work

in school and for the use of her name. Who would not be sister of the president of the United States?

Six Seniors who received highest honors at Yale last year were all athletic men. That doesn't look as if athletics were injuring the standard of scholarship in our colleges.

The Institutes of Technology will establish during the coming summer a school, either in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, or in the iron regions of Michigan, in order to give the students of the mining department practice in the work of the mines.

Jones, '88, chairman of the Exeter Lit., has offered a gold medal to that member of the nine who shall have the best record in base sliding at the end of the season. The Exonian has offered a similar medal to the man who gets the highest batting average.

EXCHANGES.

The genial "man in blue" has brought us an unusually large number of exchanges this month—the *Lits.*, with their dignified envelopes of thick paper; the weeklies and monthlies, some folded to suggested flatness, some rolled to resemble the Sophomoric tin-horn. The wrappers removed and they present quite a different though none the less diversified appearance both in cover and contents, all of which goes to prove that "dress does not make the man."

Several lament the lack of bright, spicy bits of poetry, a deficiency so common to most of the college magazines.

The man of the sanctum, who, like Sam Lawson, is always ready with an opinion, says co-education destroys the romantic sentiment in college life, and hence destroys the source of the inspiration of those sentimental little lyrics so much appreciated.

The most interesting and really beneficial article that has come to our notice is "A Half Hour with Joubert," in the *Dartmouth*. It is a well written piece on a very well chosen subject. Other literary articles are "A Psychological Reverie" and "The Dying Century." The latter is a complaint against the materialistic tendencies of the age. It closes with the following: "But the nineteenth century is nearly done. It rests with us who are now young men to make the twentieth noble and more real. Far be it from me to disparage the high work of religion which is to do the important thing. . . . But unless the world accepts the art idea, which clearly apprehended is but religion seen from another side, the life of the individual and of the nation here on earth will become barren and unprofitable. . . . Let us be men of the twentieth century. Let us ring out this heartless farcical reign of the usurping chancellor of the exchequer and ring in the return of the true sovereign, who shall come like King Arthur from the island valley of Avilion, healed of the grievous wound dealt him by the Modred of Renaissance, to usher in once more the golden days of Camelot."

The attack by the popular press upon the habits and customs of college men, and especially upon athletics, has been met by vigorous essays from several

colleges. The best that we have noticed are "College Athleticism," from the *Williams Lit.*, and "College Life," from the *Michigan Argonaut*. A late number of *University* also has an article on a kindred subject. By the way, this new-comer among us is fast gaining popularity and bids fair to be a permanent success. The last number of *Wesleyan Argus* is one of the best we have seen.

The February number of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* contains an unusual amount of good reading matter. A pleasing, vigorous style characterizes the whole magazine. Much talent is evinced by the class of '89, into whose hands the monthly is about to fall.

The February number of the *Atlantis* brings us an excellent article on Washington Irving. But how would that gentleman enjoy reading, in large advertising print at the bottom of each eloquent page, such foot-notes as "Try the royal ten-cent cigar," "Halloo, boys! Drop in and get your smoking and chewing goods at Saunders." We admire the piece, but not the taste that would make a criticism of Irving smell so strongly of a tobacco factory.

POTPOURRI.

"A kiss,
O Miss,
Is bliss,"
Said he.

He kissed her,
"O Mister,
A blister,"
Said she.—*Ex.*

There was once a gay Turkish Pasha,
Who winked—what on earth could be rasha?—

At the Sultan's best wife and so lost his life;
The moral is—don't be a masha.—*Life.*

One day a young Freshman of Bowdoin,
His cranial gun was a lowdoin
To shoot off a deek,
Oh, my! what a nee!
When it killed him dead by explowdoin.
—*Ex.*

What shape is a kiss? A-lip-tickle.

The hanging of the anarchists was a
game of seven up.—*Ex.*

"We don't care for the rain," said
one Baltimore girl to another, as she
raised an umbrella; "we're neither
sugar nor salt." "No," replied the
other, "but we're lasses."

"A prominent sporting man has in-
vented a machine which he intends to
use as a base-ball pitcher."—*Ex.* We
would like to know if it has any attach-
ment for kicking the umpire.

"A polite man," said the Duc de
Morny, "is one who listens with in-
terest to things he knows all about,
when they are told by a person who
knows nothing about them."

He had lent his stylographic pen to
direct an envelope. She—"Oh, doesn't
it write beautifully? I declare, I'm in
love with the pen." He—"I'm in love
with the holder." She saw the "point."

SPRING POEM.

Sweet spring is close at hand,
Soft blows the cooling gale,
The sun high rises in the sky,
And wags his golden tail.

When electricity takes the place of
hanging as a capital punishment, the
judge will charge the jury; the jury
charge the battery; the battery charge
the prisoner; the sheriff will serve as
discharger.



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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1888.

No. 4.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON,	E. I. CHIPMAN,
E. J. SMALL,	A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT,	L. E. PLUMSTEAD.
I. N. COX, Business Manager.	

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy, 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

SOME months ago an article appeared in the STUDENT to the effect that we should soon have facilities for individual experiments in Chemistry. The proposition seemed feasible and probable, and we all rejoiced. But that plan has not been carried out. And why?

There is no study in the whole curriculum that is entered into so heartily, with so much ardor and zeal for understanding its length, depth, and breadth, as this same study of Chemistry. We may not all care to become professional chemists, nevertheless the fact remains that we do wish to push this study while in college. It is what we like and what we need, and is indispensable to those who are going to be teachers or physicians. A year at least should be devoted to Chemistry, with sufficient apparatus for individual work. The professor who does all the talking and all the experimenting usually also does all the thinking. We want a chance to think for ourselves and experiment for ourselves, and it seems due to us and to the college that such opportunities should be granted. Gladly indeed should we welcome the new laboratory that rumor has so long affirmed to be coming.

WE have had articles, and editorials, and locals, lately, all concerned about the gymnasium and ath-

letics in the interests of the gentlemen, but none of the arrangements will be of any practical advantage to the young ladies, except in so far as it is for the advantage of the general standing of the college.

About a year ago, or a little more, the matter of having a ladies' gymnasium was discussed, and some steps taken toward it, the Cyniscans providing themselves with a few pairs of Indian clubs and dumb-bells, but there were no accommodations for practice with these, as the chapel, which seemed the only available place, was crowded, and more than that was heated only a part of the time, so that all use of these even was discontinued after the first flush of enthusiasm had passed off, and now they are lying in "innocuous desuetude."

There is no reason why the young ladies should not take regular gymnastic exercise as much as the young gentlemen, and if they have not been educated up to feeling the need of it, there is the more reason why they should be obliged to. The Faculty have a right to regulate the course of study and the attendance upon religious services, etc., and they exercise these rights. It is as important that students come out of college with a strong constitution and well developed muscle as it is for them to come out with their brains filled with sines and co-sines, coronæ and calices, or to have a record of having attended three church services a day throughout their college course.

Then if we do have an instructor in athletics, the policy should be followed out and practice made compulsory among the ladies and gentlemen alike,

that we may send out men and women, and not mere figure heads.

IT is refreshing in this age, when everybody is running after property, to meet a man who won't run, either because he is tired, or because he has found something to look at that pleases him more. A continual fire used to be kept in the sacred temples, fed by vestal virgins; the continual fire which impels a young man to wear his clothes until, when he lays them aside, there is not quite virtue enough left to make a real good coat for his little brother; and the constant inspiration that impels a young man to buy very moderate neckties that he may purchase a book on a scientific subject. That fire and that inspiration which impels thus, I say, nay, I am quite positive, is fed by attendants who come from nearer heaven than did the vestal virgins. It is amusing, nay, there is pathos in it. Pathos! Aye, it is sublime to see poverty's offspring, at the time, even, when his board bill is due and he is not prepared to have it receipted, to see him then, calmly, delightedly, and not in the least disturbed, following up the progeny of the protoplasm, or exactly describing the epithelial tissue. It is less a wonder to me how cars run, how a blossom is one day a red-cheeked apple munched by a boy, how electricity in the pulsation of a heart passes into another land, or how the Pleiades make an image in the water, all less wonderful than that unquenchable love of knowledge which keeps a poor young man busy and happy in some apartment not at all remarkable for upholstery; an apartment

so arranged in the world that it can never be invaded by renown or affluence, or any document marked "Important from the Government." But nevertheless, don't be alarmed; don't be discouraged; you are all right. Men have died under purple coverlets less worthy of study and imitation than you are.

TOO much care cannot be taken in fitting for college. Many boys are of the opinion that if they are able to gain admission to a college, it is sufficient, but this is not so. If the boy or girl is not well prepared for college, the whole course will drag. It is much better to have more than the required studies, rather than not enough.

French and German should by all means be studied before entering college. Both languages have irregular verbs enough to frighten the beginner and to use up much of his time, unless he is as much of a genius as Mark Twain, and can "do the thing in six weeks." At least the first forty lessons in Otto's French Grammar, and as much in the German, should be learned; much of the drudgery will be done then, but enough will be left to keep up the interest.

The languages will be more interesting and much more good will be gained by the year's study given in the college to these languages. As it is, not much can be gained. The student is merely fitted to go on with the study, but if he has failed to be aroused to a sense of beauty in them, he will be likely to leave them on going out from college.

THERE are two studies, and those of the utmost importance, which are almost entirely neglected in the present arrangement of fitting school curriculums, and these two are Grammar and History. It is not too harsh a judgment to say that ten per cent. of our undergraduates would not be able to write an article containing two hundred words without making several serious errors in construction or agreement, and this, while it is often the result of carelessness, is frequently a case of absolute ignorance. Even if carelessness alone were the cause of these blunders they would be hardly more excusable. A student by the time he enters college ought to have been trained so thoroughly regarding the use and abuse of English that a grammatical error would grate on his ear as a false note does on a trained musician. And yet it is not an unusual thing for a university educated minister to say, for you and I, or to have a lawyer inform us that, one of many such cases have been cited.

Another study equally neglected is History. Many get a comparatively thorough knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, and a smattering of the modern languages and sciences before they have a clear idea concerning the most salient points in the history of their own country, much less of the history of the European countries so closely allied to us. Harvard makes a complete course in this study, but almost all the smaller colleges disregard it entirely.

No scholar can make the principles of Political Economy or of Civil Gov-

ernment more than an abstract theory, who has not a knowledge of the causes and events which led up to the policies of to-day, nor ought a man to try to put into practice a theory until he has learned something of the needs of the country which lie back of this theory, and this certainly can not be gained without some understanding of the history of all civilized nations since first they had a history.

NEARLY every one has heard the contempt with which many speak of a slight acquaintance with art and science. How often is it the case that a normal school graduate is thought—and thinks himself—to be a finished scholar in the English language, though he has never studied an hour in another language. This is absurd to one that looks on the many sides of the English tongue. That language more than others needs a knowledge of many tongues to be fully mastered. But whatever branch of study be pursued it cannot be thoroughly mastered and appreciated unless its limits be considered. Unless one has studied music in some way, he cannot realize the amount of labor necessary to render well a piece of Mendelssohn. If one knows nothing of the difficulty of coloring and shading or harmony of colors he cannot fully appreciate the masterpieces in painting.

Of course something more than a "smattering" is desirable, but, in one life-time, it is impossible to gain a thorough knowledge of every science; yet every one will be benefited by the knowledge of the existence, at least,

of the sciences. The different branches of study are so linked together that it is difficult to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. One thing, and but one, may be followed with success, yet a man cannot give his whole attention and study to one thing without narrowing his mind to that one thing.

NOT long since conversing with an enterprising and successful business man, who resides in a neighboring city, he said: "My father, when I was a boy, taught me that if I was ever to accomplish anything I must work myself and be independent. I remember distinctly how I made a practical application of this when studying the old 'Greenleaf's National.' My twin brother and I sat in the same seat, and every available moment we devoted to ciphering. Unfortunate would it have been for one of us to have given the other any points. We were bound to master the book each for himself without help even from the teacher. There were, I believe, just four problems of which we were unable to obtain the correct results. That was the term when we learned Arithmetic. I tell you what young men most need is independence and willingness to work." Gradually our conversation turned to college life and our friend continued: "There are many who enter and complete their course with the idea that they are to leave college, educated men. I consider college as merely the alphabet, or at most not beyond the two-letter words, of a liberal education. A true student's work is but begun when he leaves his *Alma Mater*. The

wealth of the universe lies before him and he must make his fortune as much in a literary as in a pecuniary sense. I study harder every day now, notwithstanding my office work, than I ever did in college."

The gentleman who made these remarks is a good representative of the type of manhood that he describes. Starting in life with nothing but his "independence and willingness to work," he educated himself, became proficient as an artist, made an important discovery pertaining to his profession, and is now fast becoming wealthy. He is alive to all the problems of the day, and takes an active part in the administration of affairs in his community. Last fall he was candidate for mayor of the city where he lives. It is in such men as these who are alive to their needs and their opportunities, that America finds the stronghold of her free institutions.

LITERARY.

HEART WANDERINGS.

By J. I. H., '89.

Spirit of Nature,—with thee
I've wandered wheresoe'er my wish should
lead.
In thy hid bowers, where fragrant incense
breathes,
All decked with artless beauty, rich and
strange,
Where scarce man's foot has trod, I've laid me
down.
From thee I've learned full many a store
That ne'er in books was found.
To thee I've opened my full heart,
My cares, my hopes, my joys and fears,
And found that willing sympathy
So oft denied by man.
I ne'er have taught me how to bend the knee
Before the glittering pomp that gilds

The cankerous hearts of lead.
I ne'er have deemed the hollow plaudits,
That come from soulless tongues of men,
Worthy of e'en a passing glance of scorn,
Far less have thought to make, as some do
vainly strive to make
Them beaoning stars of fondest hopes.

I've sought, oh, sad remembrance!
How anxious have I sought
To find if there were one,
In all this multitudinous earth,
Could match the dreams that poets fain would
sing.

Alas! would that I ne'er had wished to know.
For, like the fruit of that forbidden tree,
Such knowledge could bring but wretched
pangs.

E'en the fairest form among mankind
May hide the seeds of chilliest blight.

Yet one pure joy, and unalloyed,
Is left for me; to sometimes banish
From my sight and ear all forms or sounds
Of aught but joyous birds and winging insects,
Or laving streams, or whispering groves, the
soft,

Articulate communion Nature holds
With her hid self. This is not solitude.
'Tis but to forget time and mortality,
And feel thyself a part of Eternity.
'Tis to inspire that gracious affluence
That floods in upon the soul,
From whence, it cannot know; but seems
As 'twere from 'cross the bounds of very In-
finity.

This is to hear that still, small voice the
prophet heard.

This is to stand before thy God,
And speak with him, face to face.
Blest Nature! such thou offerest every man,
Would he but heed thy winning voice.
Methinks that Heaven itself could scarcely
grant us
More than we may sometimes find, e'en here
below,
Should we but ope the door and bid the bless-
ing in.

Oh! while this fleeting life shall last,
In every change of Fortune there may be,
Through each vicissitude of time and place,
Still may thy joys be ever fresh,
Thy riches ever new.
And when my last sad hour shall come,
As it must come to all on earth,

I'll joy to know that yet with thee
 My lot shall aye be found,
 And that, while empires moulder in dust
 away,
 While man wrongs man, and injustice rules
 this world
 With cheerless and bitter sway—
 That on thy bosom I shall rest,
 And still remain a part of thee, as I am now.

A WINTER NIGHT REVERIE.

An Allegory.

By J. I. H., '89.

MANY years ago there lived in a secluded castle a strange knight, named Hildebran. He had come with a small retinue of dependent knights suddenly and mysteriously from no one knew where, and had taken up his abode in halls which had been long abandoned to those malignant spirits that constantly delight in hovering about scenes desolate, but once enlivened by the presence of warm hearts and bright hopes. So greatly was this castle held in horror, that, although removed by its singular isolation to a considerable length from other habitations, that distance had been greatly augmented by the departure of many of the more neighboring families who had been constantly terrified by the frequent visits of the evil beings which, they averred, held nightly revel in the empty towers. Since the advent of the present habitant, the horror with which it had heretofore been regarded was by no means mollified, for Sir Hildebran had shown by neither word nor deed that his inclinations were any less untoward or repellent than those of his bodiless predecessors.

Many were the stories circulated

about this strange knight. Some said that he was a son of the former owner of this once hospitable castle, who had left it long years ago to seek a more congenial atmosphere in the sunnier climes and softer azure of the luxuriant South.

Others conjectured that the devil, having received highly commendable reports of his ministers in that region, had decided to visit the place and in person thank them for their ardor and promote the worthier of them to more honorable positions.

Still others affirmed, although their claims were hardly sustained by circumstantial appearances, that he was an agent sent by Heaven to redeem the benighted castle from the evil power of Satan.

Many other reports might be cited fully as conflicting, and, if anything, more improbable, in which the thoughtful reader can find no sufficient grounds for inducing him to put implicit confidence in any one of them.

One night there blew a terrific storm of snow. The storm-fiends, as if possessed with demoniac madness, raged with furious passion or laughed with insane delight. Within the great hall Sir Hildebran and his jovial companions were holding high revel. At no time had they striven to make merrier than now; for strange and hitherto unknown forebodings, which perhaps the dreadful moans and shrieks of the winds without had served to conjure up, had thrown over the spirits of all, unusual misgivings, to drown which, determined and not altogether unsuccessful exertions were made to pass the

time with more than ordinary hilarity. High tossed the brimming goblet. Rapidly rose their merry songs. Wit cut wit. Repartee and good-natured jokes and high vaunts and mirthful stories alike testified their willingness to lay aside all thoughts of past or future.

As the night advanced, however, the sounds of revelry began to die away; the flowing bowls were filled less and less frequently. The songs died away on the midnight air. The walls and ceilings no longer echoed to the loud shouts of the revelers. The gloom of the raving tempest once more began to throw its shadow over them. One by one they relapsed into silence, until no sound remained to be heard but the roar of the winds outside. They burst with fitful energy against the groaning gates and fast bolted doors, shaking them with savage violence as if imperiously demanding entrance. Repulsed on every side they retreated, sighing and sobbing, only to gather themselves for a more furious onset. The knights sat motionless at one end of the great hall, their eyes cast on the floor, troubled in heart at what they knew not, and half ashamed to communicate their unwonted fears to one another. The pale lights cast a solemn gleam over the stern countenances of the warriors.

Of a sudden the massive door of the donjon keep slammed with a heavy jar, causing the distant chambers and hidden recesses underneath to reverberate again and again with ominous sounds, and shaking the castle itself to its very foundations.

The startled knights lifted their eyes and glanced at each other in mute sur-

prise. Sir Hildebran's countenance seemed to turn a shade paler and his limbs to tremble visibly; for he, influenced by an ominous dread, had, just before night, ordered every gate, door, and shutter to be closed, and doubly fastened, and on no account were the bolts to be withdrawn until morning light had dispelled the unwholesome and storm-riven darkness. A nameless terror crept through the assembly, and not without reason; for in the farther end of the hall there seemed to be gathering up an impalpable gloom. The lights burned more dimly, seeming to be wrapt about in a darkling haze. Faint, scarcely perceptible shadows crept over the walls, swelling and melting in ever changing forms and fantastic appearances.

The winds which had hitherto seemed possessed with a wild ecstasy of unrestrained passion, became all at once subdued to dismayed murmurings, softly striving, as it were to find articulate voice, with which, at last, it presaged forth in faint, agitated whispers these boding words:

"We are the awful and dread shadows of eternity, destined to waver ceaselessly on these fate-stricken walls, while motionless you shall sit and feel sink into your souls a deepening horror of darkness. We have risen from realms of abyssmal infinitude where gleams a murky luridness trembling through the thick and gloom-weighted atmosphere. Deep upon deep of measureless extent, and still below yawn bottomless gulfs. Undefined and voiceless dread is the omnipotent ruler of this boundless region. Shadows like

ourselves are ever quivering their wingless way through that unlimited solitude. Many men have thought to penetrate the solemn recesses and unveil the utmost secrets of the Dark Unknown. But brooding Mystery and changeful Glooms stand eternal guard, and ne'er shall surrender to mortal their sacred trust.

That realm, O Man, is the human heart. We are thy thoughts. Look and see if thou hast ever known anything more terrible than thyself, or hast ever fathomed depths more dark and fathomless than thine own soul.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ.

By F. W. O., '88.

THE first date of Russian history is 862 A.D. The inhabitants, having become involved in quarrels among themselves, resorted to arbitration as the means of settling their difficulties. The result was a despotic rule, which has lasted until now. A despotic rule of the severest sort, crushing everything that would enhance the public good. Now and then, however, there have been men that could and would help the people; but they have soon disappeared in Siberia, or from the earth.

But there has risen in this generation a man such as the world has not known before, and although liberty of the press, speech, and thought is denied Russians, his productions at the present time are read by more people than are those of any other author; and Russia, notwithstanding her despotic rule, has produced a literature inferior to that of no other nation.

Count Léon N. Tolstoï was born in 1828. He traces his ancestry to a Count Tolstoï who was a friend and companion of Peter the Great. His mother, too, was a princess of renowned family. He studied oriental languages and law at the University of Kazan. Then he entered the army, served in the Crimean war, resigned at its close and gave himself up to society and literature in St. Petersburg, enjoying to the full all which that luxurious and wicked city could afford. Finally, he left the capital for his estates. Here he has since lived the life of lowly usefulness, which he believes to be required of every Christian. He early began his career as an author, and during that terrible siege of Sevastopol published the most vivid description of a battle ever written. The great novel from his pen is "Anna Karénina." This work easily stands in the front rank of the great romances of the world. In this book he contrasts the frivolity, the tumult, and the vanity of the worldly life, with the sweet and holy calm enjoyed by those who, possessing the soil, live amid the beauties of nature and the pleasures of the family. Its moral lesson is wonderful.

One naturally asks: Why has Tolstoï, after having written these and several other quite as remarkable works, which have secured for him an unrivaled name, set out upon his present career, on the one hand to be extolled, and on the other to be denounced? I believe it is because God has entrusted to him a work of wonderful magnitude. You may say he is impractical. Among Americans he would be, but he lives

for a nation that is, at least, three centuries behind the times. Methods that were practical in Columbus' time are impractical with us. On the other hand methods that we term practical have been tried too often in Russia, and have failed. It has been fitly said: That the ruler of a country, even though he be fortified on the throne with wealth and power, is, nevertheless at the mercy of a child who has the wit to control and to utilize the sentiment of the whole people.

Tolstoï is no child, and he has a superabundant wit. He has engaged the attention of society to an unprecedented degree, and tens of thousands of the educated class read his books. But he now disclaims the name of author, and amuses millions of the common people with children's stories, where volumes are written between the lines. One of these works is "Ivan the Fool," which, when first written, was not allowed, by the censor, to be published. But Tolstoï recast it into a child's story, and all he wished to convey to his people went safely to them. He may not be understood immediately by the mass, but he has learned the lesson of the Russian convicts. These, when in solitary confinement, begin a series of tapplings on the floor or wall, in the hope of reaching some one by telegraphing; and sometimes, it may be after weeks and months of tapping, they are understood and answered. Tolstoï's simple stories are a series of patient tapplings, sure to bring a response.

It has been objected to his theory of non-resistance to evil, that it involves

absolute brutality in its application. Yet his harshest critics must admit that his relations with his family, which are the very best tests of a man's character, are everything such relations should be, cordial, sympathetic, and affectionate. When told of the cruelties practiced upon his countrymen, it is said his tears will often flow. Then he seems to receive strength from God, his own work is revealed to him, and he patiently awaits the end, knowing the time is not yet.

Non-resistance to evil is Tolstoï's creed. Resistance to evil is the creed of the terrorist. Siberia is full of people of all classes who undertook to resist evil by violence. Bitterness, misery, hatred, and bloodshed, have been the result, and the evil still exists, and to it has been added a mass of previously non-existent human suffering. Is not Tolstoï right, when he says: "Teach the people what they owe God, educate them, and every man will rise to his sphere without resistance?"

In the future, when it shall be asked how one man, with only his pen for a weapon, could transform an absolute despotism, if not into a democracy, yet into a constitutional monarchy, the answer will be: Count Tolstoï alone among Russian reformers dared to accept the simple teachings of Jesus Christ, and to apply them in every-day life.

SOURCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

By L. A. F., '88.

OUR sources of knowledge are as unlimited as the objects of the material and spiritual worlds. God has

so constituted the mind of man that it is affected by these various objects ; can learn something of rocks, plants, and stars ; of the influences that move men's minds ; can even learn to find in nature its God and judge of His attributes. If an intelligent child should spend his life alone in the wilderness, he would know something. How much, and of what sort, would depend on his mental capacity. But fortunately we are not obliged to live alone, but can gain much information from intercourse with men.

Facts of value, gained only with difficulty, were at first transmitted verbally from father to son ; then the art of writing came to aid the acquisition of knowledge. At length the knowledge already gained was partially classified, and schools established for its distribution. The truth that "knowledge is power" was recognized, and much time was spent in study. But, while in youth men studied what had previously been gained, in after life they sought new truth.

Our modern culture is the product of all past time. We cannot, in our short lives, learn all that has been won through centuries of toil, but we can learn the fundamental truths. We "always knew" the earth was round and moved, while the wisest men of past ages failed of this knowledge.

Although there have been vast accumulations of knowledge, yet we do not know all there is to know, or all that man can know. "They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth."

Of all the departments of knowledge there is none, perhaps, whose study is

more beneficial to mankind than that of the sciences. We say "the sciences," for although no single man can master them all, some knowledge of all is essential to the mastery of one. Six hundred years ago Roger Bacon said : "He who knows not mathematics can not know any other science, and, what is more, he cannot discover his own ignorance or find its proper remedies." This statement is as true to-day as it was then. Men of great mechanical genius fail to accomplish anything worthy of themselves through lack of mathematical training. Another advantage of scientific studies is that they are living studies. In whatever direction the student travels he soon comes to the end of the beaten track. If he goes further in that direction he must make his own way.

Since the sources of knowledge are practically innumerable, division of labor in its acquisition is necessary. Only in this way can the average scholar escape meriting Homer's description of the hero of whom he says : "Full many things he knew—and ill he knew them all."

Most men possess a natural bent toward some special study, following which they can really add to the world's knowledge. A few master minds comprehend the vital principles of all, their relations and inter-dependence. These are the weights that regulate the clock. Scattered through the ages are those creative minds that reveal to men sources of knowledge hitherto unknown. And now

"Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught

In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become ———
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and *first*, and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart."

A REVERIE.

By M. S. M., '91.

Without, the world is locked in ice and snow,
And night is falling over hill and dell;
While shadows gather in the silent room,
And rest upon my spirit like a spell.

Within, it seems that for a little while
Stern Winter's icy arms relax their hold;
A spring-like warmth and sweetness fills the
 room,
And growing plants their tender leaves unfold.

A window, wreathed in ivy, gives a glimpse
Of the white, silent world that lies outside,—
A world of shadows, peopled with the forms
That come to us in dreams at eventide.

And hush! soft chords struck by a skillful
 hand,
With dreamy music fill the silent room,
And thoughts that music only can express
Are uttered in the softly falling gloom.

And a strong yearning wakes within my heart
For a sweet spot my happy childhood knew,
Smiling in summer loveliness beneath
A sunshine-flooded sky of purest blue.

I see a river winding down a vale,
Shaded by bending willows fresh and green,
With sweet wild roses leaning down to gaze
At their own beauty mirrored in the stream.

I hear soft voices calling me to come,—
Voices of sighing breeze, and bird, and bee,—
Music of a past world remembered still,
But a world closed forevermore to me.

Forevermore! The birds are singing still,
The tranquil river smiling in the sun,
But broken is the sweet enchantment now,
The fairy tale of childhood's joy is done.

Sunny and fair the present round me lies;
The golden future stretches out before;
And yet I turn away with wistful eyes
To that fair childhood I shall know no more.

STATESMANSHIP IN AMERICA.

The 18th Century versus the 19th.

By W. E. K., '89.

A RECENT writer analyzes statesmanship and finds it made up of undeviating patriotism, a scrupulous sense of honor, a keen insight into the feelings of the people, quickness in deciding, and a firm purpose. It is not the function of statesmanship *per se* to create or change public opinion, but to possess quick discernment to recognize public sentiment and draw it into legitimate channels.

The time was, when, if every selfish demand was not acceded, a declaration of war followed. In this respect the people sympathized with the rulers, and the question was decided by mere brute force. But during the last century a change has come over the convictions of the people. Human life is too sacred a thing to be sacrificed for anything but truth and honor.

The people of this country do not desire to be taxed to support an expensive navy or army. They believe that justice and honor are the best means of defense, and that all difficulties with other nations can best be settled by national arbitration. Those who aspire to rule this country will need large endowments of this insight into the convictions of the people. I do not mean to say that the people do not demand their rights. They do, and they expect their rulers to grant them; but they believe that there is a better way to secure these than by carnage and bloodshed. In the last part of the eighteenth century the great question that demanded statesmanship was the

question of civil and religious liberty. That this question afforded great opportunities for statesmanship, no one will deny. But if we turn to our own times do we not find questions that, in order to be decided justly, demand even greater statesmanship? This country is largely made up of persons of different nationalities. Many of these, stolid with ignorance and burning with hatred toward those possessing property, are determined to break away from all wholesome restraints. To take this heterogeneous mass of many millions, to guide and direct it until educational processes shall mold, change, and enlighten, requires a high order of statesmanship, for which there was no demand in the eighteenth century.

Catholicism has been growing until it seems only a question of time when it shall rule the country. Mormonism also has taken a strong hold. The traffic in intoxicating drinks is one of the greatest evils that ever cursed a nation. The people mean to know whether the saloons are to rule the country, or whether the country is to rule the saloons.

Who has not observed with solicitude the disturbed condition of the industries of the country, arising from the conflict between labor and capital? This strife must be dealt with wisely and temperately lest the common people become desperate and unparalleled destruction of life and property ensue.

Did even the exigencies of the War of the Revolution demand more imperatively the genius of statesmanship than do these questions of to-day?

Might not it be asked with more than ordinary solicitude, Who are sufficient for these things?

THE GREEK IDEAL OF HUMAN LIFE.

By W. F. T., '88.

THE regularity of the southern coast of Europe is broken by three peninsulas which extend far into the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. Of these, Greece holds the highest place in the estimation of the world. Everywhere, and by unanimous consent, this little State receives a deference never shown to the mightiest of empires. What is the secret of her unquestioned pre-eminence?

It is universally admitted that in physical development the ancient Greek stood without a peer. Every exertion was made to produce a race physically perfect. To have been a victor in the games was regarded as the greatest honor a Greek could receive. Songs of triumph greeted him on his return to his native city, statues were dedicated to him, and he was afterward entitled to a foremost seat in all assemblies. When the two sons of Diagoras had each won the olive crown in the contests at Olympia, the multitude crowded about the old man, crying "Die now, Diagoras, for thou hast nothing more to wish for." Such spirit as this ensured to the Greek a grace, beauty, and suppleness of form that have been the wonder of the ages.

The physical model must precede the productions of the chisel and the brush. The two institutions that de-

veloped the human form, the Orchestra and the Public Games, prepared the way for that perfection in art which has made Greece so justly renowned. The Acropolis, with its lofty statues, and grand and beautiful temples, is still an object of wonder and admiration. Yet there is nothing complicated in these works; three or four elements of geometry suffice for the whole, but these are so skillfully combined that they are to-day the acknowledged masterpieces of the sculptor's art. By concentrating his attention upon clearness of outline, and a simple and natural arrangement of parts, the Greek has realized the highest ideal of excellence.

Of the fine arts, literature presents the greatest scope for the manifestation of the soul. Throughout the ages the divinity in man has found its earliest expression in literature. Universally its first productions have been divine creations. The lyrics of the Hebrews, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Niebelungen Lied of the Teutons, and the Epic Cycle of the Greeks, are all the voice of God, speaking through his people. But to what does Greek literature owe its unquestioned superiority? Is it to a beautiful and picturesque mythology? No; for there are the Sagas of the North, and the Vedas of the East, affording even grander and more copious materials to the creative imagination. Does its sublime sentiment give a sufficient reason for its pre-eminence? No, for the divine souls of every age have had wrapped within themselves the germs of even greater thought. It is the literary style of these compositions that

has found for them such ready worshippers among every people. Simplicity, beauty, and conciseness of expression, have all combined to make every other style, in comparison with the Greek, seem heavy and forced. It is this that has given to Homer and Sophocles, to Pindar and Anacreon, to Plato and Aristotle, dwellings upon the mighty Olympus of literature.

It is asked why the Greeks attained to such wonderful grace and beauty of form? Why the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de Medici have been the models for Raphael and Angelo, for Rembrandt and Rubens, and indeed for all that have approached perfection in the fine arts of the world? Why Greek literature has been the Pierian spring whose crystal waters have been quaffed so freely by Dante and Cervantes, by Chaucer and Spencer, by Shakespeare and Milton? It is because the chief moulding force of the Greek's character which entered into all his productions, was an admiration of beauty, symmetry, and harmony.

In all the relations of life this ideal has secured the nearest approach made by the Pagan world to the spirit and institutions of Christianity. It made the Greek less cruel and treacherous, less dishonest and selfish, than the other races of early history. The heroism of Leonidas, the wisdom of Socrates, and the virtue of Æpictetus are among its fruits. It is this grand ideal of human life that has given Greece such influence in the past, that makes her such a power in the present, and that shall enshrine her in the soul of every future nation.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE FACE.

By A. C. T., '88.

"Go paint me an angel of glory,
To hang in the chancel here,"
Said the youthful bishop of Venice
To the youthful painter near.

So down through the quaint old city
Went the painter with eager pace,
Searching the town for a model,
For a child with an angel face.

And down in a peasant's cottage,
At play by the open door,
Was one whose radiant features
No trace of earth's sinfulness bore.

And the painter so skillfully painted
That painters of every race
Came for years to the city of waters
To study the heavenly face.

"Now paint me a demon of darkness,
To hang by the angel there,"
Said the bishop, grown aged and feeble,
To the painter with silvery hair.

And again through the quaint old city
Went the painter with thoughtful pace,
Seeking a man for a model,
With a sin-cursed, demon face.

And away in a wretched hovel,
Asleep on a pallet of straw,
Lay a man with such demon-like features
That the artist was silent with awe.

The wretched one rose from his pallet
To list to the painter's request,
And a strange and powerful passion
Seemed struggling deep in his breast.

Ah, Memory's phantom-like finger
Was beckoning back to the day
When he with the demon-like visage
Was the angel-like child at play.

Oh, features angelic, demoniac,
Relentless, indelible scroll,
Still have ye but dimly reflected
The lights and the shades of the soul!

◆◆◆◆◆
The *Lewiston Journal* says that undoubtedly the Rev. O. B. Cheney, by unanimous consent, will head the Republican electoral ticket for Maine.

COMMUNICATIONS.

COLBY LETTER.

COLBY UNIVERSITY, April 5, 1888.

To the Editors of the Student:

It is with pleasure that I send you a brief account of our doings at Colby the present term. Many who taught during the winter session have returned, and together we are now laboring with zealous minds and happy hearts. Our enthusiasm is increased by a more liberal curriculum and a new professor in the department of Mineralogy.

Prof. W. H. Bayley, Ph.D., is a graduate of Johns Hopkins University, where he served for a time as instructor. He came here from Wisconsin, in which State he has been employed in the United States Geological Survey. The students feel much pleased with his manner of teaching, and undoubtedly will not be disappointed in their expectations of gaining valuable knowledge.

Chapel service is rendered much more attractive by reason of our new organ. A needed improvement, when apparent to our college officers, is soon realized; and this reminds me that an extensive work will be begun in a few weeks in grading the part of the campus east of the college buildings.

The Seniors have a new elective added to their list of studies, which is quite an advantage, especially to those intending to pursue a course in Theology. Prof. Mathews, a zealous scholar in his department, has instituted Hebrew, thus enabling them to enter the seminary in advanced stand-

ing. The Juniors take great interest in laboratory practice in Chemistry, which will be continued through the session.

The nine practice every day in the gymnasium, and the boys look forward with great interest to the coming campaign.

Very truly yours,

H. EVERETT FARNHAM.

My College Friends:

"Men seek to be great; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame." They would have an influence. They would have an influence that shall be felt; an influence that shall live.

The first lesson for such to learn is this: a man's influence is measured by what he is. Error is for time. Truth is eternal.

In Switzerland, on the summit of one of those grand old Alpine mountains, is a clear, calm lake. The rains are not sufficient to supply its waters. The melting snows run off down the mountain sides and it is fed by no visible streams. Whence then can be its source? Far away to the north, and higher up among the mountains, lies another lake, in whose surface is reflected that majestic Alpine king, Mount Blanc, as it rises silent and stern, towering to the heavens in awful grandeur. From the center of this lake a subterranean stream flows down deep into the bowels of the earth, now under yonder ravine, down, down beneath that awful chasm, and then far away across those distant plains, till at last, rising higher and higher, it

finds its level and forms the lake on the mountain top.

A man's heart is like that reservoir; his influence like the underground stream. Human influence, like water, tends to seek its level. It may be covered deep in obloquy, forced under chasms of deepest hatred, buried beneath mountains of persecution, remain years and years under plains of contemptuous oblivion; but if the stream of that influence be fed from the great reservoir of right, somewhere, sometime it is sure to rise to the level of its source.

Emerson says: "Every act rewards itself." His saying is true. Every voluntary act creates character and leaves behind it a record of the man himself. This view of human action clothes it with sublimity and invests it with awful significance; but more awe-inspiring is the thought that upon the face of the earth to-day there is not a man the gravity of whose influence does not in some degree attract that of the great mass of humanity. Thus every man that leaves behind him the expression of great thought, the record of noble deeds, or the creation of a lofty imagination, aids civilization, elevates humanity, and crowns truth.

A deceitful, hypocritical influence cannot stand the test of time. Eventually there will appear bright in the heavens of each life, "A man's influence is measured by what he *is*."

Socrates died a condemned criminal, but Socrates's influence lives to-day, and that influence is measured by what the great philosopher really was.

During the first part of the sixteenth

century a lone man attacks, single-handed, the bigotry, hatred, and superstition of the most powerful despotism on the globe. Though threatened by the fanaticism of a continent, Martin Luther falters not. For three centuries the stream of influence from that heroic reformer has been slowly but surely rising, till at last it finds its level on the mountain top of our present civilization. Again in 1831, when slavery was grappling this nation by the throat, there stood forth a champion for the oppressed—a man without money and without friends, despised by the North, and bitterly hated by the South. That man, the David of the nineteenth century, fearlessly challenged the slave-holding Goliath to mortal combat. "Alexander," says one, "was supported by a magnificent army; Cromwell had a host of sympathizing followers; Lincoln fell back upon the resources of a mighty nation, but William Lloyd Garrison, the butt of a nation's ridicule and contempt, stood utterly alone. Years afterward, however, when that great lover of liberty was called to his last home, that same nation, together with four million dusky-browed mourners and the friends of freedom throughout the world, tenderly bore him to his resting place and wept over his grave.

Christ was of lowly birth; was scoffed at and spit upon during life, and at last, between two thieves, was put to death upon the cross; yet his influence has grown stronger with the centuries; has broadened and widened till with one acclaim the nations of the earth crown him Lord of all.

Socrates, the philosopher; Luther, the reformer; Garrison, the emancipator; and Christ, the Saviour, all were hated, oppressed, and persecuted; yet their influence lives in the world, and is measured to-day, not by their wealth, not by their position in life, but by what these men really were.

On the other hand, those who make evil the fountain head of their influence will likewise find their level. Like Belshazzar, they will see dread fingers writing in ominous characters: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

If any man in this wide world would exert a powerful influence for right, then the reservoir of his influence must be high up among the Alps of God; up between those grand old peaks of Eternity, Truth, and Justice; then the waters of that reservoir, pure and placid, may reflect the towering grandeur, the awful sublimity of God.

To-day, the all-seeing eye of Truth glances into the most hidden resources of the human heart. "Hypocrisy is but the crescent of a waning moon," and in the same sky, where it lingers as a ghost, "the sun of Truth is rising with God behind it."

Be not deceived, my friends, God is not mocked, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Remember! "Common souls pay with what they do; nobler souls, with what they are."

F. W. S., '86.

The students appreciate the neat and general good condition in which the reading-room is kept.

LOCALS.

Soothing and cheering are the notes
Gushing from countless merry throats;
And symphonies float on the breeze
Sung by the birds among the trees.

—*Transcript.*

An umbrella, a plug hat, a Senior.

Whitcomb is practicing for a pitcher.

Juniors are making preparations for Ivy Day.

April 5th, regular base-ball practice was begun in the gym.

Prof. Stanley's lectures in Philosophy are largely attended.

Why is it a student has such an antipathy against a formula?

J. H. Blanchard has returned to college after an absence of two terms.

Last vacation large and needed improvements were made in the basement.

The report that the campus was to be devoted to agriculture this season is not true.

Hon. C. W. Tapley of Farmington, N. H., has given \$1000 to found a scholarship in this college.

E. Whittemore, who has been seriously ill for four weeks, will return to college as soon as health permits.

Thomas Singer, who is raising funds for the college, is quite successful. It is probable he will graduate with his class.

It is hoped a college band will be organized this spring, and that some of the musicians will be enterprising for that effect.

Mr. J. I. Hutchinson has charge of the personal columns of the STUDENT,

during the absence of the editor of that department.

Professor (in Political Economy)—
"What do the Free-traders mostly want?" Student (who is a Protectionist)—"The earth."

The sermon preached by J. M. Lowden before the students on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, is printed entire in the *Morning Star*, March 15th.

At the beginning of this year there was no prospect of a base-ball team, or any special athletics, and Thayer, Dorr, Mason, Worthly, and Graves left.

At a large expense, the Senior class procured the celebrated architect, Abraham Messroux to design their hats; they are modeled after the ancient Egyptian *amphora*.

The general spirit in all departments of the college work is active and enthusiastic. Hard and cheerful work is being done in departments of study, athletics, and literary societies.

Mr. W. N. Prescott, who has been in Portland during the past year, is now engaged in the drug business with the successor of Teague & Hale, Lewiston. We gladly welcome his return.

Johnson, '88, and Call, '89, at 5 o'clock pleasant mornings, can be seen delightedly explaining to the Sophomore young ladies the difference between the grass finch and the song sparrow.

Prof. Stanton slipped upon a piece of ice and fell heavily upon his side, and has been confined to his bed several days from the injury. Every one

in the college will be glad when he is around again.

The class in Ornithology began their studies April 4th. They report finding the following birds: Blue Jay, Downy Woodpecker, Tree Sparrow, Red Poll, Crow, English Sparrow, Song Sparrow, Fox Sparrow, Slate-colored Junco, Bridge Peewee, Robin, Marsh Hawk, Purple Finch, Grass Finch, Blue Bird, Loggerhead Shrike, Cow Blackbird, Pine Finch.

A soliloquy at sunrise:

How strangely still is the morning cool;
How strangely dark was the ebon night;
When spookish forms moved to and fro
Impalpable to sense of sight.
A holy calm rests over all,
As if by angels' presence blest.
Sleep on, O Prof., haste not to wake,
The wily Soph. has stole the test!

The following members of the Sophomore class have received prizes for observation of the winter birds: F. L. Day, W. F. Garcelon, G. F. Garland, G. H. Hamlen, E. W. Morrell, H. V. Neal, F. B. Nelson, C. J. Nichols, A. N. Peaslee, W. J. Pennell, F. S. Pierce, H. J. Piper, Miss J. L. Pratt, C. S. F. Whitcomb, Miss M. V. Wood, W. H. Woodman.

We are pleased to print the following: "The School of Expression, 15½ Beacon Street, Boston, has received endowment for a lectureship from Mr. Henry Irving, and many other promises. A summer term will open July 9th, for college students, public speakers, teachers in colleges and high schools, and others. There will be ten hours a day, from which work can be elected, with beginning and advanced

courses. The methods and work of the school are commended on all sides, so that all who have become acquainted with it say that it is the foremost school of oratory in the country. The catalogue will be sent free." The above is an excellent school, and will probably be patronized the coming summer by several students from Bates.

The prize declamations of the Sophomore class were held in the college chapel, March 21st. Following are the participants: F. S. Pierce, Dora Jordan, H. B. Davis, Mary F. Angell, W. F. Garcelon, G. H. Hamlin, C. J. Nichols, F. L. Day, M. V. Wood, A. N. Peaslee. Miss Jordan was awarded the prize. Miss Wood received especial mention from the committee.

The Senior Exhibition, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, March 23d, was unusually interesting. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

Trio.—"Stars of the Night."

PRAYER—MUSIC.

SOLO—Mrs. Young. "Dream."—*Strelyki*.

The Immortals of Literature.

A. C. Townsend.

Changes in American Character.

J. H. Johnson.

The Greek Ideal of Human Life.

W. F. Tibbets.

Tolstoi.

F. W. Oakes.

MUSIC.

Duet—Misses Campbell and Rice. "Maiden

Song."—*Blumend*.

The Minister as a Public Leader.

R. A. Parker.

The Latent Issue.

G. W. Snow.

Hindrances to Originality.

Lucy A. Frost.

Will or Environment?

C. C. Smith.

MUSIC.

SOLO—Miss Rice. "My Love is Like a Red, Red

Rose."—*Foot*.

The Monastery as a Symbol of Culture.

M. Grace Pinkham.

The Mission of Emerson. C. W. Cutts.
Does Happiness Increase with Culture?

S. H. Woodrow.
Is the Right of Suffrage Sufficiently Restricted
in the United States? E. F. Blanchard.

MUSIC.

Trio—"Lift Thine Eyes."—*Elijah*.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'69.—L. C. Graves is pastor of the church in Bowdoinham.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is having signal success at Newton (Mass.) High School. The position is one of especial difficulty, and the salary is larger than any other of the same grade outside of Boston.

'72.—J. A. Jones is doing Civil Engineering for the city of Auburn.

'73.—Rev. Miss Haley, the second lady graduate from a New England college, is conducting evangelistic services in Augusta.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner has resigned his pastorate at Farmington, N. H., and accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass.

'76.—Rev. G. L. White, of Brunswick, has accepted a call to become pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Farmington, N. H.

'77.—N. P. Noble has a lecture on "Temperance" that has met with great popular favor.

'78.—Rev. F. D. George, missionary to India, is returning home on account of the illness of his wife.

'77.—C. M. Sargent, of Boston, is one of the victims of the recent order of the governmental administration to reduce the number of custom house employees.

'81.—C. S. Haskell has been promoted to the principalship of the high school in Jersey City, N. J.

'81.—W. T. Perkins, as manager of a Loan and Trust Company at Bismarek, Dak., is soliciting eastern capital for mortgage loans.

'81.—C. A. Strout has resigned as principal of the high school at Farmington, N. H., to go to Ipswich, Mass.

'82.—P. G. Eaton is teaching English in Ritterhouse Academy, Philadelphia.

'82.—Rev. C. E. Mason has received a call to Essex Street Church, Bangor.

'82.—L. F. McKenney is principal of a high school at Cape Cod, Mass.

'83.—C. E. Sargent is in the employ of Dickerson, the publisher.

'84.—Holden is in the Harvard Medical School.

'85.—William B. Small, M.D., has been appointed physician at Randall's Island Hospital, New York, having received the first honor at a competitive examination for the position.

'85.—Jenness is in Boston University Law School.

'85.—C. A. Scott has been elected principal of a school in Leominster, Mass.

'86.—Bonney, of Hyde Park, Mass., is in the city, visiting Mayor Little.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard will deliver the memorial address at East Wilton, this year.

'86.—Flanders is employed in a freight depot of the Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee Railroad.

'86.—H. M. Cheney is doing editorial work in Newport, N. H.

'86.—W. N. Prescott is studying

pharmacy at the establishment of G. M. Allen, Lewiston.

'86.—F. H. Nickerson is principal of the Dexter High School.

'86.—Wentworth, who has been sick in Boston, is improving.

'86.—Hartshorn is supervisor of schools at Laconia, N. H.

'86.—Williamson is studying law at Madison, Wis.

'86.—Morton is in the New York School of Physicians and Surgeons.

'87.—McWilliams has been elected a member of the Lewiston City Council.

'87.—Roberts is principal of Athens Academy.

'87.—Woodman is engaged with the Publishing House of Horace Partridge & Co.

'87.—Bailey has been elected third on the Faculty of Talladega College, Talladega, Ala. He is Acting President and Professor of Mathematics.

THEOLOGICAL.

'89.—Sandford will remain another year at Topsham.

'89.—Lowden is supplying at Canton.

'90.—Rogers is holding extra meetings where he has been spending his vacation.

'90.—Peare will not return to his class this term.

STUDENTS.

'88.—E. F. Blanchard is principal of the high school at Sutton, Mass., at a good salary.

'89.—Miss Little is first assistant at South Paris High School.

'89.—Edgecomb has been teaching at Leeds Center.

'90.—Record is principal of a high school in South Paris.

'90.—Miss Brackett has been teaching at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

'91.—McDonald will finish his course with '92.

'91.—Stevens has left college.

'91.—Richardson will preach at Brunswick during the spring and summer.

POET'S CORNER.

The breezes the story is telling;
The birds sing it out all the day;
The brook from the mountain springs welling,
The song of life singeth away.

Brook, bird, breeze, and blossoms that spatter
The fields,—air, and water, and sod,
All tell, plain as day: *Life is matter*
Just touched by the finger of God.

—Tuftonian.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

You ask my name and something more.
I scarce know what 'twill be.
'Twon't matter much—an autograph—
'Tis all the same to thee.

But could I write indelible
One word within thy soul,
'Twere worth of life, I think, the half.
Ah! yes, 'twere worth the whole.

A. L. S., '89.

Oh wind, that blows to East, to West,
That drifts the snow, and drives the sleet,
Blow spring across the southern hills,
Blow violets up beside the rills,
And make them sweet.

Blow beautiful the bare brown boughs,
Blow hints of life in growing things;
The earth is longing overmuch,
Oh, touch her gently with the touch
Of by-gone springs.

Blow back the olden blue of sky,
The olden rapture with the new;
Blow back the joy delayed so long,

The bluebird with its thrills of song
Like Heaven heard through.

Oh wind, that blows to East, to West,
That drifts the snow, and drives the sleet,
Blow spring across the southern hills,
Blow violets up beside the rills,
And make them sweet. —*Ex.*

YOUTH.

How fondly inexperienced youth
Looks forward to his future life!
His hopes are high for honor's crown,
His thoughts with wealth and fame are rife.

As when a new-made ship sails forth,
Untried by stormy winds and sea,
With smooth-drawn sails still snowy white,
And deck from stain of cargo free.

—*W. L. N., '90, in West Pitch Echoes.*

Life is one vast panorama,
Picturing before our eyes
Scenes that noblest thoughts awaken,
Scenes we view in glad surprise.

If we seek flaws in the canvas,
Think the light too dim, too bright,
Or if, other faults discov'ring,
Discontentment mars our sight,

Then will all the heavenly beauties
Through our blindness be concealed;
In which, generous hearts and noble
Find God's glories lie revealed.

—*B. A. W., '89.*

WITH SOME ROSES.

Roses for the Rose!
They're not so soft and white
As the round cheek 'gainst which they lie
All delicate and light.

Roses for the Rose
To nestle in her hair;
Your breath is sweeter, too, by far
Than all their fragrance rare.

Roses for you, my Rose,
Pure as December snow,
And the pink flush within their hearts
Is the flame of my love below.

—*Dartmouth.*

A KISS.

Forgive it, dear, that I upset
The modern forms of etiquette,
But thy dear face, fair beauty's shrine,
Was just a bit too close to mine:
Sometimes, you know, love will forget.

Your beauty o'er my prudence won,
I hardly know how it was done;
That *accident* when our lips met—
Forgive it, dear.

You smile, your eyes with laughter fill,
Yet you are silent—waiting till—
I shall at length perhaps see through it—
Ah, yes! you meant that I should do it—
You know you did—and so you will
Forgive it, dear.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

THE JUGGLER.

A mountebank amidst a crowd
Thus cried aloud—
“Walk up, Messieurs, and try the cure
For every evil men endure!
It is a powder which will give
All things for which you strive and live.
To fools it gives intelligence,
And to the guilty innocence.
Honor on rascals it bestows,
And to old women brings young beaux;
Secures old men young, pretty wives,
Makes madmen lead well-tempered lives—
In short, whatever you would gain
It will assist you to attain.
It is a perfect panacea.”

The juggler's table I drew near
This wondrous powder to behold
Of which such miracles were told.
It was a little powdered gold!”

—*The Fables of Florian, from "Literature."*

EXCHANGES.

Perhaps no article this month has
attracted so much attention in the
sanctum as “The Saphic Cipher” in
The Dartmouth. The serio-comic nature
of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy
makes such a caricature peculiarly per-
tinent. The wit displayed is clean

cut, and the writer has made just enough semblance to seriousness to produce the best effect upon his readers, just as the maker of a joke is sober himself that he may convulse with laughter his listeners.

The March number of the *Dalhousie Gazette* contains two excellent literary articles; one on "The Poetic Interpretation of Nature," and another on "Education."

The Aegis is a sensible, well-conducted magazine. Probably no better criticism can be passed upon it than that recently made by one of its own editors, namely, that the magazine is deficient in poetry and lacks an exchange column. With its many editors, there seems to be no good reason why it should long be deficient in these respects.

The last two numbers of the *College Rambler* indicates enterprise on the part of the editors. The editorial and local departments are replete and attractive. If any department needs strengthening, it is the literary. The articles on Defoe and Shakespeare are good, but one such article in a magazine seems hardly sufficient. The editors are doing their duty; their fellow-students ought to appreciate this fact and contribute more freely in way of literary matter.

The *Oberlin Review* contains some good articles; however, an occasional stroke of humor would agreeably relieve the monotony of its entire goodness. A succession of prose pieces, however excellent, at length becomes tiresome, unless something lighter now and then affords relief.

Among our high school and academy exchanges *The Stranger* takes good rank.

LITERARY NOTES.

[*Literature*, a weekly magazine, \$1.00, and other publications by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.]

The thoughtful mind sees in the existing struggle between labor and capital a deeper significance than would at first be suggested by the outward manifestations.

Strikes, land theory agitations, and communistic disturbances appear to be, in the divine plan of progression, the forces that are calculated to compel people to think for themselves upon the laws of political economy, and thus through their increased intelligence to fairly solve the problem for all time. Hence ours is undoubtedly the age and country of the dissemination of principles of practical economics among the common people. May there not be likewise something of significance in the advent of cheap literature at just this time when the popular mind is in an inquiring and a receptive mood?

The old saying is fulfilled: "For a song ye can have what ye will." All the rich accumulations of ages are within the reach of the poor man.

Noticeable in the *New England Magazine* for March are "Florida for the Winter," "The Baptist Denomination," and a novel, entitled "Breaking the Spell." The *New England* comes late after the others have been received and read, and is, in its quiet way, very welcome.

This is *Outing's* announcement for April: "*Outing* for April begins the twelfth volume, and as an initial effort of the new management is an earnest supporter of the great improvements sure to come to this handsomely illus-

trated magazine of recreation, travel, and adventure. The opening paper, "A Raid into Mexico," is an exciting description of a soldier's frontier life, enriched by Remington's best artistic efforts. "A Colorado Comedy" is one of the best stories ever published on Western life, and is alone worth the price of the number; Henry F. Keenan, the author of "Bread-winners" and "Money-makers," is the writer. "California Quail" is a charming bit of bird painting in words, to which Beard, the great American draughtsman of animals and birds, has added very much by his life-like drawings of the beautiful bird. Captain Blackwell entertains by his reminiscences of "Irish Sport." "Canoe and Camp" makes one anxious for the days of June. "A Fisherman's Story," by Hough, kindles the angling fire, and Will H. Wyhte adds to this feast for the sportsman an excellent and richly illustrated paper on "The Montreal Athletic Association," one of the most flourishing amateur athletic bodies in the world. Julia C. R. Dorr and Joel S. Benton contribute poems—names that have not heretofore graced the pages of the *Outing*,—and monthly records and editorial miscellany stamp April *Outing* as the best number ever issued. Price, 25 cents a number, or \$3.00 for the year, at the new *Outing* Office, 239 Fifth Avenue, New York."

The April numbers of the more pretentious monthlies—*Century*, *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and *Popular Science* are also here with their generous funds of information. Among the students the latter, of course, is the favorite with

those of an economic and scientific turn. The *Atlantic* pleases those partial to literature; and the preferences of the artistic are about equally divided between *Harper's* and *Century*.

The opening article in the *Popular Science Monthly* is, "College Athletics and Physical Development," by Prof. Richards, a subject at once attracting attention from college men. The frontispiece is a picture of David A. Wells, which is accompanied by an interesting sketch. Every young man might read the sketch with profit. "A Struggle for Existence" is a valuable paper by Huxley. It seems superfluous to say Prof. T. H. Huxley, as it does to say Mr. Joseph Cook. There are many other interesting pieces, sixteen in all, making a number of more than usual merit.

Besides the regular serial stories and the historical paper by John Fiske, the striking features of *Atlantic* are, "Ferdinand Lasalle, the Socialist," a criticism, "Mr. Lowell's New Poem," and "Darwin's Life."

In *Harper's*, E. A. Bridgeman begins his charming description of "A Winter in Algiers"; illustrations are by the author. "Studies of the Great West," "The Leavenworth School," and "Acting and Authors" are also articles of more than ordinary interest. The latter has an application to outside the theater, and any public speaker will do well to note and study the author's theory carefully, which is summed up in this: "Everything ought to start from truth; everything ought to tend toward the ideal."

In the *Century* the article of keenest

interest to our students is "Bird Music: The Bluebird and the Robin." Just now these birds, with the song sparrow and purple finch are furnishing us with their exquisite morning concerts, and even as we read we can hear them from our window singing those very notes, as if they had peeped over our shoulder and pilfered them. "From Dan to Beersheba," with its profuse and artistic illustrations is worthy of more than a passing glance even from the much-hurried college student.

POTPOURRI.

THE TWINS.

By C. D. B., '89.

JACK (*up stairs in his room*).

I've been a fool! I see it now; I might have known

That all this would not last! and now they are all flown,

My joys, my hopes, my plans, all, every one, are o'er,

Withered in my heart like sea-weed cast upon the shore.

But how I loved her, though! she was my very life.

Her falsity strikes home to my aching heart like a knife.

An hour ago all things had butterfly wings, methought;

But now—well, I would not give a cent for the thought.

Down by the willow's side upon the yellow strand

Of old ocean wide I saw them walking hand in hand.

Oblivious they seemed to all things that round them were;

His bowed head touched her hair; and, O heaven! he kissed her.

Like living fire my blood ran boiling through my veins;

I felt as strong as a Titan; should I give free reins

To my wrath, and tear him limb from limb, and that face of his
To powder grind? No, I didn't forget a God there is.

Why should I harm him, though? Why but a plaything's he

That she, tired child, 'll soon cast aside as she has me.

We men are simpletons all; we see a pretty face,

And after it we go, like the wind, like the steed in the race.

A thousand curses on the sex! since Eve forsook

God's law, and from the tempter the fatal pippin took,

It's been a ban to man. With gentle smiles she won my heart,

Now she with harpy fingers rends its strings apart.

Kate! Kate! thou siren creature! may remorse from this hour

Eat within thine soul as the canker-worm within the flower!

But, bah! she's worth no thought of mine! I'll not let men

See me tied to a woman's apron-strings again.

I'll go back to my book, and I'll show the world 'fore long

That there are things that to this life of ours belong

Besides woman's smiles.

KATE (*at the foot of the stairs*).

Jack! Jack! are you up there?
Come down, I've something I wish to tell you, my dear!

JACK.

The double-dealing cheat! She don't dream that I know

Of her duplicity; she will soon find out, though, I'm on to her little game; but then, what will she care?

'Tis her delight and joy us poor fools to ensnare.

KATE.

Look here, I know you are up there, come down, I say.

By the way, my Jack, my sister has come to see me to-day;

As two peas in a pod as much alike are we,
If you do not believe it, just come down and see.

JACK.

Great Jove! What does this mean? Is she true after all?

'T was her sister I saw on the beach; I see it all.

KATE (*coming up the stairs*).

I will see whether he is there.

JACK.

She 'll think it queer

To see me flurried, and in this way things scattered here.

KATE (*entering*).

Why, what's the matter, Jack? Why didn't you answer me?

Why your're a very fright! Your room—

JACK (*confused*).

Well Kate, you see,

I'm fixin' things a little—

KATE (*interrupting*).

"Fixin' things," why Jack, I think, of madness you have had a bad attack.

JACK (*alone*).

Oh! Off my aching heart is lifted—what a weight!

What she said, though, was almost true, my darling Kate.

I've been mad, nearly, during these last minutes ten;

I will think twice before I take such a leap again.

Methinks Diogenes wasn't far out of the way, Who 'stead of being disquieted, in any way, At fame of Phillip's attack, his tub to roll began.

Well, well, one hour of pain brings ten of joy to a man.

PANEGYRIC.

By X. PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, '89.

Friends of the Departed! *Abiit, excessit, evadit, erupit.* Poor, patient, gentle, noble, angelic Anna is defunct. She has left this vale of sorrow, anguish and woe, and has passed on in a parabolic curve, past the principal parameter which separates the heavenly land from ours. She has made her nearest approach to the directrix of our terraqueous spheroid, and has

passed over, with majestic momentum, to the firmament of jasper, where she calmly awaits the great and final test, and we doubt not that when she stands before the Great Professor, and hears the result of her stupendous exertions for right and equity, her soul will become radiant with felicity as she hears the proclamation that she has completed the examination with an excellence deserving of laudatory commendation for herself, and for the sublime and transcendental institution that has sent her, in this triumphal orbit, to visit us in our loneliness and our longings for empyrean cognition, and as the Registrar of the Ethereal University shall dip his pen in the sunlight to inscribe the rank of the graduates of this terrestrial mundane sphere, he will unhesitatingly and ineffaceably imprint in the cerulean ether, above all competitors, the appellation of the heroine, the preceptress, the disciplinarian, ANNA LYRICS. I intuitively understand that the anguish of most of us is almost absolutely uncontrollable when we contemplate the solemn reality, that as the moments of time have passed in continuous procession, our Anna has volatilized by contemporaneous infinitesimal decrements, until she has become a transcendental function of the Ethereal University, the halls of which she may forever perambulate in the beautiful paths of the cissoid, the conchoid, the lituus, the cycloid, or the lemniscate, while we must be satisfied with following, if we follow at all, only in the paths of asymptotes to those majestic circumvolutions. But I earnestly beseech of you to restrain the outbursts of your

sorrow for this obdurate bereavement, for I prognosticate before this assembled multitude, and in the presence of these august witnesses, that the name of our Anna shall descend to succeeding generations gloriously enrolled on the records of perpetuity and glory.

Yes! It shall live on and shine in dazzling brilliancy, when the world-renowned names of Diogenes, of Themistocles, of Symmachus, and of Erastriatus, shall be disembogued into the forgotten regions of unsearchable oblivion. In no age of the world has such a lofty character risen up, to illumine the pages of history. Were I to attempt the elucidation of the excellent qualities of the dear departed, you all understand that it would be like an attempt to paint the sunbeams. Nevertheless inasmuch as it has been my solemn privilege and my chosen prerogative to watch by her couch until the final disintegration of soul and body, caused by that hydra-headed monster who has so infamously separated the perishable and corruptible part of her corporeal system from the imperishable and incorruptible, I will attempt, notwithstanding the incompleteness and imperfections of my vapid and non-puissant phraseology, which is comparable only to the hallucinations of a desultory and ubiquitous somnambulist, to bring before your imaginations, for future contemplation some infinitesimal differential of her immeasurable excellency. As the primal period of our association with her was approaching its termination, we were informed by our instructor of the superiority of Anna as a disciplinarian of

the intellectual faculties, and in accordance with our desires to harmonize with his amicable suggestions, as well as to act in accordance with his oft recurring exhortations, many of us with unusual alacrity determined to invigorate our intellects by subsequent intimacy with the invincible guardian of mathematical efficiency. Consequently we were frequently led to a continuance of our researches after the superabundant erudition, comprehended between her voluminous pages, longer than the chivalrous Pyramus, penetrated by the coruscated darts of Cupid, would have prolonged those pleasurable and delectable reciprocities at the habitation of his amiable Thisbe. Therefore we have demonstrated the phenomenal veracity of all the judicious, discerning, and Socratical declarations concerning Anna, and have also found that the conglomeration of her inconceivably excellent qualities is utterly incomprehensible to any except the most highly educated.

And now to conclude my unsophisticated and possibly soporific exposition of her unimpeachable and incorruptible character, let me exhort you, when the pyre, redolent with oleaginous libations, shall burst forth into incandescent conflagration, not to disturb the tranquility of the whispering zephyrs with lugubrious lamentations. For I declare unto you that the virtues of Anna are immortal, and surviving the inanimate ashes in which they were formerly incarcerated, they shall be hung upon the gleaming constellations and shine forever in odoriferous and immaculate effervescence as her eternal, spontaneous and exoteric commemoration.

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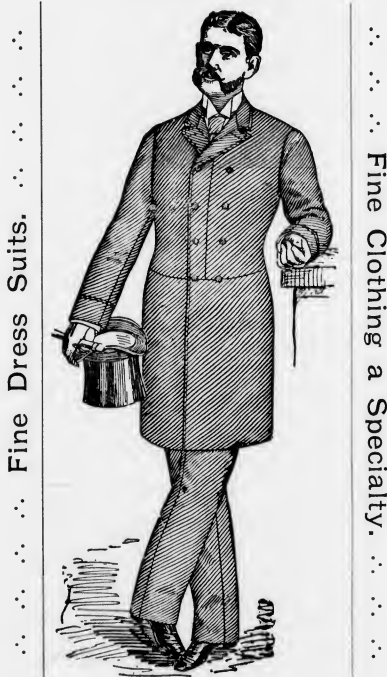
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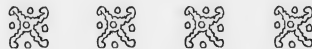
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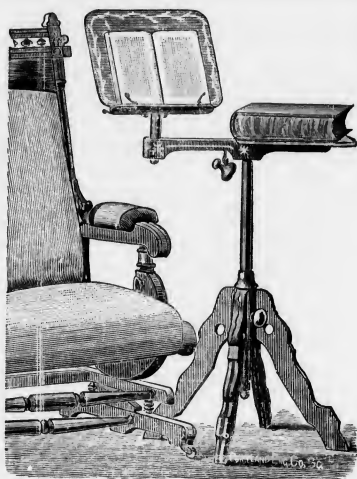
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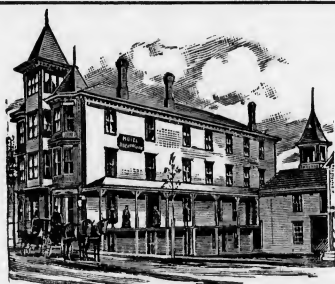
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Number 5.



Sixteenth
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'89

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON,	E. I. CHIPMAN,
E. J. SMALL,	A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT,	L. E. PLUMSTEAD.
I. N. COX, Business Manager.	

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly
should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

WE are glad to note the enter-
prise of the Sophomore and
Freshman classes. A brass band of
eighteen pieces has recently been formed
through their efforts. The instruments
are of Besson make, and regular prac-
tice is the order of the day. The in-
timate connection between a band and
college sports leads us to hope that
financial aid will be given it as promptly
as to base-ball or any other college in-
terest.

The band will be a valuable accom-
paniment of the campaign club already
forming in anticipation of the fall elec-
tion.

I BELIEVE a man's moral and spirit-
ual nature occasionally becomes
clogged up with a kind of phlegm and
coated by an unhealthy deposit, which
is scraped off from the multitudinous
and oftentimes grimy procession of ideas
and sensations which travel therein. At
such a time one allows his personal ap-
pearance to shabbily decline,—a fit ex-
ponent of his mental status. At such
a time one will applaud, follow, and
originate measures which in a better
condition he would brush lightly aside
and mind no more than dangling cob-
webs. A man is an unqualified materi-
alist then, and it does not take heavy
premises nor eloquent exposition to

convince him that immortality is a groundless supposition. But if there is one thing above others that will cut and eat out such moral corrosion, it is to read some of Emerson's essays. They convince one that inward purity is better than applause. Some of his short sentences, pregnant with inspiration, not based on narrowness, will help one to think more of himself and his work, and to count himself on the winning side of life so long as he does his duty.

THIS spring great interest has been manifested in the study of Ornithology. Nearly every morning between five and six, one may see knots of students making their way toward the groves and swamps to hear the morning concerts and get a peep through their field-glasses at nature's *prima donnas*.

In the pursuit of this study, probably no institution in New England affords equal advantages in respect to location, excellence of instruction, and enthusiasm among the students. Within thirty minutes' walk from the college can be found almost every inland bird that ever comes to Maine. The fox sparrow, winter wren, and ruby-crowned kinglet have been more than ordinarily abundant this spring, and quite a number of the students have had the good fortune to hear and become familiar with their rich notes. As some one recently remarked on the campus, "It is worth all the effort and expense of a college course, to learn of the birds, the butterflies, and the flowers."

WHAT can I get to do this summer vacation? How much can I earn? Those are the two sphinxes

sitting at the end of the college year and at the gateway of opening summer, and into the enigmatical face of each the year-worn student looks with a keenness and a seriousness which a man with a \$20 bill in his pocket can never appreciate nor understand. There are three answers to the first question: You can hire out on a farm during haying, canvass for a book, or work in a hotel. In regard to the opportunities, pay, etc., afforded by each I will make a few suggestions which may help those who are unsettled to make a selection. Through July and August one can get on a farm from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day. In a hotel the ordinary pay is from \$10 to \$15 per month, and if you are fortunate enough to have several benign and generous souls to wait upon, you may, by proper obsequiousness, receive \$15 a month extra. But that is very doubtful. You may have a semi-parsimonious and critical audience, or perchance you may spread a two-minute boiled egg upon a silk dress, and then farewell to gratuity. As for canvassing, how about that? Ask me something easy, for instance will it rain the 14th of next September? Oh yes, there are men who can canvass and make heaps of money; there are men who can climb Mont Blanc; there are men who can go through Niagara whirlpool in a barrel and live; there are men who can fish day after day and never get a bite. Perhaps you could; at least you can buy a prospectus and try. You might make a good thing of it. You may go through the whirlpool all safe and cling to the perpendicular mountain of ice without a slip. Of choice in hotels, one does better at the

mountains than at the beach, and if you have a slight touch of dyspepsia either place will do much toward making it chronic in one season, for the *sub coatum* ice-creams, strawberries, fritters, and bananas eaten at furtive intervals are very unhealthful. If you are slightly effeminate or over-dainty, have a lank cheek, and feel all played out at the end of the year, then for money, for health, for morals, for endurance, for ability to work long and hard, hire out on a farm. It will take hold of your back and your courage, but it will secure to you a bodily vigor that will last all the year.

THERE are but few people that do not wish to be square with the world and feel that their accounts are balanced.

The old saying that "The world owes every man a living" is one of the many sayings that have not the least truth in them. Every man, as far as he is able, should pay his debts, for the world owes him naught but that he has earned.

There are many goods that men and women receive which they can never repay; in fact, mankind is a great debt to the world, for a man cannot offer as good as he possesses.

We may be able to get the exact meaning of great authors, but we cannot feel as they felt or see as they saw. The best work is very meager compared to its conception.

The student may think he owes no one, and may feel he has no one to thank for his accomplishments but himself; yet if he stops to reflect he must

recognize his indebtedness; see that there are but few and insignificant things that can be paid for. How can he repay those instructors, whose experience and thoughts he has made his own? How can he repay the Past for its rich store of knowledge from which he has so greatly drawn? There is but one way through which he can, in the least, lessen the debt, by giving others as he has received. But he that recognizes the glittering metal as the only true currency, will become more and more involved in his obligations to the world.

LITERARY.

A BREEZY CONFERENCE.

By A. E. H., '89.

Down from the North the cold winds came,
From the home of the ice and the snow;
Came with the sleet and hail at its feet;
Came with a terrible blow;

Came over mountain, and forest, and hill,
To Hanover town, by the river.
The people stood in shivering groups,
Declaring what awful cold weather.

Up from the South the breezes blew,
From the home of music and song,
From the land where the orange and pine-apple grow,
From the land that is ever warm.

They came so silent, they came so still,
That no one could tell they were there,
Save to the gentle influence lent
To the frosty winter air.

For the winds had agreed to meet, on a day,
At Hanover town by the river,
And settle a conflict, which long they had waged,
Of which one should rule the weather.

"Stand aside! Stand aside!" the North Wind cried:

"I am Boreas, the prince of the air;
And I make men feel, with sharp blades of
steel,
My power everywhere.

"I cause mighty forests to bow at my will,
I crown great mountains with snow;
I chain vast rivers, and lakes, and seas,
With fetters of ice as I go.

"O ho! Young stripling from the South,
Your preferences are nothing to me,
For I rule by power, and I make men cower,
When my very presence they see.

"The icebergs are my palaces,
The glaciers my domain;
The walrus, seal, and polar bear,
Make up my courtly train.

"The Esquimaux, in his hut of snow,
Is a peasant on my estate;
My chariot is the black storm-cloud;
My foot-stool ocean great.

"My throne is on the mountain top,
My sceptre a Norway pine;
I need no fortress, for the snow
And hail are weapons of mine.

"The eider duck, on her lonely nest,
I pass in the driving storm,
And I force her to tear the down from her
breast
To keep her little ones warm.

"For me Aurora's bright display
Streams up in a northern sky,
Making the night as bright as the day,
While the moon shines out on high.

"I rule by might; swift is my flight,
And wonderful deeds I do.
Now I've come down to Hanover town,
To require homage of you."

"I know," the South Wind murmured low,
"Of the havoc you have made;
The tale you tell is true enough,
And more you might have said.

"You turn green forests brown and seer;
You biting frosts employ
To damage every living thing.
You rule but to destroy.

"The ruin that each year you bring
On flower, shrub, and tree,
I do repair, when early spring
Comes dancing o'er the lea.

"Boast on, proud champion from the north!
Your boasting is nothing to me,
For I make the hearts of all men glad,
When my welcome form they see.

"I glide along the sunbeam's path;
I mount the azured sky;
I kiss the children's rosy cheeks,
Who smile as I pass by.

"I gently lead the April showers
To moisten every root;
To bring forth pink-and-white May-flowers,
And feed each tender shoot.

"To me the forests lift their heads;
The snow-caps on the hill
Vanish at my magic touch,
And join the sparkling rills.

"The ice-chains that in winter-time
You forged on lake and sea,
I burst asunder, and I set
The mighty rivers free.

"My home is in the forest glades,
And 'mong the spicy isles,
Where live the birds of paradise,
And curious crocodiles.

"The lion and the panther seek
Their prey among my bowers.
I come from lands of mighty trees,
Of curious shrubs and flowers.

"I rule by love, swiftly I move,
And beautiful deeds I do;
And now I've come to Hanover town
To require homage of you."

"I'll overthrow thee with my power,"
The North Wind quickly said;
"I'll bring a blizzard from the North
To strike thy flowers dead."

"I've power, too," the South Wind cried;
"A power equal thine,
For great cyclones, and hurricanes,
And whirlwinds are weapons of mine."

At last the mighty river spoke:
"Do no such thing, I pray.
Think of the damages you would bring,
If you should strive to-day.

"The great world needeth both of you,
To carry out the plan
That, from the time the earth was made,
The Lord decreed to man.

"The lumberman, with patience, waits
The coming of the snow;
The tillers of the soil rejoice
In spring, to see it go.

"Each season, every month and day,
Is needful unto man;
There is no time of year but what
We need it back again.

"And the Hanover girls and boys,
Who play by the mighty river,
Like the ice and snow, and the cold winter
time,
As they do the summer weather.

"For they skate between my ice-bound shores,
And coast down the hills,
As merrily as when they rove
Among the brooks and rills."

"'Tis true," the North Wind laughing said,
"And here's a gift from me,
A bunch of moss and evergreen
From the shores of the Northern sea."

"'Tis true," the South Wind smiling said,
"And here's a gift to thee,
A bunch of flowers and bright green leaves,
From many a southern tree."

Thanks, noble river, thanks
For the lesson thou hast taught.
Each thing in nature has its place
In service and in thought.

The North Wind's strength, the South Wind's
love,
The River's wisdom, too;
Strength, love, and wisdom are
Three temple pillars true.

They will support us in this life,
And, when our tasks are done,
May we be called to reign with Him
Who is all three in One.

THE COQUETTE.

By C. D. B., '89.

WHO will win little coquette?"
"What a question! I can't
ever guess. Ask me rather, which way
the wind will blow to-morrow."

"She is the strangest woman I ever
met. I can't understand her at all."

"Well, I don't know. To me she

seems to be one of those human butter-
flies, that, taking no thought of the
morrow, flit in the sunshine, from
flower to flower."

"She seems to be angling for Jones,
the millionaire?"

"I know; but yesterday she smiled
on John Wight, who is poor but hand-
some. I tell you, she don't care for
wealth or beauty, or anything else, ex-
cept the gratification of her own fri-
volity. Anything! so long as she passes
the time by, and kills *ennui*. To-day,
it is the awkwardness and diffidence of
Jones. What a figure he cuts. Tall,
ungainly. 'Nature,' said Byron, 'broke
her die in molding Sheridan.' Now,
if Nature did not break her nasal die
in molding Jones' nose, why I lose
my guess. His mouth—they sat his
ears back to make room for it. But
enough. Dean, what do you think of
little coquette?"

The person thus addressed, a good-
looking young man, twenty-three or
four years of age glanced carelessly
toward the lady in question, and said,
"I think you are mistaken. You think
a woman must be either mercenary or
romantic and sentimental. In my opin-
ion, Miss Western is neither; but a
sensible woman, who enjoys life her-
self, and wishes others to do the same.
But why do you call her a coquette?"

"Oh, because she smiles on this one
to-day; on that, to-morrow. Because
she is full of witty caprices and follies."

"But the word coquette signifies a
woman, who, from mere vanity, seeks
offers of marriage."

"Well, little coquette doesn't do
that. Words, however, sometimes get
misapplied. But few of us consult

Webster about their use in common conversation. Somebody said 'little coquette,' and the words tickled our ears."

The three men separated. One went to the house; another to the lake; the third, Carl Dean, turned toward a group of young people who were playing tennis, among whom was Miss Western. Carl was a poor student, who was spending a week of his summer vacation at Oak Villa, his rich uncle's country house. Though young in years, he had seen much of the hard side of life. Left an orphan at twelve years of age, without the aid of friends or money, he had prepared himself for college; and now had nearly completed his collegiate course. As he approached the players, Jones, catching his toe behind his heel, fell sprawling on the dusty ground. Miss Western, who was his partner, said, "You must be careful, Mr. Jones. The government does not pension disabled tennis players, you know." With the grace of a Venus, she extended her daintily gloved hand to his aid. Then she saw Carl; and, casting aside her racquet, starts toward him with outstretched hand. "You don't know how glad I am to see you, Carl. Three years ago, when we parted at Commencement, you said we should meet again. I've been expecting you for a week. Your uncle told me you were coming. How did I find out that he was your uncle? What a question to ask! Why, wasn't I always famous for finding out everything of that kind?" By this time Miss Western's partner had regained his feet, recovered his racquet, and

taken his position, ready to continue the game.

"Excuse me, Maud, but I am detaining you; your friends are waiting for you," said Carl.

"Here, take my place, Mr. Dean. I am tired of playing," said Jones.

"No, I thank you. My uncle is coming; I will go with him." And Carl, joining his uncle, went to the other side of the lawn.

My hero is one of those good-natured, sensible persons, whom everybody likes. He played tennis, croquet, and boated with his uncle's guests, and before two days became a general favorite. More than one of them, in the meantime, saw him cast longing glances toward Miss Western.

"Poor fool! what a pity," sighed one young lady, "that a fine fellow like Carl Dean should waste a thought on such a coquette. He might as well think of preserving sunbeams in a bottle as winning her heart. She hasn't any. Ah me! men are all fools, every one."

"We will go along the shore of the lake this afternoon," said Carl's uncle, one morning, "and gather some water-lilies."

About two o'clock the whole party, in three or four boats, left the wharf; rowing as near to the margin of the lake as possible, thus shielded from the sun by trees that grew at the water's edge. The day was perfect. It was not warm enough to be oppressive. The sky was deep blue and guiltless of clouds. A gentle breeze just moved the forest boughs, and raised slight ripples on the surface of the lake. The

painted birds, flitting from bough to bough, sang their sweetest songs. By chance or intention, Carl and Miss Western found themselves in the bow of the same boat. One lady nodded toward them, and nudging her neighbor, said, "Coquette smiles on Dean this afternoon."

"The face of Nature is so fair and smiling that one could almost wish himself a part of her," said Carl.

"Not I; that's Byron. I can't sympathize with him or Jaques. One is as absurd as the other to me," replied Miss Western.

"Well, let us imagine, then, that there are fauns and satyrs in the wood, and water nymphs in the lake."

"I don't like water nymphs; they are cold, slimy, snaky creatures. Ugh! I shudder at the thought. But fauns and satyrs are just what I delight in. I wish I had lived in the old Arcadian times. Why, I could have danced all day; I know I could."

"Then 'Marble Faun' must be your favorite novel."

"Not at all. Why, every page of that novel is full of the author's melancholy."

"You like 'Pickwick Papers,' perhaps."

"Yes, better. But I am always reminded, when I read them, of the saying in 'As You Like It': 'the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.'"

And so the talk ran on. Sometimes the eyes speak what the tongue says not. Finally the goal was reached. The boats glided in among the lily-pads.

The lilies lay floating, like tiny water chariots, on each side of them.

"See," said Carl, plucking a splendid lily from its watery home, "here is one of the chariots in which your shiny, snaky water nymphs take their pleasure rides, Miss Western."

"Nonsense, you are too poetical for anything. Talk of a nymph riding in that flower. The essence of foolishness is that."

"Make the door upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that—' You know the rest."

"I've no ears for nymphs and musty wit, when such beautiful flowers as these are within my reach," Miss Western replied, as she pulled a lily from the water.

"There are some splendid lilies over there in the mouth of that brook," said Carl. "We'll go there. Give me an oar. I haven't rowed any yet. Look! uncle's boat is heading for the same place. They've seen the lilies. Ah! they are trying to get there first. Let us give them a race."

Carl and his companion were both excellent oarsmen. Away sped the boat as straight as an arrow, propelled by their strong, steady strokes, and arrived at the brook ahead of its rival.

"There we have all the lilies," said Miss Western. "Just row the boat into the mouth of the brook. There, isn't this beautiful? A perfect Arcadian retreat."

"It doesn't seem so to me," said Carl. "This seems to me like Dante's forest. 'The foliage is not verdant; but of dusky hue.' I doubt not that these trees have thorns 'with venom

filled.' Why, I can actually see a harpy perched on that knarled oak. I can—"

"Enough! you make me shudder. You have spoiled the place for me. But see; the rest are starting back. We shall be left."

On the following day the guests went to the grove, that was situated on the bend of a river, for a picnic dinner. Arriving about ten o'clock in the forenoon, they deposited their baskets and wraps on the tables and benches, prepared for the use of pleasure seekers, and began to look about them.

The grove extended down a gentle slope to the very verge of the water. All the undergrowth and fallen timber had been cleared from beneath the trees, which, towering upwards, interlaced their branches into a "verdant roof," that the rays of the noonday sun could not penetrate.

In one glittering sheet, the river swept by; a short distance below, however, it became broken and foamy, and flowed, for an hundred yards, over ragged ledges; then separated by a high cliff that rose in its center, went thundering through two rocky sluiceways, and, falling forty feet, plunged into deep caldron basins which the waters had worn in the primeval rock.

The party separated into twos, threes, and fours, and chatting, sauntered about the grove.

Carl, however, wandering away from the rest, seated himself on a cliff that almost overhung the falls, and unmindful of what was going on around him, gazed into the rushing waters; now and then casting a pebble down the dizzy distance. Suddenly he was aroused

from his meditations by a quick step and a familiar voice.

"Come, Carl; the cloth is spread. Come, come."

The dinner was ended. "To the falls, now. None of us, except Carl and myself have seen them. I found him before dinner gazing into the mad waters, expecting, no doubt, to see one of his nymphs appear," said Miss Western.

"That's so," responded a dozen voices. "We'll go."

They had gone down the river but a short distance, when they came to a ledge that jutted out over the water. Here the party paused. Miss Western, walking to the very edge of the rock, looked down into the foaming tide. Suddenly, striking a theatrical attitude, she exclaimed: "If I cast myself into the river, who will—"

Her foot slips—she falls headlong, and is borne away by the swift current. In an instant all was confusion. Some stood still; some ran in this direction; some in that. Some cried one thing; some, another.

For a moment Carl was inactive; then he ran down the bank to the falls. Miss Western was well out into the current. In fifteen seconds she would be past all aid. Carl comprehended all. If he did anything he must do it instantly. He could see but one chance of saving her.

In all probability she would be carried over the branch of the falls next to him, and very near the dividing cliff, for the current set hard against it. On the almost perpendicular side of this cliff was a cleft in which a scrub

oak had found root. If he could leap from where he was to that cleft, he might grasp the oak with one hand, and, perhaps, catch her with the other as she passed. There were many chances against the success of the attempt; if he missed his footing by six inches, he was lost. But his mind was made up; he would try it. He measures the distance with his eye. He runs forward and leaps across the chasm. Thank God! his feet strike the lips of the cleft. His hand grasps the oak. Not an instant too late. Oh, heaven! She has passed him. No! one white hand is raised above the water, and his closes around it like a vice.

Ten days passed. All of the guests had left Oak Villa except Carl and Miss Western, and they were going on the morrow. She had fully recovered from the effect of her accident, and was as joyous and gay as before.

"This is a beautiful evening," she was saying to Carl, "and our last at Oak Villa."

"I was thinking of that," he replied. "Let us view its beauties in the gloaming."

They went down through the orchard, climbed a stone wall, and seated themselves beneath a sugar-maple. Far up among the green branches a cock-robin and his mate had built their summer home. She, half asleep, sat brooding; he, perched on a limb below her, was wide-awake, and heard the whole story of Carl's love: how he had longed, waited, and hoped; but now could wait no longer, and must know his fate. How he—

But you, gentle reader, know what

the robin heard, as well as I. You, lady, have listened to such. You, sir, have said them. Oh, no; you won't admit it. But it's true all the same.

Master robin, in his eagerness to hear, fluttered from bough to bough, until he was just over their heads. There he heard the word "yes." Robin flew back, and, waking his mate, told her all he had seen and heard; and she, unromantic bird, closing her eyes again and nestling down more closely upon blue eggs four, said: "Robin, you are a simpleton."

MAN'S TRUE GREATNESS.

By H. J. P., '90.

IT is often difficult for us, with our finite minds, to determine what in man is truly great. The mind is said to be the glory of man. But the mind, with all its educational resources, may receive such a training as will destroy all the nobility of the heart, and doubtless there are many men comparatively ignorant, who are greater in the sight of God than the most highly educated. It is often remarked that wealth and social position constitute all the greatness of man; that great wealth must be amassed, regardless of consequences. It is indeed true that wealth and social position do gain for man a certain external grandeur, but they never can command the respect of the heart. True greatness is not put on; it is something within, and a part of the man. One tells us that if we would be useful we must be helpful. Who can separate usefulness from greatness? The man who by party spirit reaches

the topmost round of the ladder of fame and looks down with contempt on his fellow-men, is far less noble than he who, half-way down the ladder, is supporting with his helping hands some unfortunate falling comrade.

It is not so much what a person says as what he does that tells of the goodness that is in him. Often beneath the roughest exterior beats a heart as warm as that under the finest broad-cloth. The human heart is a peculiar receptacle, for that which is put into it shapes the vessel. So he who would be truly great must put that into his heart which will fashion noble impulses. True greatness is not always gauged by great achievements. Men, forgetful that greatness springs from the purity of the heart, often contaminate themselves by grasping that which may look great in the sight of men. How often we see a man deviate from his former path of honor and trustworthiness, and enter upon a course of life that, he avers, will bring him position and greatness. Emulous of great and historic men, jealous of any honor acquired by his fellows, and willing to enter any path that may seem to bring him quickly into the highway of greatness, he soon finds himself in the midst of such an intricate network of interweaving paths and diverging roads, that he knows not which way to turn. His mind misleads him, and he is lost. Thus deluded, he finds out when it is too late that he who works for self alone will never find true greatness. All need to take heed lest the stepping stones by which they would climb to distinction, be not stumbling

blocks by which they may fall into obscurity.

That person who grasps after things concerning himself alone, who sees no farther than his own interests, is destined to make of his life a failure. No person, be he peasant or president, can be truly great only as he follows out the precepts of that rule given to us ages ago—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

THE EAGLE AT LAKE GEORGE.

BY F. F. PHILIPS.

Well hast thou chosen, daring bird,
To haunt this billowy bound of lake and sky,
These domes and peaks—a mighty herd,
That in disordered grandeur troop and vie
Each most to trespass on the brink,
And deepest-welling beauty drink.

Did this proud wilderness alone
Allure thy crag and tempest-loving heart
Here to deride the balked wind's moan,
And, pennon-shielded, brave the lightning's
 dart,
To view, above the storm's affray,
The birth of dawn, the death of day?

Or cam'st thou, in avenging mood,
To haste the judgment heaven shall mete at last
And, on grim Moloch's sleeping brood,
Hurl down a terror-wakening trumpet blast—
Dire plaint for father Jogues' death-throes,
And fated William Henry's woes?

From some dim height may be thy glance
Oft runs the mazy water-way along,
At thought that yet again, perchance,
In pomp, with bugle-note and martial song,
Down forest paths, through lake and gorge,
Shall come the bannered host of George.

The northern gate * full long ago
Noiselessly closed against the Frenchman's
 arms;

Long by the fortress, sunken low,
Has lain the Briton, deaf to war's alarms.
Proud bird, thy lofty quest must be
To know of Freedom's destiny.

* Gate—Champlain, "The lake which is the gate of the country."

THE RIVER'S LESSON.

By P. P. B., '91.

I stood one night by the river,
Where the waters come and go,
As on to the sea forever
They haste with an endless flow.

And while I stood and wondered
On that peaceful summer's night,
How oft was the starlight sundered
By the raging water's might!

My heart was burdened with sadness,
As the gentle rays of light
Were lost by the raging madness
Of the river's onward flight.

But deeper far was my grieving,
When a voice seemed speaking near,
"The lesson thou art receiving
Wilt thou go and leave it here.

"Thy life is the rushing river,
And the stars of Heaven above,
That shine through its night forever
Is the light of a Father's love.

"The rock thou art forsaking,
Which troubles the peaceful stream
Is the night that with sorrow and aching
Now troubles thy life's bright dreams."

I saw the light of the morning
As I turned my eyes away,
But the silent voice of warning
Is with me from day to day.

O let not the folly and sadness,
That each day now brings to thee
Deprive thee of all life's gladness,
While hastening on to the sea.

THE MONASTERY AS A SYMBOL OF CULTURE.

By M. G. P., '88.

BEAUTIFUL for situation, venerable for its culture, hallowed by prayer, the monastery was the distinctive institution of the dark ages. During the disintegration of powerful empires, its strength increased. While

literature and art were passing through the formative stages of a new era, it became the treasury for past achievements. Above it rested the Star of Bethlehem, under whose light it first appeared, the embodiment of ideal purity; but in the end, when the wind and rain had done their work, its dark stains and crumbling walls became the more hideous.

Self-denial was not here first misapprehended and misapplied. Heathen Mystics warped the truth, long before, in their contempt for matter. The Jewish Essenes and their followers in Alexandria promoted the error. But never had it seemed so attractive, never gained such far-reaching influence as when allied with Christianity. Church, state, schools, and society conformed to the prevailing idea. Aye, so powerful was this, that even after Luther, with his mighty sledge, crushed the substance into fragments, the ideal lived in the popular mind. Though Cromwell trampled it under foot, it still lingers in English politics.

The rise of civilization marks the decline of monarchism. Yet in education, from its very conservativeness, and the monastic origin of the schools, this influence has proved most enduring. Here even the late-discovered New World, defended by Puritan institutions, betrays it.

That same restrictive spirit which built walls between the people and their ministers moved the cultured to withdraw from general society, and bury their much-needed talents. It leads highly qualified men to avoid public duties, leaving vital interests with the

incompetent. Thus in a republic, demanding of every citizen his best, unprincipled men too often hold the positions of influence, and the term politician is an ill-becoming stigma.

This spirit appears in institutions of learning whose doors are double locked by wealth and prejudice,—wealth which in exaggerated expenses and exclusive society, tacitly but emphatically says to the poor, only the rich enter here,—prejudice which, from woman's inferior position in the past, from her present degradation in uncivilized lands, argues that inferiority is her natural condition and that it is, therefore, absurd to lower the standard of scholarship, or violate caste by breaking bread with woman.

The monastery claimed to be a law unto itself and acknowledged no superior authority. The same arbitrary feeling is discernible in literary circles, prompting men of genius and learning to disregard social principles, and to display unpardonable eccentricities as the credentials of extraordinary character. It prevails in the opinion that students are not under the general jurisdiction, but constitute a little world by themselves where all crimes become fun, and where wild oats may be sown broadcast and no one held responsible for the harvest.

Unsymmetrical culture is the bitter fruit of Monasticism. Development of one part of the nature at the expense of the rest produces bigots and fanatics, skeptics, or prize fighters, according to its application. The same narrow, unnatural training which lighted Europe with fires of martyrdom, tore

Hypatia limb from limb, and incited the children's crusade, is responsible for the French reign of reason, and the German science worship. Evidently the monastery laid too much stress on misconceived piety, undoubtedly the early schools devoted too much time to the classics, but are not modern educators falling into similar error in maintaining that thorough culture may be derived merely from study of the sciences.

New occasions teach new duties. Republican institutions call for universal statesmanship. The printing press, the telegraph, and the steam engine demand thinkers for a world, fathers who will not risk a priceless musical gift for a moment's adulation, mothers skilled to guide the infant steps of genius. It is idle to accept an education that fits simply for some one work or profession. With Elihu Burritt's purpose no man need be defrauded of his own.

Ministers, lawyers, and educators make admirable bankers, but the gold belongs to the people. The Latin that illustrates Blackstone's Commentaries will illustrate the newspaper. If science can make the rocks speak and the flowers unfold deep mysteries for the scholar, how much more helpful may she become to the miner, and the farmer.

A new, living Christian spirit in education bids us leave "the low vaulted past" about which gathered the fungus of monarchism ever attendant upon decay, and build more stately mansions, strong in health and purity, broad in acquisition and purpose.

CIVILIZATION OF ANCIENT GREECE.

By C. J. E., '89.

A VAST subject is to be treated in a short space; hence arises a necessity of selecting and considering only such phases of it as may be of vital importance. Probably no element is more universal in civilization than is education. Greece recognized this principle, and though compassed about by the ignorance of neighboring states and with no model to guide her, she reached a height and completeness in the education of her people that has never been surpassed. In one century she accomplished as much in letters as modern civilization has wrought in a thousand years.

Plato says, "Education and discipline were begun in early childhood and continued through life." The wisdom of which course is fully attested by the extraordinary intellectual ability exhibited by all grades of Grecian society. Mr. Freeman says, "The average intelligence of an Athenian audience was higher than that of the English House of Commons."

In history and some of the sciences that are the results of civilization, Greece is certainly deficient, but in her literature as a whole, and the literature of a country, we find the most durable evidences of a people's greatness; there is a strength and fitness of language, a depth and condensation of thought that has excited the admiration of critical scholars and warranted the assertion of Professor Mahaffy that "No modern nation, however well instructed, has been able to equal by

labored acquirements the inborn genius of the Greeks."

Again the element of religion pervaded the civilization of the Greeks. The sensitive and inquiring Greek mind was instinctively religious, and despite an immoral and worthless theology it worked out for itself a morality higher in its manifestations than is enjoyed by many Christian communities at the present day. Thales taught that "God is the oldest of all things, for he is without beginning," that "The earth is the fairest of all things, for it is the work of God." Pythagoras enjoined upon the members of his fraternity not only silence, but modesty, temperance, and brotherly love. He taught that there was one Deity pervading and maintaining the universe.

Xenophon said, "There is one eternal, infinite, immortal Being, by whom all things exist, and this one being is God. He hears all, he sees all, he is at once mind, wisdom, and eternal existence." Such was the foundation upon which Christianity four hundred years later was destined to rest.

Next to religion as a civilizing agency stands philosophy, the reaching out of the human soul in its search for truth. Here we meet with the names of Euclid, Plato, and Aristotle, while towering above them all in the grandeur of his conceptions, the majesty of his genius and the power of his thought is Socrates, of whom it has been said, "He drew philosophy down from heaven and placed her among the habitations of men."

If we turn our attention from philos-

ophy to the fine arts, we find Greece still giving instruction to the rest of the world. In sculpture she followed no models, but aiming at the life-like, the beautiful, the exalted, and the true, she created the models that have ever been the study and delight of sculptors, painters, and connoisseurs. The sculptor, Phidias, in his statue of Jupiter Olympus, wrought from ivory and gold, has given us a masterpiece, so far beyond what others have accomplished, when compared with him, that we instinctively feel all modern sculptors are but merest imitators. In architecture as in sculpture, Grecian civilization set the pattern for the world. Architecture in Greece was reduced to a science. Its aim was to combine beauty, grandeur, unity, and power. Three styles of architecture, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic, had their birth in this land of intellect and soul. In exquisite beauty, in extreme simplicity, in symmetry of form and harmony of parts, the Parthenon at Athens, the work of the inspired Phidias, is the culminating triumph of human architecture. If we turn our attention to music, we find it received its development at the hands of Aristoxenus and Pythagoras in that period when architecture and sculpture had their rise. If to oratory we are confronted with the names of Pericles, Plato, and Demosthenes, the world's greatest orators. If to painting, we meet with Anaxagoras and Democritus. There is no department of the fine arts not fully represented in Grecian civilization. Again, if bravery and military glory have an attraction for any, such

should study the conduct of the Greeks under Themistocles at Salamis, or under Miltiades at Marathon, or Leonidas with his little band at Thermopylae opposing the Persian hosts of Xerxes till twenty thousand were destroyed. Can all history show more striking examples of military genius, of dauntless courage, or of sublime patriotism than these?

Yet it is not in military affairs that we find the surest marks of civilization. Uprightness and purity of character in social and private life are more important than the arts of war. Grecian civilization was especially free from social vices. Drunkenness was a thing almost unknown; it was not only a disgrace but a crime against society that society did not tolerate. Theognis says, "'Tis a shame to be drunk among sober men; 'tis also a shame for a sober man to stay among men that are drunk." Greece had no dens of debauchery, no dance halls, no gambling hells. She had no filthy streets, no tumble-down tenements, no garrets where men, women, and children, ground down by poverty, herd together, where starvation comes and death is welcomed as a release. Hers was a civilization more exalted, more pure.

Still further, it is a universal contrast between civilized and uncivilized communities, that in the former the penalty of death is carried out without cruelty and without torture, while in the latter the victim is subjected to insults and needless pains. We shudder at the barbarities of the middle ages when the stake, the rack, and the guil-

lotine were in constant requisition and horrible deaths served for daily pastimes; we lament that our own day so often finds the gallows erected, hears the awful death-sentence pronounced, and sees that sentence carried into effect before a jeering and ribald mob, and yet more than two thousand years ago the little country of Greece had done away with these barbarities. No contrast can be made that ought to make us more ashamed of our Christian age and privileges than this contrast of humanity. There is another peculiarity of the ancient Grecian civilization. While other nations desired wealth as a means of power, the Greeks sought it as a means of culture. Refinement was rated higher than mercenary pursuits, and nobility of soul highest of all. Selfishness and greed were absent from Greek character; hospitality, compassion, benevolence, and generosity were its most striking features.

It is true that many inventions, machines, and appliances that in our day are supposed to make work easier and life happier, were wanting to the Greeks. Yet these are but the accumulated knowledge of centuries. They are the results of civilization and not civilization itself. Greece alone worked out a civilization for herself, by herself. She alone produced and taught to the rest of the world the highest forms of literature, philosophy, science, art, humanity, and social purity.

Seven American colleges have more than a thousand students.

IN THE ANTIQUE HOTEL.

By F. L. P., '91.

In an antique hotel far away in the North,
I was sitting at eve by the broad open fire;
The back-log and fore-stick were blazing away;
There was comfort as much as the heart could desire.

Without there was howling; the wild wintry winds

And the crisp air came in through the cracks at the door.

'Twas a night for ghost stories and tales of the Indians,

And hair-breadth escapes from the goblins of yore.

The guests straggled in and sat round in a circle;
The hosts poked the fire till the sparks filled the flue,

And piled up the fagots with art that was cunning,

As ever our old-fashioned grandfathers knew.

'Twas a Saturday night like the good olden times,

When the New England rum and the whiskey were pure,

And could render one safe from a sunstroke in summer,

And from freezing in winter could keep him secure.

There were stage-drivers, wood-choppers, men from the logging camp,

Peddlers, and loafers and quacks of the day;

There were youths and men strong in the vigor of manhood,

And men that were aged, decrepit, and gray.

There was "Ike" and "Big Ephraim" and Enos, the fat man,

And Jacob renowned for the power of his lungs,
Whose voice had a roar like the pealing of thunder,

Sonorous above the full Babel of tongues.

Indeed 'twas a Babel for accents partaking.

Of English, Scotch, Irish, French, German, and Dutch,

Went round like a buzz-saw from "Dick" in the corner,

To "Jake" the "poor devil" who leaned on his crutch.

And each had some story, or tale of adventure,
As thrilling or quaint as has ever been told,

By the genius of wit, in the lore of the ages,
Recording the deeds of the heroes of old.

There were fish stories, bear stories, snake
stories, ghost stories,
"Yarns" of the traveler on land and on sea,
But "Jake" with his crutch was the hero that
evening
And seldom is born one more gifted than he.

His face was as honest as that of an angel,
And calmly he swore by the Caesars of Rome,
He had caught more brook trout in two hours
after dinner

Than four yoke of oxen at night could haul
home.

In fishing for pickerel he gave his experience,
And said that he hoped he'd be blown to the
skies

If he hadn't caught one that he pulled out of
water

Three feet and a half ere he came to his eyes.

The fierce grisly bear, of the wild Rocky
Mountains,

He often had met in a hand to hand tilt;
But the last one he "murdered" weighed
forty-four hundred,

Though he said "I confess I was mighty near
kilt."

Then he drew from his pocket a plug of tobacco,
And cut off a chew with his rusty old knife,
Declaring that though it might kill many
others,

For his own part he knew it had once saved
his life.

Then added that when he was young and a
sailor,

While rounding Cape Horn he was wrecked in
a gale,

And the Sea-Serpent swallowed him up as old
Jonah

Was swallowed some ages ago by the whale.

While kicking around inside of the serpent,
He thought that perhaps if he took a new chew
And spit out the juice it might sicken the
monster,

And sooner or later might cause him to spew.

Well, the trick worked remarkably well, for
our sailor

Was belched up at Bath right before his own
door,

All right except feeling a little bit weary,
As safe and as sound as he had been before.

He had served in the army and served in the
navy,

Was familiar with tactics, in land and sea
fights,

I thought him the rival of Sinbad the Sailor,
Of whom we have read in "Arabian Nights."

Thus the hours were beguiled by those tales of
adventure,

As we sat by the light of the broad open fire,
Till at length the faint glow of the smouldering
embers

Gave warning to each of the time to retire.

COMMUNICATION.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., April 20, 1888.

To the Editors of the Student:

In a communication from this part
of the country you would of course
expect one to treat largely of Minne-
apolis; but it would be impossible for
one who is not possessed with most re-
markable powers of condensation to do
justice to this town within the limits of
an ordinary communication, and a ver-
bose writer would have his allotted
space filled before he had finished his
introduction.

In 1850, Lo, the red man, felt easy
and at home as he smoked his mullein
leaves by the Falls of St. Anthony. In
1875 there was, about the Falls, a pop-
ulation of 32,000 white people; and
in 1888, Lo, the poor Indian, looks as
though he were wandering in a strange
and foreign land as he shuffles along
the broad streets and beholds the high
buildings of this beautiful city of 185,-
000 inhabitants.

Flouring mills have sprung up until
now Minneapolis is the leading city of
the world in the production of flour.
The combined product of all the mills
for the last week was 168,200 barrels

of flour, the largest output being for one week in October of last year, when 177,000 barrels were produced. About the first of July, 1887, a large grain elevator in Minneapolis, containing about 1,250,000 bushels of wheat, was burned, but the wheat is still smouldering at this date. Thus wheat demonstrates its "staying" qualities. Why not use it for fuel, and then when it is winter, and the servant girl leaves the damper in the kitchen stove open all night she will still be sure of having a fire in the morning?

Seven miles down the river from Minneapolis is the enterprising town of St. Paul. It would be unjust to speak slightly of St. Paul, but it would be high treason for me to admit that in many material points of excellence it approaches Minneapolis. As representing the great Northwest, they are practically united in business interests, and their union in name has been discussed considerably by the leading men of both cities. However much "Paul" desires the marriage, "Minnie" will never consent to give up her name.

Probably New England has more representatives here than any other part of the country of equal size. One meets "Maineites" everywhere around here, but, unlike many tribes in the West, they are "friendly to the whites." There are several Bates men in Minnesota, among whom are, Keene, of '75; Leavitt, '76; Randall, Wyman, and Hathaway, '77; H. L. Merrill, '80, and J. F. Merrill, '82. After one has been here a few months he is not much surprised at meeting any one whom he ever knew.

It will doubtless be a great surprise to many of your readers to learn that the snow, which remained with us so faithfully during last winter, has all gone, but it is even so. When the eastern newspaper men are called up for their final accounting, it will be one of the hardest things of their lives to explain the "wrong stories" that they have told about Minnesota weather. However, if you visit Minneapolis in the winter it would be well to take your overcoat with you, and if there is a fur collar attachment, be sure that that also is brought up into its proper position around your ears.

Many people in the East have the impression that this is the "Wild West" where "they shoot folks," as a friend once expressed it, where bold cowboys, with their wide hats, leather breeches and belts full of guns and knives, ride into saloons on their bronchos and order free refreshment for the crowd. I will not speak for Montana, but such is not the common practice in Minneapolis. Our valiant municipal officers would discourage such pleasantries as that immediately. The people here are as cultivated and refined as they are in the East, though perhaps they do not spend as much time discussing the "whyness of the so," and such abstract questions as in the city of the Baked Bean. The common aim seems to be the pursuit of the "almighty dollar," and quite often a dollar and a half.

I wish to thank Mr. Miller, the artist who designed the cover for the *STUDENT* this year, for that picture of Mount David and the observatory.

And I wish to thank him again for the chicken yard down in the corner of the picture; it is the attesting seal which stamps the production genuine.

E. A. M., '86.

LOCALS.

"Non paratus" dixit scholar
Cum a sad, a doleful look;
"Omne rectu" prof. respondit,
Et "nihil," scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

Buds.

Birds.

Boom-a-la-ka!

Join the campaign club.

The ball games to be played by the "Bates Home League" will be hotly contested.

F. W. Plummer is teaching a fencing class in Auburn on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday evenings.

W. F. Ham will spend the remainder of the spring term and also his summer vacation with his brother in New York.

This is the busiest term in the year. Good work done in the class now will save a deal of plugging for tests by and by.

I. N. Cox went to Bangor, April 26th, as delegate to the Republican State Convention from ward four of this city.

The June number of the *STUDENT* will contain much matter interesting to the alumni and friends of the college. All who wish an extra June number should notify the business manager at once.

Since the last issue of the *STUDENT* we have been informed, on good author-

ity, that practical instruction in laboratory work is to be given classes at the beginning of another year.

Class in Rhetoric: Prof.—"When we see a drunken man clinging to a lantern post, and addressing to it endearing epithets, what is this a violation of (referring to the abuse of pathos in maudlin sentiment)?" G. (*sotto voce*)—"Prohibitory law."

E. J. Small, literary editor of the *STUDENT*, has recently gone to Colorado for his health. He writes us that he is stopping at the Alamo Hotel, of Colorado Springs, a town near the foot of Pike's Peak. Mr. Small will probably be away some two or three months.

The Bates Brass Band has been organized as follows: F. S. Libbey, *e* flat cornet; F. L. Day, clarinet; J. R. Little, solo *b* flat cornet; P. P. Beal, first *b* flat cornet; G. K. Small, second *b* flat cornet; H. B. Davis, solo alto; W. B. Cutts, first alto; N. G. Howard, second alto; W. S. Mason, third alto; L. F. Graves, first *b* flat tenor; F. E. Emrich, second *b* flat tenor; F. S. Pierce, baritone; F. L. Pugsley, *e* flat bass; W. F. Garcelon, *e* flat bass; A. D. Pinkham, tenor drum; —, bass drum; —, cymbals. Each member of the band has bought the instrument which he plays. The boys have got under good headway. Organizing a band, buying the instruments, and settling down to hard practice requires energy. The Sophomore and Freshman classes deserve much praise.

The Ornithology class report the following birds to have arrived since the last issue of the *STUDENT*: hermit

thrush, American brown creeper, yellow-bellied woodpecker, yellow hammer, rusty grackle, chipping sparrow, tree swallow, ruby-crowned kinglet, golden-crested kinglet, pine creeping warbler, myrtle warbler, Savannah sparrow, white-throated sparrow, Cooper's hawk, bronze grackle, yellow-palm warbler, purple martin, Wilson's thrush, red-bellied nuthatch, winter wren, Nashville warbler, black-capped titmouse, field sparrow, swamp sparrow, oven bird, barn swallow, wood peewee, sparrow hawk, ruffed grouse, blue-headed vireo, least flycatcher, black-throated green warbler, chimney swift, black and white warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, Parula warbler, warbling vireo, loon, kingfisher, water thrush, yellow warbler, and Baltimore oriole.

Following is the schedule of the league games to be played by the nines of the four Maine colleges:

S.	May 5,	Colby	vs.	M. S. C.,	at Orono.
S.	" 5,	Bates	"	Bowdoin,	" Brunswick.
W.	" 9,	Colby	"	Bates,	" Waterville.
Th.	" 10,	M. S. C.	"	Bowdoin,	" Orono.
S.	" 12,	Colby	"	M. S. C.,	" Waterville.
S.	" 12,	Bowdoin	"	Bates,	" Lewiston.
F.	" 18,	M. S. C.	"	Bowdoin,	" Brunswick.
S.	" 19,	M. S. C.	"	Bates,	" Lewiston.
W.	" 23,	Bowdoin	"	Colby,	" Waterville.
S.	" 26,	Bates	"	Bowdoin,	" Waterville.
W.	" 30,	Colby	"	M. S. C.,	" Bangor.
S.	June 2,	Bates	"	M. S. C.,	" Orono.
S.	" 2,	Bowdoin	"	Colby,	" Brunswick.
S.	" 9,	Bates	"	Colby,	" Lewiston.
W.	" 13,	Bowdoin	"	M. S. C.,	" Bangor.
W.	" 13,	Colby	"	Bates,	" Brunswick.
S.	" 16,	Bowdoin	"	Colby,	" Lewiston.
S.	" 16,	Bates	"	M. S. C.,	" Waterville.

Spaulding ball. Spaulding Manual of League Rules.

The following course of lectures is being delivered before the students: Thursday evening, April 26th, "Lessons in Words," by Prof. T. H. Rich of

Bates College; Thursday evening, May 3d, "The President," by G. W. Wood, Ph.D., of Boston; Thursday evening, May 10th, "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," by Rev. F. S. Root of Auburn; Monday evening, May 14th, "Religion and its Relations to Study and to Life," by Rev. H. M. Plumb of Boston; Thursday evening, May 17th, "An Address to the Students," by Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., of Boston; Thursday evening, May 24th, "Art, a Divine Message, and Beauty its Messenger," by Rev. F. H. Allen of Auburn; Wednesday evening, June 6th, "Reminiscences of Agassiz," by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland; Thursday evening, June 7th, "Juan Fernandez," by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland.

Commencement concert this year promises to be something much above the average Commencement concert. Mlle. Avigliana, a soprano known in the best operas and musical societies of London and Paris has been engaged; and the engagement has been made because of special favor, she having been a resident of Maine several years ago. Mlle. Avigliana will be received in Lewiston with much pleasure. The rich contralto voice of Gertrude Edmands, which has been very favorably criticised by English critics as the best in America of her age, will be heard. George J. Parker, the unrivalled tenor, has been secured to sing. Master Harry Peck, of Boston, nephew of C. A. White, of Boston, will play the violin. He is called "the boy violinist," and plays with wonderful accuracy and sweetness.

Miss Gertrude Lufkin, of Boston, the cornetist, and Mr. H. S. Murray, of Portland, as accompanist, complete the list of talent.

The first league game of the Maine intercollegiate base-ball series was played at Waterville, May 9th. Official score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b. . . .	6	0	0	0	3	0	2
Tinker, 1b. . . .	6	3	2	2	13	0	0
Gilmore, c.f. . . .	6	1	1	2	1	0	0
Daggett, p. . . .	5	0	2	2	1	11	3
Call, c.	5	2	1	2	7	5	3
Newman, r.f. . . .	4	1	1	2	2	2	2
Pierce, 2b. . . .	5	0	1	1	3	3	1
Whitcomb, l.f. . . .	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Day, s.s.	3	1	0	0	3	5	1
Total	45	9	9	12	33	26	12

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, c. . . .	6	1	2	2	11	0	4
Wagg, p.	6	1	0	0	1	13	7
Gibbs, l.f.	6	2	1	1	4	0	0
Parsons, 2b. . . .	3	0	1	2	3	1	0
Gilmore, 1b. . . .	5	2	1	1	10	0	0
Roberts, c.f. and 2b.	5	1	1	1	1	1	0
Foster, r.f.	5	0	1	2	1	0	1
Bangs, 3b.	5	1	1	1	2	1	0
King, s.s.	4	2	2	5	0	2	1
McGuire, c.f. . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	47	10	10	15	33	18	13

RUNS BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Bates	0	0	0	4	3	2	0	0	0	0	0—9
Colby	2	0	1	0	4	0	0	2	0	0	1—10

Struck out—By Wagg, 10; Daggett, 6. Passed balls—Pulsifer, 1; Call, 2. Wild pitches—Wagg, 3; Earned runs—Bates, 2; Colby, 3. Time of game—2 hours 35 minutes.

STATISTICS OF SENIOR CLASS.

N. E. Adams: Fitted at Wilton Academy; age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 140 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Milton;

expenses, \$860; earnings, \$660; intended profession, teaching.

B. M. Avery: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 21; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 170 pounds; hat, 6¾; politics, Republican; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$600; intended profession, teaching.

E. F. Blanchard: Fitted at Farmington Normal School; age, 26; height, 6 feet 2½ inches; weight, 175 pounds; hat, 7¼; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Milton; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$400; intended profession, ministry.

Miss I. F. Cobb: Fitted at Edward Little High School; age, 23; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, 7½; religious belief, Congregationalist; favorite author, Irving; intended profession, teaching.

H. J. Cross: Fitted at Foxcroft Academy; age, 22; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat, 7¼; religious belief, Universalist; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,350; earnings, \$500; intended profession, law.

C. W. Cutts: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 170 pounds; hat, 7¼; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Scott; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$700; intended profession, teaching.

W. S. Dunn: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 20; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat, 7¾; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Republican, strong; favorite author, Tennyson; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$600; intended profession, teaching.

Miss L. A. Frost: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 22; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 145 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Episcopalian; favorite author, H. W. Beecher; intended profession, teaching.

F. S. Hamlet: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 23; height, 5 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 159 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religion, Home Baptist; politics, straight Republican; favorite author, Longfellow; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$800; intended profession, medicine.

H. Hatter: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 30; height 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 185 pounds; hat, $7\frac{3}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, straight Republican; intended profession undecided; expenses, \$1,100; earnings, \$1,100; favorite author, Shakespeare.

H. W. Hopkins: Fitted at Hallowell Classical Academy; age, 24; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 140; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$950; earnings, \$500; intended profession, journalism.

Miss N. B. Jordan: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 22; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 112 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Free Baptist; favorite author, Hawthorne; intended profession, teaching.

J. H. Johnson: Fitted at Symonds High School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Meredith; expenses, \$800; earnings, \$650; intended profession, teaching.

Miss F. M. Nowell: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 21; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 115 pounds; hat, $6\frac{1}{2}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; favorite author, Hawthorne; intended profession, medicine.

F. W. Oakes: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 27; height, 5 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 200 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{2}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Emerson; intended profession, ministry.

R. A. Parker: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 27; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 165 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,200; earnings, \$950; intended profession, ministry.

Miss M. G. Pinkham: Fitted at New Hampton Institution; age, 23; height, 5 feet $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 105 pounds; hat, 7; religious belief, Free Baptist; favorite author, Joseph Cook; intended profession, teaching.

W. L. Powers: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 155 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Universalist; politics, Jim Blaine; favorite author, Tenneyson; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$600; intended profession, engineering.

E. E. Sawyer: Fitted at Warner (N. H.) Free High School; age, 26; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 155 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Prohibition Republican; favorite author, Burroughs; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$800; intended profession, teaching.

C. C. Smith: Fitted at Lewiston

High School; age, 23; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 180 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{2}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$1,000; favorite author, Washington Irving.

G. W. Snow: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 22; height, 5 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 140 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Prohibition Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$886.50; intended profession, ministry.

A. D. Thomas: Fitted at Lewiston High School; age, 26; height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 138 pounds; hat, $6\frac{7}{8}$; religious belief, Episcopalian; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Scott; expenses, \$900; earnings, \$500.

F. W. Tibbetts: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 23; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 125 pounds; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Carlyle; intended profession undecided.

B. W. Tinker: Fitted at Norwich Free Academy; age, 21; height, 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 153; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Methodist; politics, Prohibitionist; favorite author, Lytton; expenses, \$1,050; earnings, \$850.

A. C. Townsend: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 28; height, 5 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; weight, 145; hat, $6\frac{7}{8}$; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Holmes; expenses, \$750; earnings, \$750; intended profession, undecided.

C. L. Wallace: Fitted at New Hampton; age, 27; height, 6 feet; weight, 160; hat, $7\frac{1}{8}$; religious belief,

Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Shakespeare; expenses, \$1,400; earnings, \$800; intended profession undecided.

F. A. Weeman: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 25; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145; hat, 7; religious belief, Free Baptist; politics, Republican; favorite author, Scott; expenses, \$1,000; earnings, \$500; intended profession, civil engineering.

S. H. Woodrow: Fitted at Nichols Latin School; age, 26; height, 5 feet 11 inches; weight, 150; hat, $7\frac{1}{4}$; religious belief, Congregationalist; politics, Prohibition Republican; favorite author, Dickens; expenses, \$1,250; earnings, \$1,300; intended profession, ministry.

PERSONALS.

[The STUDENT proposes to publish, during the present year, a complete list of the alumni with the residence and occupation of each in so far as we are able to ascertain these facts. We earnestly solicit the assistance of all to enable us to make the list as complete and satisfactory as could be wished. If any mistake is found in the following list, please notify the editors.]

ALUMNI.

1867.

Rev. Arthur Given, secretary of the Free Baptist Benevolent Societies, Providence, R. I.; residence in Auburn, R. I.

Rev. A. H. Heath, D.D., pastor of South Congregational Church, New Bedford, Mass.

J. S. Parsons, engaged in extensive agricultural operations in Minnesota.

Professor J. H. Rand, professor of Mathematics in Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Rev. G. S. Ricker, pastor of a Congregational Church, Pierce City, Mo.

Hon. F. E. Sleeper, M.D., practicing medicine at Sabatisville, Me.

Rev. W. S. Stockbridge, principal of an industrial school, Washington, D. C.

Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor of a Free Baptist Church, Dover, N. H.

1868.

Prof. G. C. Chase, professor of Rhetoric and English Language, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

G. C. Emery, master in Boston Latin School, and teacher of Mathematics, Boston, Mass.

Hon. T. O. Knowlton, Esq., practicing law in New Boston, N. H.

Hon. H. W. Littlefield, farmer, Wells Branch, Me.

Professor O. C. Wendell, assistant director of Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

1869.

Rev. W. H. Bolster, pastor of the Congregational Church, South Weymouth, Mass.

G. B. Files, principal of high school, Augusta, Me.

Miss M. W. Mitchell, principal of Young Ladies' School, Boston, Mass.

Rev. L. C. Graves, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Bowdoinham, Me.

C. A. Mooers, M.D., practicing medicine, Lawrence, Mass.

Rev. G. A. Newhall, pastor of Methodist Church, Washington, Me.

A. Small, cashier of Manufacturers' National Bank, Lewiston, Me.

1870.

J. Chase, deputy collector of customs, Custom House, Portland, Me.

Rev. A. G. Chick, Baptist minister, Vermont.

D. C. Durgin, principal of high school, Ashland, N. H.

Dr. I. Goddard, dentist, Auburn, Me.

I. W. Hanson, clerk of courts of Androscoggin County, Auburn, Me.

L. G. Jordan, principal of high school, Lewiston, Me.

F. H. Morrell, principal of high school, Irvington, N. J.

E. A. Nash, clerk of corporation, Lewiston, Me.

C. E. Raymond, teacher in Connecticut.

W. E. C. Rich, master in Dudley Grammar School, Boston, Mass.

Hon. D. M. Small, Esq., practicing law at Providence, R. I.

L. M. Webb, Esq., practicing law, Portland, Me.

1871.

J. T. Abbott, Esq., practicing law, Keene, N. H.

G. W. Flint, principal of high school, Collinsville, Conn.

J. N. Ham, principal of high school, Lexington, Mass.

Hon. C. H. Hersey, Esq., practicing law at Keene, N. H., in partnership with Abbott, above mentioned.

J. M. Libby, Esq., county attorney of Androscoggin County, Mechanic Falls, Me.

H. W. Lincoln; post-office address, Meredith Village, N. H.

A. L. Marston, teacher.

1872.

Rev. F. W. Baldwin, pastor of First Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass.

Rev. C. A. Bickford, editor of the *Morning Star*, Boston, Mass.

H. Blake, Esq., practicing law, Hallowell, Me.

Professor J. S. Brown, professor of Chemistry in Doane College, Crete, Neb.

Hon. A. M. Garcelon, M.D., practicing medicine, Lewiston, Me.

G. E. Gay, principal of high school, Malden, Mass.

E. J. Goodwin, principal of Newton High School, Newton Centre, Mass.

C. L. Hunt, superintendent of public schools, Braintree, Mass.

J. A. Jones, civil engineer, Lewiston, Me.

E. F. Nason, contributor to current periodical literature, Augusta, Me.

Rev. F. H. Peckham, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Boothbay, Me.

G. H. Stockbridge, editor of the law department of the *Electrical World*, Pulter's Building, N. Y.

Rev. T. G. Wilder, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Belmout, N. H.

1873.

E. R. Angell, teacher; post-office address at present, Derry, N. H.

J. H. Baker, principal of high school, Denver, Col.

Rev. C. H. Davis, pastor of Free Baptist Church in California.

Charles Davis.

Professor I. C. Dennett, professor of Latin in Colorado University, Boulder, Col.

Rev. Miss A. E. Haley, an evangelist; a

preacher of the Christian Baptist Denomination.

N. W. Harris, Esq., Ph.D., practicing law, and register of Probate Court, Auburn, Me.

Freedom Hutchinson, Esq., practicing law, 23 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood has just completed the sixth year in his pastorate at Dover, N. H. His church is in a flourishing condition.

'72.—Baldwin will sail for Europe on May 29th for a four-months' absence.

'73.—Professor Dennett is engaged in preparing some elementary Latin text-books.

'74.—Rogers has been appointed, by the Governor of Maine, Judge of the Municipal Court, Belfast, Me.

'75.—Spear is taking a trip West on legal business.

'77.—Emerson is a member of the Lewiston Board of Health.

'77.—A. G. Potter, M.D., has recently been re-elected as superintendent of schools, Lisbon, Me.

'78.—George, returned missionary from India, preached in the Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Sunday, May 6th.

'79.—Sargent has just opened the "Bay State Teachers' Agency" at 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, in conjunction with Scott of '85.

'80.—Judkins has been re-elected city solicitor of Lewiston.

'81.—Foss has been transferred from the Maine Methodist Conference to the Florida Conference on account of ill health.

'81.—Gilkie has accepted a call to the Richmond Free Baptist Church.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout will deliver the memorial address at Norway, Me.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, who has been teaching Latin and Greek in the high school of Jersey City, N. J., has been elected principal of the grammar school in the same city at a salary of \$1,800.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard, as the *Lewiston Journal* says, "has done wonders with the *New Britain Herald* since he assumed the management. He has brought up the tone of the paper, increased its circulation, and has moved it into shining new quarters."

'82.—Emmonds, M.D., is practicing medicine at Richmond, Me.

'83.—Rev. O. L. Gile has resigned his pastorate at Richmond and has accepted a call to Cape Elizabeth, Me.

'83.—Rev. W. H. Barber has been appointed pastor of the Methodist Church at North Augusta.

'86.—A. E. Blanchard has entered a law office in Kansas City, Missouri.

'86.—Libby is engaged with the publishing house of Leach, Sherwall & Sanborn, Boston, Mass.

'86.—Morton will deliver the address before the alumni at the anniversaries at the close of this month.

'86.—Miss Tracy is teaching at the Topsham High School.

THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—Chadwick is teaching for a short time at Pittsfield.

'88.—Bradeen is supplying at Dexter.

'88.—Whitman will supply at Sabatis for one year.

'89.—Paine is teaching Rhetoric in the Latin School.

STUDENTS.

'88.—Miss Minnie E. Wheeler, formerly of '88, is teaching at Stark, N. H.

'89.—Libby has been teaching in Foxcroft Academy.

'90.—Mainwaring, formerly of '90, is in the Croyer Theological School at Chester, Penn.

POET'S CORNER.
SPRING.

As when a loving mother bends
And with a kiss her child awakes
So Earth aroused by gentle Spring
The semblance of new being takes.

W. L. N., '91.

BOATING SONG.

Oh, life is fair when the eyes are bright,
And the heart is strong, I trow ;
But day is followed by depths of night,
Then merrily heave, ye ho !

Oh, sweet is death when the hair turns gray,
And the pulse grows weak and slow ;
For night is followed by golden day,
Then merrily heave, ye ho !

—*Yale Courant.*

IM ABEND.

From a lovely grove's cool shadows,
Where a dainty rug is spread,
Made of softest moss and flowers,
Fit for none but fairies' tread ;
Where the mellow rays of moonlight
Through the leafy lattice peep,
Tracing graceful dreamy figures
Where the shadows lie asleep—
Comes a magic invitation,
Gently born to mortal sense
By soft sighing forest zephyrs
Fraught with sylvan redolence.
"Come," each sleepy flower murmurs
Through the drowsy woodland hum ;
And the wakeful crickets chirping
Echo back in chorus, "Come."

—*Williams Lit.*

A SERENADE.

Soft be thy slumbers, fair Leonore.
Sweet be thy dreams forevermore.
Like the bright jewels in golden bed,
So on thy pillow rests thy fair head.
Peacefully sleeping whom I adore,
Soft be thy slumbers, dear Leonore.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

OUR ALMA MATER.

Under the shades of the mountains,
And bright with the sheen of the sun,
Where the Freshman from its fountains,
Goes forth its long journey to run.

At the base of these hills it is nestled
On the sands of a long lost sea,
Where Tritons and Titans wrestled
For the old time's mastery.

Here reigneth our queenly mother,
The proudest of subjects are we,
On all the round globe not another
Hath half so much beauty as she.

—*Amherst Student.*

A SONG OF THE LAKES.

The night wind, dies in quivering sighs,
In yon lake depths one star is gleaming ;
From ivied wall dim shadows fall,
And there above my love is dreaming.

Sweet, clear, there breaks across the lakes
A wild hill song still fainting, failing,
Till fainter still the echoes thrill
And fairy voices die in wailing.

Far, far below, the plashing low
Of idle waves grows silent, sleeping.
Calm be thy breast and sweet thy rest,
For night and love the watch are keeping.

—*Dartmouth.*

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Far, far away in evening's hush,
We caught a plaintive, liquid lay,—
The lonely, love lorn hermit thrush
That sang the vesper hymn of day.

The fragrant air was drunk with May,
And from the marsh's tangled brush,
Far, far away in evening's hush,
We caught a plaintive, liquid lay.

The mist stole from the meadows lush
 The day's glad chorus died away,
 Save, half-unheard, the river's rush,
 And, like the murmurs from its spray,
 Far, far away in evening's hush,
 We caught a plaintive, liquid lay.

—Dartmouth.

SONNET.

[On a picture in the April *Lippincott*.]

O fair, sweet face, O shadowy, pictured dream,
 O lovely vision from the lovely South,
 Glad am I only o'er this page to dream.

Ah! happy he who from that perfect mouth
 Shall know warm kisses—in those tender
 eyes

Under the drooping lashes, long and fine,
 The gleam of that glad light that never dies
 Shall catch. O sweetness sweeter far than
 wine—

The honeyed wine of thine own sunny land,—
 Only to see the beauty of thy face,
 Only to feel the cool touch of thy hand,
 Only to glimpse the glory of thy grace;
 O pictured maiden, lowly at thy feet

We bow, far-off, and whisper, Love is sweet.

—Williams Lit.

Listen to the soft breeze whispering,
 Smiling joyous, light and free.

Fond Demeter is rejoicing
 O'er her loved Persephone.

All the spring life is awaking,
 Birds are singing, flowers bloom.

We can hear the soft sea ringing
 With no lightest touch of gloom,

All the earth is robed in beauty,
 Glad hearts quiver, filled with glee.

From the realm of death and sorrow
 Comes the lost Persephone.

—Kent's Hill Breeze.

MEMORIES.

'Twas blooming May when I saw thee last;
 And on the hills and in the vales
 The bright and glorious hues of spring
 Were budding into beauty; and as I passed
 Thee, wandering by the river's side,
 And viewed the landscape far and wide,
 I saw the power of nature, felt its thrill:
 The scene was lovely, but thou wast lovelier
 still.

—Ex.

I had ventured a kiss,
 Just an instant of bliss,

Made bold by the flash of her eyes;
 'Twas rashness, 'tis true,
 And its peril I knew,
 But a man never knows till he tries.
 Then I plead—lest it might
 Her displeasure excite—

“Was it really a wrong thing to do?”
 And she frowned as she said,

With a toss of her head,

“Yes, I'm sure it was wrong—save for
 you.”

—Yale Record.

EXCHANGES.

The noticeable feature of the exchange table for this month is the presence of a large number of preparatory school magazines. Some of them are issued yearly, some once or twice each term, and some monthly. Many of them exhibit the characteristic high school verdancy, while a few are ably edited publications and outrank some of the college magazines. Among the latter class the *Kent's Hill Breeze* is one of the best and attests to the good sense of the editors. Though many of the pieces are of a moral or religious nature, such as are hardly expected of the school journal, yet they are uniformly good and doubtless meet the approval of their readers.

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Distance doth lend enchantment; thus we say
And straight forgetful of the proverb trite,
Our truant thought runs backward to the day
When Spanish student sang his roundelay
'Neath mullioned casement, in the summer
night.

Youth is romance's hey-day: weight of years
Has aged the world, you say; it is not true!
To us small sense of sweet romance appears
For very nearness. After flight of years,
Distance shall lend enchantment to the view.

◆◆◆
INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

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sports. He recently prepared, at his own expense, four tennis courts for the use of the Theological students.

The athletics at Moody's School at Northfield this summer will be in charge of Stag of Yale.

The new fire-proof library at Syracuse will accommodate 150,000 volumes.

Dr. Phillips Brooks will be the Y. M. C. A. speaker at the Williams Commencement.

Johns Hopkins University has a "Tramp Club." No person can become a member until he has walked thirty miles in one day with some member of the club.

Wellesley has 620 students; Vassar, 283; Smith, 367; Byrn-Mawr, 79. These are the four largest ladies' colleges.

"Prof. G. Stanley Hall has accepted the presidency of Clark University at Worcester, Mass.," says an exchange.

Euphrates College at Harpoot, Turkey has 300 students, 87 of these are in the classical department. Rev. Mr. Wheeler formerly of Warren, Me., is president.

About half the colleges in the United States publish papers. The *Notre Dame Scholastic* has a larger circulation than any other college paper, 1,250 each issue. The *Dartmouth* comes next with a circulation of 1,150.—*University News*.

A perfect recitation is called "teat" at Princeton, "squirt" at Harvard, "sail" at Bowdoin, "rake" at Williams, "cold lush" at Amherst, and a "score" at Bates.

Stagg of Yale is constantly receiving

flattering proposals to sign with professional teams. The New York league recently offered him \$5,000 for the season's work.

There are over eighty post-graduate courses at Yale.

Almost one-half of the graduates of Yale are still living.

Cornell students are very angry because the police have forbidden them to give the college yell in the streets of Ithaca.

The Newton Theological Seminary, founded in 1825, has sixty-one students, of whom eight are in the Senior class, eighteen in the Middle class, twenty-three are in the Junior class, and twelve are not in the regular course. Of the Seniors, two are from Brown University, one of Harvard, one of Cornell, and two of Colby.—*Ex*.

Ex-Gov. Leland Stanford, who gives \$20,000,000 to found a university in California, thus expresses himself about it: "It will be built with a sole regard to the poor. No rich man's son or daughter will want to go there. The houses for the comfort and convenience of my guests will be plain but substantial, and due regard will be had to every want of the pupils, but nothing ornate or grand will be allowed. This institution will absorb my wealth and be a monument to the memory of my son. The poor alone will be welcome; it will not be built for the rich."—*Pennsylvania College Monthly*.

Teacher—"Tommy, what is the greatest empire in the world?" Tommy—(who is captain of a base-ball nine) "Ferguson, he's the greatest empire."

POTPOURRI.

Cupid, little wretch, is blind;
And tho' his darts are sighs and krs,
When he shoots at pretty maids
He's forever making Mrs.

—*Transcript.*

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss is as good as a smile,
But four painted kings
Are the beautiful things
That are good for the other man's pile.

—*Hallowell Classical.*

CHARITY.

A student to his father sent
His third-term Freshman bill;
The statement of the money spent
A page or more did fill,
And as the *pater* cast his eye
O'er items great and small,
He chanced a little one to spy
Mixed in among them all.

'Twas this: "For charity I gave
Of dollars fifty-four,"
At this his father's face was grave,
And looks of sorrow bore;
Till down he sat and wrote, wrote he,
With face suffused with grins,
"I greatly fear that 'charity'
Doth cover many sins."

—*Lafayette.*

About ten years ago the Amherst
Serenaders were to disturb the slum-
bers of pretty Kate, a stage singer.
In her honor they struck up "Sweet
Evelina," using the words—

"Dear Kate Pennoyer,
Sweet Kate Pennoyer,
Our love for thee
Shall never, never die."

After singing the entire song the
boys waited a moment for a response
to their serenade. Slowly a window
was raised, a man with long whiskers
and clad in robes of white was seen, and
then a bass solo was wafted down to
the collegians:

"Dear boys below there,
Sweet boys below there,

Your Kate Pennoyer
Lives four doors below here."

As the last words died on the frosty
air, the singers gathered up like Arabs
and as silently stole away.—*Musical
Record.*

Fizz-icians—Fire crackers. A big
dent—President. A boy-cott—A
trundle-bed.

Irate Prof.—"How dare you swear
before me, sir?" Student—"How did
I know you wanted to swear first."—*Ex.*

Requisites for ball players—"Eyes
open and mouth shut." "Couldn't these
apply outside the diamond?"

A pupil in one of the schools of this
city complied recently as follows with
a request to write a composition on the
subject of a physiological lecture to
which the school had just listened:
The human body is made up of the
head, thorax, and the abdomen. The
head contains the brains when there is
any. The thorax contains the heart
and the lungs. The abdomen contains
the bowels, of which there are five, A,
E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y."
—*Star.*

The Indian who was so much pleased
with the first locomotive he had ever
seen, that he tried to lasso it, after-
wards told another Indian that he was
never so carried away with anything
before in all his life.—*Journal of Edu-
cation.*

Three perfected dudes, accompanied
by three accomplished belles, occupied
six chairs in the orchestra of Daly's
Theatre a few nights ago. Their con-
versation previous to the rising of the
curtain was such as to convince a
hearer that they were of the most cult-

ured society. They discussed the opera like accomplished musical amateurs. They argued about the respective merits of J. Frank Currier and T. Addison Richards in a way that showed how well they knew the difference between the "hard" school and the "impressionists." They made telling remarks about the intricacies of the Yale-Harvard foot-ball game. Any one could see with half an eye that the men were graduates of Harvard. Just after the curtain descended at the close of the first act one of the ladies caught sight of the embroidered motto in its center. Turning to the gentleman next to her, she said: "What does that mean? It's Latin is it not?" The gentleman adjusted his single eye-glass and carefully read the line: "*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*" "By Jove, you know," he remarked, "I'm dreadfully rusty in my Latin. Say, Charlie, can you translate that rubbish?" The man addressed took a long look at it and then said: "I could if I had a dictionary here, don't you know; but I can't remember what any of those words mean except *qui*—that means 'who' or 'which' or 'what.' " The third man was called upon, and, after a few moments of study, he said: "Well, now, it's funny, but I can't seem to remember all of the words myself. *Palmam* means 'a palm,' and *ferat* means 'he makes.' " "He who makes a palm," murmured the first gentleman. "Don't seem to be much sense in that, does there?" "No, by Jove," said the second man. "I don't believe it is classical Latin. It must be a quotation from one of those idiotic old mediæval fathers." "Per-

haps I can help you," remarked the youngest of the three ladies, who had not before spoken. "I think it means, 'Let him take the cake who deserves it.'" The three men looked puzzled for a moment and then burst out laughing. "Ha! ha! deucedly clever! You're always so witty, you know."

The Junior motto: "*Qui non proficit, deficit*," was recently translated by a Freshman, "He who does not brace up gets left."

The Business Manager of one of our exchanges recently received the following note with one of his remittances:

"Lest some policeman westward flee
To grab me by the collar,
I forward you immediately
The necessary dollar."

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a University of Pennsylvania paper.

A short time ago a gentleman took his little son on a railroad excursion. The little fellow looked out of the window, when his father slipped the hat off the boy's head. The latter was much grieved at his supposed loss, when his papa consoled him by saying he would "whistle it back." A few minutes later he whistled and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad flung the hat out of the window, shouting: "Now, papa, whistle it back again!" A roar of laughter served to enhance the confusion of papa.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.



Crayon Artist and Photographer,

As he is now situated in his

NEW STUDIO, SANDS BUILDING,

Has facilities for all kinds of Photographic Work, which are unrivaled in the State. We make a specialty of large work, such as GROUPS, LIFE-SIZE HEADS, and LARGE FULL-LENGTH PHOTOGRAPHS, which with our large camera and superior light we execute in the highest perfection of the art. Full line of samples on exhibition at our studio. Prices low.

SPECIAL RATES TO STUDENTS. CALL AND SEE US.

===== F. E. STANLEY. =====

Strictly Pure Confectionery, Made Fresh Every Day,

EXCEPT SUNDAYS, AT THE

BROADWAY CANDY WORKS,

From the Best Granulated Sugar. Price, 10 to 40 Cents Per Pound. M. E. Goss, Chief Clerk,
F. W. Hodgkins, Candy Refiner.

No. 223 MAIN ST., LEWISTON.

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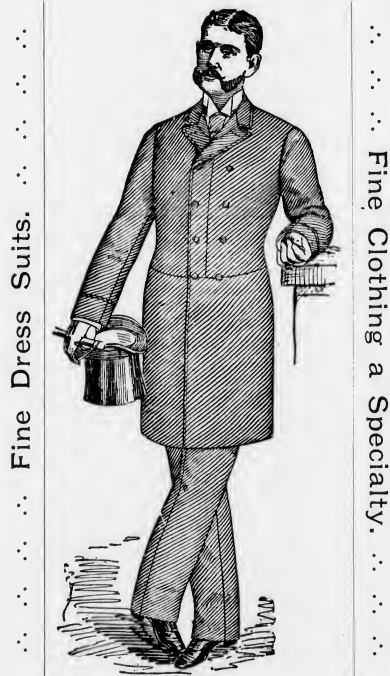
During the Collegiate Year by the

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Number 6.



Sixteenth
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'89

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THE BATES STUDENT.

IVY AND COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1888.

No. 6.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON, E. I. CHIPMAN,
E. J. SMALL, A. L. SAFFORD,
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J. I. HUTCHINSON.

I. N. COX, Business Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly
should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

AS we approach the close of the
base-ball season we feel more
than satisfied with the results attained.
Though we have not secured the pen-
nant, yet it has been demonstrated that
our boys can play a good game of ball.
To form an association and put a good
nine in the field is not an easy task,
but now that the foundation is securely
laid we may hope that another year
such an enthusiastic support and im-
petus may be given to our participation
in the intercollegiate contest as will
bring the pennant to Bates.

EVERY class in college has a few
who are devoted to athletic sports,
strong, hardy fellows, who can disin-
tegrate a page of Greek and get a
lesson in Calculus in good shape, but
who find a swinging pace for ten or
fifteen miles, or a hard tussle with the
gloves much more congenial. Then
there are a few who are yoked to a
grave, meditative existence, who con-
fine their rambles and tussles to the
realm of psychology, and with bent
brow and quizzical eye seem to be
searching in the grass and on the rocks
and leaves for the trail of some vast,
invisible fact that has passed that way;
and, finally, we would mention a char-

acter, in thought of whom we have written what we have. One of those strong-spirited, generous fellows with noble impulses; a kind of character over whom the deeply religious hold up their hands in horror, whom the prudent condemn, whom the quiet withdraw from, whom every one likes and but few understand. Misjudge such a young man as that two or three times, make him feel that you think he is wild and tough, and you will lose a friend whom, if there is anything mean in your character, you needed, and who, if there is any good in your character, needed you.

AMONG men of broad sympathies and full understanding of human nature, Henry Ward Beecher was a conspicuous example. He was a scholar and an appreciative friend of scholars. His deep interest in the welfare of others found a glad response in many a heart cheered and strengthened by his words and influence. With more than ordinary pleasure we print here a short extract from his "Advice to Students": "Remember that much of knowledge is growth, not accumulation. The life that one is living in is the book that men more need to know than any other. Never outrun health. A broken scholar is like a razor without a handle. The finest edge on the best steel is beholden to the services of homely horn for ability to be useful. Keep an account with your brain. Sleep, food, air, and exercise are your best friends. Don't cut their company. Don't fall into the vulgar idea that the mind is a mere warehouse and education a process of stuffing it. . . .

Do not study for ideas alone, but train for condition. Get and keep a healthy brain. Train it to sharp and accurate impressions. Don't mope. Be a boy as long as you live. Keep up high spirits. A low tone of mind is unhealthy. There's food and medicine in nerve. Quantity and quality of nerve mark the distinctions between animals and between men, from the bottom of creation to the top. Now, if you come home with your cheeks sunken and your eyes staring out of hollow pits, I'll disown you. Good-bye. God bless you."

THERE are as many ways of going through college as there are of going through life, and that means as many as the individuals concerned in it, but if you look carefully you will see that they group themselves into three classes. There are those who slide through as a man goes down a toboggan chute, started by some one and the projectile force more than sufficient to overcome their original inertia and so they slip along. What with "horses" and friends and cool audacity, it is marvelous to see with how little work one can complete his college course. Then there is a second class. The members of this believe that college means five terms of mathematics, or six if you can accomplish it, so many cubic feet of Greek roots, and German irregular verbs, in fact just what is laid down in the catalogue, and nothing else. "Society work?" "Oh, I can't get any time for society work." "Well, how about athletics? Do some work in the gymnasium to keep your muscle up, I suppose?"

"You must be crazy. I leave that to the boys who come to college to learn base-ball. I get all the exercise I need if I go down to my club and back three times a day." And so day by day they grub along growing more and more narrow and bigoted. Perhaps in two years' time they find they can't work as hard as they could at first, and fearful dreams of brain fever and nervous prostration haunt them. Your brain is not wearing out, this is just the trouble; you have filled it full and made no allowance for growth or outlet, one or the other you must have, and that immediately. Change your club farther down street, spend two or three hours once a week in the society room and let some of your superfluous knowledge out there; they can stand it; or even squander an hour once in a while playing with the Indian clubs and dumb-bells. In a word wake up and realize that college is a preparation for life.

Now we have, too, a third class, more numerous than both of these, let us thankfully confess. Men who know that a college education means all it does to the second class and more, too, that it means a broadening and deepening of the sympathies, an increasing of the capacity for pleasure and pain, a giving of greater ability for usefulness as well as greater opportunity, realizing that the end aimed at is not to make monks shut up in a dark, daintly fretted cloister with their books and themselves, but men out in the free air, under the clear heavens must devote themselves to the cause of the unfortunate. This is the true aim.

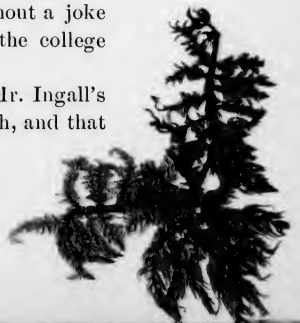
Toward this all things must tend, and to suit this end all true action is bent.

THE idea is rapidly growing in favor that every boy should thoroughly learn some business or trade. This is sound logic. The cunning of the hand should be developed as an aid to the acumen of the mind. The knowledge that he has actually mastered one of the means whereby men gain a livelihood renders a young man fearless and independent; freed from a sense of helplessness he can throw all his energy and spirit into whatever vocation he may choose. Not all who go to college care to enter a profession. Frequently business has greater attractions, and fortunate are those who have had some early training in that direction.

The most tireless brain workers at times need relaxation, and the ability to skillfully fashion some material thing gives them purest rest and enjoyment. Robert Collyer sought recreation in the working of iron. Hugh Miller got his enthusiasm for geology from the rocks that he chiselled as a craftsman, while Gladstone in his old age often plys the ax for exercise.

Senator Ingall's severe criticism, that college graduates as a rule lack ability in dealing with men and things, and that their views are subtle and abstract, voices a sentiment widely prevalent among business and working men. Hardly a newspaper thinks its funny column complete without a joke cracked at the expense of the college man.

Although we think that Mr. Ingall's speech was in the main harsh, and that



often the press is unjust, yet beneath so much smoke there may be a little fire. Possibly the student's quick appreciation of the ideal and his close contact with the theoretical instead of the practical tend to make him visionary. His early training may be in fault, in that he has never mingled with the active business world. Nothing will so quickly and potently dispel false notions respecting the gulf supposed to exist between brain and brawn workers as an intimate acquaintance with the thoughts and doings of practical business and laboring men. If a boy is not going to college he surely ought to thoroughly understand some lucrative trade or employment; if he does go, such knowledge will certainly do him good service. Every young man should be a master of some one of the industrial arts.

ALL honest and faithful students are studying with some end in view. And what do they propose? They are fitting themselves to move the world of humanity. They sincerely desire to help in the noble work of clearing away the darkness of sin and ignorance which overshadows the human race. A liberal culture is deemed a necessary preparation, and rightly so. Now what are the principal elements concerned in such a culture? Broadly and generally speaking, there are three: physical, intellectual, and spiritual education.

Of the first very little need be said. With the minute knowledge of the physical system and its requirements

which modern science possesses, hardly one need be burdened with ill health.

As for the second, the student is spending some of the best years of his life under the guidance of experienced instructors in carrying his intellectual development to a good degree of perfection.

Of the third we would speak more fully. By this we mean the emotional part of man, his heart, his soul. The soul has often been very appropriately spoken of as a musical instrument whose vibrations were capable of swelling with the wild, agitated notes of despair, or fear, or doubt, and at other times distilling a sweetness of exquisite harmony like the falling dews of paradise, or breaking forth into glad songs of triumph.

The men who have felt this music in its deepest intensity and have been able to explain or make it audible to others, have been the world's great artists, whether they be poets, musicians, painters, or sculptors. To these we must go and catch from them in sympathetic vibration the heavenly melody. Such souls alone have access to the great Soul of Man. Such alone can move and benefit mankind. Poetry and music, especially and above all else, must be understood and felt by those who are destined to move the world to better things. To the former of these some attention is given in every well-organized curriculum, especially to its exterior form. Yet, to come to the bottom of the matter, very little genuine sympathy, or true soul-like grasp of poetry ever stirs the student in any measure proportioned to

what there should be. Examine the average book-shelves and what do we see? Treatises on science, works of history, frequently an encyclopedia, but seldom a book of poems, at least one which gives evidence of having been well read by its possessor. We would not be afraid to assert that not more than one or two out of every hundred students have ever read Keat's "Endymion" or Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," or Byron's "Childe Harold"; yet the delicious and luxuriant fancy of the first, the sublimity and ethereal music of the second, and the pensive sweetness of the last should be woven into the very soul-fiber of every one who desires to move human hearts effectively. "I put" says Mr. Frederic Harrison in his excellent article on the "Choice of Books," "the poetic and emotional side of literature as the most needed for daily use."

Of music we are almost ashamed to speak. How many leave college or the university with diploma in hand, certifying that they have completed a full and elaborate course of liberal culture, who cannot tell one note of music from another, and far less have felt and appreciated the divine strains of a Beethoven, which alone are capable of stirring the more secret depths of the soul, which more than anything else can open up to mortal view the infinite breadth and depth of the unseen universe to which the human soul is ever reaching out, for which it is ever yearning, ever striving to catch its super-sensible harmony.

It is especially deplorable to think

how many clergymen are deficient in this part of their education. If the heart of many a preacher was more mellowed, more enriched by such a culture we would see less raking up into the light of day of old, musty, patched, threadbare, theological rubbish and hear more of the all-embracing love of God, of the infinite tenderness and sympathy of Christ; and not only hear but feel, and many a hungry, thirsty soul would be refreshed. Every man is a preacher whether he proclaims from the pulpit or by the silent eloquence of his daily life, and every man needs this magnanimity, this greatness and richness of soul.

"The meaning of song goes deep," says Carlyle. Men may, and often do, turn deaf ears to argument, expostulation, or entreaty; but one can never close himself to the soft, gliding entrance of music. It steals into his heart with healing balm ere he is aware. The heart is always open to its influence.

Students cheerfully spend hundreds of dollars on their education, but never once think of the value and necessity of music. Is this thoughtlessness or indifference? It cannot be the latter, for we all remember what Shakespeare says of "the man who hath no music in his soul," and can such be found among college students? No. It must be thoughtlessness or preconceived error in regard to its costliness. Now we believe that any one with a comparatively trifling expense may acquire a musical education sufficient to give him life-long pleasure, not to say anything

of the good it will be to others indirectly by its refining influence on himself.

Every one has in his possession a superb instrument, the human voice. It is all folly and prejudice to say that one hasn't a good voice for music. Music teachers have emphasized again and again the fact that one can learn to sing as easily and as satisfactorily and as certainly as he can learn to talk. All you need is a little careful development of the vocal chords which calls for a very slight outlay in instruction. This will be a benefit in other ways; physically, by strengthening the lungs and other respiratory organs, and socially by making your voice more pleasing and agreeable in conversation or public speaking. Then there is the violin, the "King of instruments." The cost is small. Careful practice (remember it is *careful* practice that makes perfect), a few dollars spent for a teacher and you have a life friend which will fill your lonely moments with sweetness. Then the flute with its brilliant, liquid intonation, or the cornet or clarinet, or a dozen others. Indeed, everything reduces to the old maxim, "Where there's a will there's a way." If we could only see the need of a musical education and then make up our minds to have it the problem is already solved.

The two lectures delivered before the students, by Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., of Portland, were of much more than usual interest. The doctor will always receive a warm welcome at Bates.

LITERARY.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By A. C. T., '88.

As when a youth with hope and ardor bold,
Beholds the morning, when with conscious
pride,
Exulting, he exclaims, "I am a man!"
And then sinks back a moment, half-dismay'd,
To think how great the task imposed on him
Who thus throws down his gauntlet to the
world;
So we, our *Alma Mater*, stand to-day
Upon thy threshold looking forth on life,
The life for which our youthful hearts have
longed,
Yet turning back with lingering looks of pain,
To take thy blessing on our untried lives.
The future none may know. 'Tis wisely hid,
With all the devious windings we must tread;
Though oft we stand on tiptoe, or forsooth
Impatient strive to pull the curtain down
Behind which are arranged to-morrow's scenes.
'Tis better so, for, be there joys in store,
'Tis better they should come a glad surprise
Than by long expectation lose their charm.
And if for us Fate offers many woes,
'Tis mercy that conceals them from our gaze,
That we may not the present joys obscure
By woes to be. Enough for us if each
Have courage, strength, and skill to meet the
task
That in each passing moment waits his hand.
The present moment only is thine own;
Then, in that present, act if thou wouldst live.
" 'Tis action, action, action gives success,"
The great Athenian orator declared,
When asked the secret of the power that
sways
Assembled men, as ocean tides are swayed,
That follow round the world the beckoning
moon.
Here in these halls by kind instructors led,
Together we've been taught and trained and
tried,
To prove our fitness for life's waiting tasks.
Henceforth be ours the burden self-imposed,
To merit true success, lest any bring
Dishonor to our *Alma Maters'* name.
And as we tarry for a moment here,
Each busy with the thoughts the hour suggests,
Each waiting for another first to say

The farewell words he feels he cannot speak,
 Let me, kind friends, a simple tale relate
 To break the spell we all too deeply feel.
 In years long gone in German forests dwelt
 The huntsman, Immo, lonely and alone,
 His faithful dog his sole companion there.
 So fond was Immo of the wild wood-craft,
 That he had left the haunts of busy men,
 Left business, friendship, love, and wife and home,

To find in hunting all he wished in life.
 So true did his unerring shaft become
 That nothing could escape his fatal aim.
 And soon, throughout the land, was spread the fame

Of this wild huntsman and eccentric man.
 One day a lovely milk-white fawn he spied,
 And quick an arrow sped to pierce her heart.
 But, lo, unharmed, the creature walked away,
 While Immo's arrow midway met the ground.
 Astonished, half annoyed; yet half rejoiced
 To find he had not harmed the graceful deer,
 He started forward on the creature's track,
 Half charmed and half-resolved again to shoot.
 Through tangled woods and winding paths the doe

Led Immo where a lofty cliff appeared,
 Then quick into a cavern in the rock
 It disappeared, and Immo stood alone;
 Then he, too, entered to secure the prize,
 When lo, a lovely woman met his gaze,
 Who, with one hand the frightened deer caressed,

And with the other, pointing at the man.
 Said softly, "Immo, why pursue my deer?"
 Then overcome and speechless with surprise
 And admiration at her feet he knelt,
 And could not look upon her radiant form;
 But in his hands a moment hid his face.
 When next he looked the dazzling scene had changed,

And in the place of faun and maiden fair
 Were grinning goblins mocking his dismay.
 But in that moment all his life was changed,
 For never from that hour did Immo find
 His old-time pleasure in the wild wood craft.
 But, seeking once again the busy world,
 Found pleasure now in every walk of life.
 Is there a meaning in this legend old?
 The huntsman wild is he who dwarfing life,
 Immersed in business, books, or anything,
 Shuts all the fountains of life's joy but one,
 And lives an exile from his better self.
 The milk-white faun, whose heart ambition's shaft

At last would seek, but ever fails to pierce,
 Is hope, which man would sacrifice at last,
 When all his sister virtues he has slain.
 But in the presence of white-handed faith,
 Hope dares revive and bid man's soul awake
 To all its glorious possibilities,
 Though goblins of despair sit mocking by.
 He doth not live whose poor contracted life
 Is narrowed to a single changeless round,
 Who born to inherit princely palaces,
 Lives only in the cellar cold and dark.
 The tree of life has many laden boughs
 In reach of him who will but pluck and eat.

INDIVIDUALITY, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—CLASS-DAY ORATION.

By B. W. T., '88.

IT seems fitting on such an occasion
 as this, ere the thick clouds of separation dim our mutual vision, to consider together something of interest to each of us. We are soon to take leave of these peaceful walls, and push our bark out into the stormy ocean of life. It will be a solemn moment when we cast off the hawser that binds us to this institution, which has so gallantly led us up, and undertake to stem the tide alone. We must now lay our own plans, and mark out our own course.

The question, "How can we succeed?" is asked in every vocation, in every condition of life, and, methinks, many of us have laid our plans—remodeled them, built air castles and watched them tumble. "Individuality, the Secret of Success," must be the motto of each of us, if we would obtain the best results and achieve that for which we were created.

Every man, besides the nature that constitutes him man, has another nature that constitutes him a particular individual. He is distinguished by his

own physical and mental feature. He is endowed with a quality so purely in contrast with the common nature of man that, by virtue of it, he can be singled out from all the myriads of his race. Each one of us has been created for a distinct purpose, and if we fail to discover this purpose, and after the discovery to retain and cherish it, we must fall far short of the best attainable results. "Know thyself," said the wise Greek, and the echoings of that great law of power have reverberated in all the past ages, and in the coming cycles will lend hope and inspiration to a seeking world. Even the heathen esteemed it a principal part of wisdom that every man should know himself, and such was the value set on this precept that they believed it to be heaven inspired.

There is no way to discover what place we can best fill, on what lines of activity we can be the most successful, except by some severe self-searching and the consciousness of an accurate estimate of our own talents. The means of obtaining this knowledge are daily presented to us; and every time we think we have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with ourselves. This knowledge is not hidden, nor is it afar off. We must become careful students of our inner nature, of our faculties, of our aspirations, of our qualification for particular callings, of our ability to surmount the barriers before us, and of our fitness for them and their fitness for us; for on our calling we stake all our success, and after we have chosen it, it may be too late to repair the failures of an unwise selection.

God has intended every one for some useful position; and in those moments which we spend in thoughtful communion with ourselves, the veil of uncertainty enshrouding us is thrust aside, and we see ourselves in the pure light that radiates from our clear breast. If one has a strong propensity for some special employment, let him follow that employment. It is almost impossible for any one to have a strong taste for any vocation and have no power to do good work. We naturally take our tastes as a guarantee of our talents, but this is not sufficient. What we believe to be our own individuality may be only the reflection in our soul's mirrors of the individuality of others. Because one can write blank verse to his "mistress eyebrow," or win the plaudits of society, it does not always follow that his genius will be the marvel of the next century. Many a would-be doctor or lawyer is measuring ribbon over a counter. But, for the most part, our desires are infallible tests of our powers, and success in life is conditioned on careful, attentive study of ourselves. Conscious of a clear insight, and of a sound judgment of our merits, we need not doubt what niche we are to fill in the plan of the great Architect, but should direct all our energies toward gaining that position. We must be thoroughly alive to our purposed field of operation. When we contemplate the vast store of treasure to be discovered in our path, every nerve of our being must thrill with anticipated delight, our sluggish blood must pulsate more rapidly, and we must concentrate our thought with an exclusive

attachment upon the one object. This convergence of ideas and efforts is more favorable to great results than that breadth of comprehension which, so far as the routine of business is concerned, operates only as a hindrance to our taking the main chance. Even those who have done the greatest things have not always been the greatest men; but they have been men who have had a singleness of purpose, men whose train of thought was all in one direction. Such men have the grit that removes every obstacle, that wins our most signal victories, makes our most startling discoveries, and lifts humanity above the clouds of speculation into the clear light of absolute truth.

Such a man was Agassiz. Early schooled in his own thoughts and inclinations he followed them perseveringly and unswervingly. As a result, he built up the noble, manly character that all the world admires. I once heard a learned divine say, "What we want is iron, more iron in our blood, and, with all due respect to homeopathy, we want it in allopathic doses." We must have the iron of that dauntless man, who said, "We'll fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

It may seem but a small matter to turn but a little out of one's path. The Volga and Dwina are two great Russian rivers, their sources in two lakes, once touching. It would have been easy for them to have flowed together in one direction, but a little rise determines the direction of each. The one flows south in warm climes and through rich verdure, by the rich cities, and brings health and plenty to the labor-

ing swain; the other flows through barren, icy wastes, and empties its frozen flood into the Arctic. From such a small beginning was this vast difference wrought. So a young man, by misjudging and deviating from his individuality, may never be able to recover himself, and, despite of his efforts, may go on in his errors till the end of life, and even be ushered into eternity conscious that he has not done his proper work.

After you have found your individuality, follow it, for your success depends on your stability of purpose. Disaster always follows in the wake of the vacillating character, but when the compass of the soul points true the billows of life are safely surmounted. Many turn a deaf ear to the whisperings of their soul, and say to themselves, "Money we must have." For this purpose they will make some minor preference a stepping-stone to their desire. But alas! many remain always at the threshold of desire. One thing after another leads them away, and soon the path of good conduct becomes so intricate and perplexed with these constant by-paths that they never get into the right road. Some few happy men may reflect on the good fortune that has provided an appropriate sphere for their talents; but others are forever doomed to be making bricks without straw. There is no one who does not feel that he has wasted much, too much precious time, learning that which proves to be utterly worthless, and through a lack of knowledge of his talents, in making false starts, in shifting from one profession to another

for the sake of a few dollars. To be a Jack-of-all-trades is no honor.

Bacon, "that wisest and meanest of men," no doubt ranks high among the highest in culture, yet he occupies a position far lower than he would have gained had he concentrated his efforts on one great purpose. Years of his life were wasted in petty court intrigues when his mind ought to have been at work on that for which he knew he was best fitted. Let not the acquirement of money be your purpose in life. Lay not aside your cherished desire to shrivel and decay with neglect. Turn not to any profession but that of your true choice.

You might as well try to hear with the tips of your fingers as to endeavor to succeed in any vocation unattractive to you. Take the choice God points out to you, that your nature welcomes, and, as surely as the sun will rise on the morrow, success will crown your efforts. As you stand confronting the solemn responsibilities of life, I would have you each earnestly say to humanity waiting for your offering of service, "Such as I have, give I unto you."

All of you possess an element of success if only you are true to yourselves. Many a man, affecting the manner of others, has found too late that his prosperity is as meager as his pretensions. The greatest men have been original men.

"Drink water from the fount that in thy bosom springs,
And envy not the mingled draught of sa-
traps, or of kings;
So shalt thou find at last, far from the giddy train,
Self-knowledge and self-culture leads to un-
computed gain."

CLASS ODE.

By J. H. J., '88.

Time, with ever-restless pinions,
Wafts to us the closing hour,
Drops the spell of precious mem'ries,
Laden with its magic power.
Tender memories, precious memories,
That shall cheer us on life's way;
Angels guard and keep them sacred
Till we meet in endless day.

Hand in hand we here have labored,
Friendship's chain we've welded fast,
And our hearts, by love united,
Cherish treasures that will last.
When our work of life is ended,
And we reach the golden gate,
There may angel's songs await us,
Echoing back to '88.

CLASS HYMN.

By J. H. J., '88.

AIR—"Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

Father give our spirits peace,
From life's turmoil grant release;
Pilot-Lord of Galilee,
Thou who rulest earth and sea,
Tempest's rage obeys thy will,
Speak to us thy "Peace, Be still."

Thou who erst didst walk the deep,
Our frail bark from danger keep;
While the waves of life dash high,
Guide us with thy sleepless eye;
With thy rest our spirits fill,
Grant to us thy "Peace, Be still."

When the voyage is almost o'er,
And we hear the breakers roar;
As our boat draws near the strand—
Haven of the promised land,
Trusting all unto thy will,
May we hear thy "Peace, Be still."

A fond mother called the other day
upon the President of Princeton, and
asked anxiously if her son would be
well taken care of at college. Said
the President: "Madam, we guarantee
satisfaction, or return the boy."

TRUTH, THE STANDARD OF
EXCELLENCE—VALEDIC-
TORY ADDRESS.

By M. G. P., '88.

RAPHAEL paints the Madonna, and, instinctively, every knee acknowledges the divine. Mozart touches the keys, and the heart of the universe swells with responsive echoes. Shakespeare writes a play in which human emotions, the most delicate, and the deepest, forever find a voice. Harriet Beecher Stowe tells the story of the slave, and a nation takes up arms to strike off his fetters. Whence came the power? Not from new colors, new tones, or new words. It was genius? But what does genius put into its work that so stirs the heart, and over which time and place have no control? Genius is but the capacity to apprehend the true, and the power to express it.

Individual efforts are successful, and productive of permanent results in proportion as they embody some essential truth. Luther at Worms, stood for truth, not for courage or fame. The "Waverly Novels" are classics because Walter Scott knew the heather-covered hills, the grassy downs, the locks and streams of his island home, because his ready sympathy, with the motives and impulses working in humanity about him, discovered the hidden springs of action, always coming into play.

The great musician finds something more in music than a harmonious grouping of notes. His ear detects the primal chord underlying melody. His mind grasps the thought that gives each tone its value. Great pictures are

something more than surface paintings. The artist understood the character and history of the mountain, understood the philosophy of the mirrored image in the lake, ere he began to sketch, and thus every stroke of his brush made some truth clearer to less discerning eyes.

Political, social, and moral questions are decided by truth. If men generally do as good work upon the public highway as upon their own gardens, Henry George's theories are practical. If division of labor implies division of soul-power, the danger lurking in unemployed energies awaits the people who carry it too far. Truth is all alive. Dead errors cannot long confine it, though, for a time, they owe to it the semblance of life. Back of Peter-the-Hermit's enthusiasm lay the general realization of the truth that Christ had committed the keys of his kingdom to his church, a living truth that finds happier, more correct expression in the missionary spirit of to-day. Unless Communism be right, no transfusion of human blood can give it lease of life, though whatever truth now animates it, may reappear in other forms.

Truth is the test of national strength and perpetuity. Wrote an eastern prince to Queen Victoria, "Tell me the secret of your power, O Queen." The returning vessel brought him her answer,— "The Bible." Curious, that the moving, controlling streams of influence flowing over this country have so generally taken their rise in that remote corner, the bleak, storm-beaten New England? Strange that the strong men of America so generally claim New England ances-

try? No, it is not curious or strange to those who consider the steadfast purpose of the Pilgrim Fathers to live the truth.

Whether work supplement physical science, art, or political economy, the inspiring motive will eventually determine its value. Truth, the controlling purpose, is the essential condition of abiding excellence. To aim at anything less is not only to miss all real achievement, but to risk the loss of the object sought. The folly of men, who, like Robert Ingersoll, build unique fanciful structures on the sand, instead of light-houses upon the rock, is soon demonstrated—life's work a drifting wreck, bearing destruction, is washed out to sea, and no beacon lights the shore. Darwin's success lay in his intent to be a right thinker rather than an original thinker. Wolsey's pursuit of great place, at the expense of righteousness, ended in the bitter cry,

"O Cromwell, Cromwell!

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

Though enhanced by beauty, truth is never subordinate to it. Swinburne, fascinated by poetic beauty, misses poetic excellence; while Burns, content with simple, homely truths, unconsciously thought in the language of the beautiful. Was Charles Dickens seeking beauty at Dotheboy's Hall, at the almshouse, in the slums of London? He delved beneath accumulated filth in quest of truth. His books will be read as long as hypocrisy furnishes a covering for evil.

Slavish copying of the old masters is futile. The dry wells of the past cannot yield again their waters. The

fathers, loyal to their own age, aimed simply to convert its life and sentiment into truth, which, old in itself, must be new in form to each generation. This new world, with its new resources, new politics, and new scenery creates new demands for truth. Weighty questions are to be solved in America. Few poets have sung her mornings; few painters have pictured her evenings. Maine woods may be as inspiring as Palestine or the Parthenon; to-day's experience afford all the sweetness, all the grandeur, all the pain of life that burst into song upon David's lips.

Eventually, the national character now being fashioned in the yielding clay, will be cut in marble. This generation must not work out a century of dishonor. It is best the school-house should remain where the founders of the nation placed it, beside the church. Pursuit of truth develops a facility in acquiring it. Education is but training toward the light. What a fatal perversion of its object, whenever a plant shows an unnatural tendency to grow toward the darkness of doubt and infidelity. All truth is God's truth. And in accordance with this standard, the final verdict will be pronounced over all national and individual work, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting," or "Well done good and faithful servant." To be true to thine own self, to be true to all men everywhere, be true to Him who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

♦♦♦

*Physics: Q.—"What is the first law of gravity?" A—"Never laugh at your own jokes."

IVY POEM.

By A. L. S., '89.

Oft have I seen a merry youthful band,
That clambered up some mountain's untried
way

On whose exalted height for them to stand
And look abroad, was rare delight, to stay
Their steps awhile in some attractive glade,
Review heights gained, survey remaining
steeps,

And, for memorial monuments rough made,
Bring neighboring stones and pile them into
heaps.

Thus gather we, a passing band of youth,
And plant, by Hathorn Hall, the ivy vine,
Affections offering which shall be, forsooth,
A living monument to that benign,
Maternal guidance of our faltering feet
Through learning's boundless labyrinthal
course.

We too, turn back, and, whether sad or sweet
The memories be, rejoice, finding a source
Of inspiration even in defeat.

Well do I recollect, when first we met.
Each glanced into the other's face that, bright
With fancy, hope, and confidence, was set
One common way. Less eager now to fight
Each wayside foe and grasp what fascinates,
Our steps more measured are. More steadfastly
We seek that high reward that emanates
From truth unmasked by zeal and constancy.
We toward the future turn, what see we there?
A little journeying further and we stand
On the free hill-top, conquerors, where
Accomplished college tasks have no demand.
Beyond, half hid from our enraptured gaze,
Another mount majestic appears.
We call it life and, peering through the haze,
Its outlines soften and we have no fears,
And if in harsh reality we know
Steep cliffs to scale, deep chasms there to span,
The hour, I fancy, will suffice to show
The strength, the courage, and the stalwart
man.

Further than this, our dim discernment fails.
Encircling mists refuse our eager quest.
A fairyland, it's pictured in old tales,
A land of listlessness and peace and rest.
But what in us celestial is, says, no.
It must be active being. Volant mind,
Unchained, toward higher things must ever
go,

Be it for weal or woe its level find.
Whatever lot for those who disobey.

None unto me more terrible can seem
Than imbecility to rise, away,
From sluggish, earthly passion's listless dream.
Whatever kingdom to the blest decreed,
None can more fully fascinate my soul
Than where our minds o'er heaviness succeed
And seek companionship with God, the whole.
Enough, I care to trespass on no heart.
Time will full soon disclose what is to be.
The present, present only, is our part,
To know its duties, do them faithfully.
The saint inspired that saw on Patmos isle
The heavens unfold, proclaimed an open door
Beside us set that none may fasten while
Life lasts. Let us, yet looking on before
Remember this, and, not too selfish, pause,
Fulfill the wayside duties as we pass
On toward the great fulfillment of the cause
That binds us here an undivided class.

FUNCTIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

By G. H. L., '89.

IMAGINATION has been defined as
the power which enables us to cre-
ate ideals and to picture the absent as
present. Closely allied to fancy it is
yet distinct. Fancy is governed by
caprice, imagination by order. The
fabric of fancy is wrought of materials
sought for their strangeness and nov-
elty. The fabric of imagination pleases
and startles, not from the novelty of
materials but from the new and original
combinations. Fancy flies upon a wild
wing; imagination never soars beyond
the realms of reason. Accepting this
definition, what functions do the imag-
inations perform in the human mind?

All normal growth and in fact every
kind of growth and development in
character is necessarily the result of
striving toward an ideal. The ideal
must precede the accomplishment and
on its vividness very largely must
depend the strength of the motive that

urges us to action in the line of accomplishment.

Raphael had seen even in his dreams the face of her whom Jesus might call mother. Mighty was the conception, grand the execution, yet necessary as the embryonic state in generation was the ideal imaged in his soul. When speaking of his Messiah, Handel remarked, "I seemed to see the great Jehovah himself before me when I composed that piece."

Imagination then, that faculty by which we conjure ideals, in the very nature of things, must find a place in the front ranks of the soul's high faculties. It is utterly impossible to take a step forward except in an aimless accidental manner, unless the eye first rests on some goal. The blind man may grope about in the darkness and may by accident move in the desired direction, while he is liable to move in the opposite direction. But he who possesses the inestimable gift of sight immediately fixes his eyes on the desired destination and with certainty and rapidity moves toward it. Or if he cannot at once see the desired destination, he successively fixes his eye on the objects that lie in front of him, between him and that desired destination and then he is soon able to behold it.

Now the ideal is to the mental world what a given object is to the physical world, and the imagination is simply the mind's eye that sees afar off the mental object of the spirit's aspiration.

Ideality is an inborn faculty and measures the worth of our being. We value ourselves and are valued not so

much by what we are as by what we desire to be. The laurels won by the so-called arbitror, reason, must be shared with its maid-servant, imagination. Shakespeare's representation of characters in all stations of life, actuated by every impulse known to the human heart, are so wonderful as to seem akin to certain great mysteries in nature which baffle our understanding and this power is the offspring of his inimitable imagination.

But why seek examples from such exalted sources? Is the imagination ministrant only to transcendent minds? The works of these very minds can be understood and appreciated only by the aid of imagination. To rightly appreciate the tragic power of Æschylus in his masterpiece one must take wings and soar to that barren deserted Caucasian crag; for the moment become a Greek of the heroic type; a Greek versed in the mythological lore and philosophy of his fathers. To be stirred by the eloquence of Cicero, you must walk the paved streets of Rome and hear the Tiber's roar, must linger in the market-place and standing on senate floor, gaze upon the *Patres Conscripti* of the togaed race.

Even within the sacred sanctuary, imagination may be no unhallowed intruder, but may fire the heart that prays and like the gentle dove that bears love's message on its snowy wings, may bear to heaven the messages of the burdened soul. It will lead us to the shores of Galilee, where we may embark with the disciples and amid the gathering gloom of storm and night hear the Master's "Peace be

still." To the unimaginative man the Omnipotent is but a category of attributes; to the imaginative man, the living God.

Without imagination there could be no philanthropy, for you and I have pity and sympathy for our brother only as we imagine his condition, put ourselves in his place, and, as it were, feel as he feels.

Not only does it prompt us to help others, but is the mighty factor in self help. Were it not for imagination, the weak might become disheartened among the strong; the ignorant lose courage at the discourse of sages, poverty in the midst of wealth sink to the depths of physical and moral degradation. But however weak, ignorant, or poor, each soul has within itself a saving portion. Each in imagination has tasted of strength, knowledge, and plenty, and having once tasted, there comes to the soul a yearning, an insatiable desire to rise.

But every function of the soul is capable of a twofold action, a right or normal action, a wrong or perverted action. The more exalted the power, the greater the liability to perversion. Every deed, every thought of our past life is imaged in the soul and we are made more pure or more vile by these pictures that hang upon the walls of imagination. The soul of him whose imagination is pure, is like a walled city which the besieging hosts of temptation storm in vain. While the soul of him whose imagination harbors and plays upon sinful thoughts that have crept into his mind like reptiles into a bed of flowers, is like a city

whose walls are thrown down and whose sentinels, at midnight, in drunken revelry and treacherous league, admit the enemy.

Then beware of the loss of the first purity of imagination, for as one has said, "If a harp be broken art may repair it, if a light be quenched the flame may enkindle it, but if a flower be crushed what art can repair it, if an odor be wafted away who can collect or bring it back."

And then when the fire of youth and the strength of manhood shall have departed there will come a pleasure hitherto unknown; as a recompense for the increasing bondage in the narrowing, darkening prison-house of clay, it is permitted the soul to gaze upon the picture of the past. For you who approach those later years memory gathers the materials and imagination paints the picture. As if some turbid stream had paused before entering the eternity of waters, and, coursing back, had sought the purity of its fountain source, so the soul, before entering its eternity, courses back, and among the dreams "of the days that were" finds the purity of its youth.

Then let us keep pure and undefiled this holy well-spring of aspiration within us, and allow no foul, and noisome thing to creep athwart that flowery path which stretches before us, marked by the mile-stones of heavenly ideals, up to the great white throne.

Classmates, the time is near at hand, when we as the class of '89, shall leave these halls forever. Yet indissoluble are the bonds that bind us to our *Alma Mater* and to one another. Often in

imagination, shall we tread these halls and walks, often extend the hand of a student's hearty greeting and welcome. These familiar faces will vanish never. Each will hold a cherished place in the mind's album, and as we turn its pages, visions of these, our college days, will arise.

As a symbol of the love we hold for Bates College, and of the deep, lasting friendship that binds our numbers, we to-day plant the ivy. As its tendrils shall cleave to these walls, so shall our love and hope. As its fibres are bound to one another and draw their sustenance from a common soil, so may we ever be united and draw the inspiration to lofty purpose and noble endeavor from the deep principles of wisdom and righteousness that have been here implanted in our minds by this our tender mother.

IVY ODES.

By A. E. H., '89.

No. 1.

We greet thee with joy, *Alma Mater*,
With joy, as we think of the day
When we passed through thy wide open portals
And entered on wisdom's bright way.
Three years we have labored together,
And brightly our pathway has shone,
For thou art our guide, *Alma Mater*,
And thou art our dear college home.

CHORUS:

We greet thee with joy, *Alma Mater*,
With joy as we think of the day
When we passed through thy wide open portals
And entered on wisdom's bright way.
When mariners, crossing the ocean,
Draw near to the rocks on the shore,
They eagerly look for the light-house
Till safely they anchor once more.
We're sailing the ocean of knowledge,
We're seeking for wisdom sublime,

And we'll follow our light till we anchor
Our glorious bark, '89.

CHORUS.

To-day we are planting an ivy
To stand as the years swiftly pass,
That others who enter these portals
May think of our glorious class.
And though far away from each other,
To northward and westward we roam,
May our thoughts still return to this ivy
As it clings to our dear college home.

CHORUS.

One year, then the hour of parting,
When June's leaves and flowers return,
Yet distance our hearts cannot sever,
And brightly love's fires shall burn.
Be thou a defense for this ivy,
'Round thee may its tendrils entwine,
A type of the strength and the union
Which belongs to our class, '89.

CHORUS.

No. 2.

Thrice has the June-time come
With its sunshine, its birds, and its flowers,
Thrice have the roses faded
In Autumn's golden hours,
Since first we assembled,
Our ways to incline,
Towards wisdom's bright portals,
Dear class of '89.

CHORUS:

Thrice has the June-time come
With its sunshine, its birds, and its flowers,
Thrice have the roses faded
In Autumn's golden hours.

Many, who with us stood
In the days that are past and gone,
Have found other fields of labor,
And left us one by one.
Though deeply we miss them
In chapel and hall,
We'll close up our ranks, boys,
Nor waver at all.

CHORUS.

Forward we'll press our way
To the goal that lies just before,
Forward without delay,
For June-time must come once more.
And now, e'er our parting
From college so dear,
We'll leave her one token,
This ivy we'll rear.

CHORUS.

COMMUNICATION.

AN INTERESTING COMET.

To the Editors of the Student:

I thought the following brief note might be of interest to your readers, and so transmit it.

Perhaps some of them will remember that a new comet was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope in Africa the latter part of February. The discoverer's name was Sawantlal. At first it was so far south that it could not be seen in the northern hemisphere, but it has gradually come north until now it is over forty degrees north of the equator, and so quite high up in our northern latitude. Another novel feature was that for quite a while after it appeared above the southern horizon it kept about even pace with the sun as regards its difference of time of rising, being all the while a morning comet and rising a short time before it. It is, however, getting so high up among the northern parallels that it has gained greatly upon the sun, rising now at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Also when first seen by us it was visible to the naked eye, the nucleus appearing as a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude, but it has gradually gone down in brightness until it is only visible in the telescope. For telescopic beauty it has been quite unsurpassed, the nucleus being sharp and well defined, with a magnificent tail, straight and spear-like.

The tails of comets are generally hollow conoids, but in the present instance the conoid seems to have become interpenetrated with the gaseous matter from the head, so that the cen-

tral axis is a line of light instead of darkness, as usual, thus resembling Coggia's beautiful comet of 1874.

On April 5th we received a telegram from California, saying that the nucleus had divided into two parts, which were then separated by a distinct interval, but on the next morning I made a very careful examination of the head with the great telescope, using different powers, but failed to find any trace of separation. In a subsequent letter from the same party, he firmly maintained that he saw the separation many times on the morning of the fifth, although he failed to find anything of the sort on the sixth, as in my own case. It is quite possible, however, that he may have seen a temporary separation, and the gap have been bridged again inside of twenty-four hours, I myself having seen a decided tendency to separation in the second comet of 1881, while the head of the great comet of 1882 split into five distinct nuclei and remained so until the last limit of visibility, this latter fact being probably due to the terrific violence it was subjected to, as it went so close to the sun that it passed through the upper regions of the solar atmosphere in its perihelion passage with a velocity of over three hundred miles a second.

From an orbit of this last comet that I have just calculated, I find that it will return again. My own conclusions in this respect are also confirmed by the calculations of Dr. Becker of Germany.

The comet is now rapidly receding from both the earth and sun, as will be evident from the following figures:
Distance from earth April 1, 106,000,000 miles.
Distance from sun April 1, . 70,000,000 miles.

Distance from earth May 1, . 143,000,000 miles.
 Distance from sun May 1, . 101,000,000 miles.
 Distance from earth June 1, 176,000,000 miles.
 Distance from sun June 1, . 143,000,000 miles.
 Distance from earth June 15, 185,000,000 miles.
 Distance from sun June 15, . 164,000,000 miles.

This comet will not return for some 2,000 years, while from some recent calculations, I find that the first comet of 1883 will not return for 24,000 years.

O. C. W., '68.

Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editors of the Student:

At your request I give you some facts concerning the condition of the freedmen of the South.

In the South, the opportunities given one for work are unlimited. Men and women have to be made here, and often out of very rough material. However, the negroes' eagerness to obtain an education and make something of himself, is indeed surprising.

Talladega College was founded by the American Missionary Association in 1867. In 1869 it was chartered as a college. The course comprises the Primary, Grammar, and College Preparatory studies, and a full Theological course. In the fall a full College course will be added.

Talladega, among the Appalachian hills, has rare advantages in climate and scenery. The college has grown rapidly, even beyond its accommodations. Buildings have been enlarged to accommodate fifty more students, since last year, but still students are turned away for lack of room.

Training young men for the ministry has been the leading purpose of the

college from its beginning. Already it has sent sixty young men into the field and twelve more are preparing. There is a mission band in the Theological department, which holds monthly meetings, and several of its members intend to go to Africa. We keep constantly in mind the missionary idea that we are training these young people rather for the good they will do others than for their own self-support.

The students are a different class from those one meets so often on street corners and in other places of idleness. Go into the dining-hall where all the students are together. Every one is neatly, but plainly, dressed. Everything is in perfect order. At the tap of the bell, all are quietly seated. The meal finished, at the same signal all rise and pass out at the third bell. At a monthly sociable you will meet a jolly company at the college singing favorite college songs, or in company with their teachers, playing games. In a short time you would forget you were with colored people.

So far I have spoken of the best side of Southern life, but there is another side. A few days ago I took a ride in the saddle—not on a mule or an ox, though both are furnishable here—out into the country. I had the opportunity of looking into the country homes, if they can be called such, of the colored people. I will give you an example. Beside the rail fence surrounding a dirty hut of one room are several ragged, dirty-faced children. The mother stood in the door with a rag tied over her head, though the day was very warm. Within all was black and

filthy, no chairs, no furniture, no dishes, nor anything that represents home. Should you hear the mother's tale, you would begin to realize what slavery has done for the negro. I returned, glad God had given me birth in New England.

But the colored church with its management is odd in the extreme to a Northern man. Around the door of the church and along the fence, closely packed, one sees carts of the colored man's manufacture. They were drawn hither by whatever animal the master owned, horses, mules, oxen, or cows. Sometimes a whole family will be drawn by a single steer, somewhere in its teens, high-boned and every hair perpendicular to the animal's body.

The meeting-houses are small, rude structures. Go in and take a seat. It may be a Methodist revival service. The hymn likely is "Gimm me the old time 'ligion." Everybody sings. What a melody! Yes, loud enough to raise the roof, were it not varied with a slide at every quarter note. The preacher arises and announces his text. He has a voice like a lion. The fire kindles to a glow. The sisters begin to scream, the brothers to shout, wring and clap their hands. They leap to their feet, dance, wail, and howl. A young girl begins to kick and yell. She seems to be in a fit, but soon several are in the same condition. Their friends hold them up and let them thrash, rejoicing all the while that they are so moved by the spirit. Everybody sings at the top of his voice, until there is a real pow-wow. The next day report goes out of a great number of conversions at

that church. Such is the worship of the ignorant. But the services of our American mission churches are conducted not a whit different from those of the North.

I cannot tell you what education is doing for the colored people. Most of the work thus far has been done by the American Mission Association. They have sent out fifteen hundred colored teachers, but the work of educating and reconstructing the South goes on slowly for lack of means. It will take many years at the present rate to undo the work of two centuries of slavery. Negroes who can neither read nor write are chosen inspectors of election. No wonder at the stuffing of the ballot-boxes and voting of those who have been dead a score of years. Christian education alone can solve the problem.

Many of our students walk five miles each way through fair weather and foul, seldom losing a day for the term. Nearly all the pupils are Christians. Over forty have accepted Christ the past year. Each Sunday we go out into the suburbs, where mission stations have been established, to hold meetings and Sabbath schools. In almost every meeting at these stations from six to a dozen have been converted. So the work goes on. The more one does the more he wants to do for these people. Cable has well said: "Here is the mightiest, the most fruitful, the most abundant, the most prolific missionary field that has ever opened to any Christian people."

J. B., '87.

Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.

LOCALS.

A song of June. A pretty little lay
That, in faint measure, will describe the day.
Down at my desk I sit, and try to find
Notes to express the music of my mind.
The open window lets the June air through;
The sky is grandly, beautifully blue;
The tall old elms, to mortal souls akin,
Seem peering down and gazing kindly in.
But, though I feel that June is in the air,
The trees, the sky, the sunshine—everywhere,
And though I know that life is at its best,
The song must be forever unexpressed.
Still, every soul that is not out of tune
Can see and feel and know the joy of June.

—*Brunonian.*

Band.

Bouquets.

Butterflies.

Our best wishes for '88.

The new mail boxes are just the thing.

Mr. J. I. Hutchinson has been added to the STUDENT staff of editors.

We are glad to see so many improvements about the college grounds.

Miss Mary Brackett received the prize for the best Sophomore essay.

Mr. E. J. Small, Literary Editor of the STUDENT, is still stopping at Colorado Springs. His health is improving.

Professor Angell's reception, on the evening of June 13th, to the Junior class was a very successful affair. The class generally pronounced it one of the pleasantest events of the course.

"Abraham Lincoln" is the title of a book recently added by Chandler & Estes to their "Boys and Girls' Library of American Biography." The book is written by Noah Brooks and contains a clear and graphical presentation

of the chief events in the life of "Uncle Abe." To young readers of history the book is especially attractive.

The reception given by the Polymnian Society, Tuesday evening, May 9th, was an unusually pleasant affair. The society and mathematical rooms, which had been appropriated for the occasion, were well filled by members and invited guests. The musical and literary parts of the entertainment were well sustained. Refreshments were served and a cordial good time enjoyed by all present.

The following butterflies are now to be seen about the campus: *papilio asterias*, *papilio turnus*, *colias philodice*, *pieris rapæ*, *danais archippus*, *argynnis bellona*, *melitæa phæton*, *grapta faunus*, *grapta progne*, *venessa antiopa*, *venessa milberti*, *venessa atalanta*, *venessa huntera*, *limenitis arthemis*, *limenitis disippas*, *chrysophanus americana*, *endamus pylades*, *lycæna Batesini*, *pieris oleracea*, *argynnis myrina*, *phyciodes tharos*, *venessa cardui*, *lycæna lucia*, *lycæna violacea*, *pamphila zabulon*.

We have the following new birds to report since the last issue: black-throated blue warbler, magnolia warbler, Blackburnian warbler, redstart, kingbird, wild goose, spotted sandpiper, rose-breasted grosbeak, catbird, swamp sparrow, Wilson's warbler, Maryland yellow throat, goshawk, bobolink, brown thrasher, American goldfinch, yellow-throated vireo, white-crested sparrow, night-hawk, olive-sided vireo, Trail's flycatcher, Canada warbler, red-eyed vireo, indigo bird, humming bird, cedar wax wing.

The base-ball nine recently presented Manager Cross with a gold-headed umbrella. Harvey has been very popular as manager. The entire college this year has supported the team with great enthusiasm and loyalty, meeting the players at the train late at night, after defeat, with hearty welcome and praise. Notwithstanding the fact we have won only two games no one has kicked or grumbled. Under severe disadvantages the boys have played with pluck and nerve, and laid the foundation for a winning team next year.

Ivy-Day exercises were held in Hathorn Hall, June 15, 1888, by the Junior class of '89. Following is the order of exercises:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration—Functions of the Imagination.

G. H. Libby.

Solo. Mrs. Young.

Poem. A. L. Safford.

Solo. Mrs. Young.

Presentations by F. S. Daggett.

Female Suffragist—Ballot Box.

J. I. Hutchinson.

Deliberate Man—Galvanic Battery.

W. E. Kinny.

Philologist—Volume of Volapük.

E. I. Chipman.

Coquette—Fan.

C. D. Blaisdell.

“Wamba, the Witless”—Jester's

Cap and Bells. J. H. Blanchard.

Consumptive Man—Bottle of Liniment.

A. E. Hatch.

Class Police—'89 Badge.

I. N. Cox.

Dude—Eye-glass and Cane. C. J. Emerson.

Class Favorite—Vase and Flowers.

M. S. Little.

Guileless Man—White Dove. W. T. Guptill.

Class Bore—Two-Foot Auger. F. W. Newell.

CLASS ODE.

PLANTING THE IVY.

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

SOPHOMORE PRIZE DEBATE.

Monday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, the Sophomore Prize Debate took place at Main Street Free Baptist Church. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Question—Ought the United States to build and own a ship-canal across Central America?

Aff.

Neg.

H. B. Davis,

N. Peaslee,

H. J. Piper,

Miss Dora Jordan,

MUSIC.

Miss Blanche Howe,

W. J. Pennell,

Miss Nellie F. Snow,

W. H. Woodman.

MUSIC.

Prize given for best argument without regard to delivery.

Committee of Award—Roscoe Nelson, I. C. Dennett, F. J. Daggett.

JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

Monday evening occurred the Junior Exhibition, at Main Street Church. Music was furnished by Mendelssohn Quartette. The programme was arranged as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Function of Curiosity.

F. W. Newell.

Changes in Ideals.

F. J. Daggett.

The American Mind, Its Character

and Place.

A. L. Safford.

Reality or Illusion?

W. T. Guptill.

MUSIC.

Sensitiveness of Keats.

Miss M. S. Little.

Obligations of the Liberally Educated

Man.

C. J. Emerson.

The Great Hindrance to American

Patriotism.

J. H. Blanchard.

The Successful Life.

Miss L. E. Plumstead.

MUSIC.

The World's Obligation to Chivalry.

E. L. Stevens.

English Schools as Portrayed by Dickens.

Miss D. M. Wood.

Dramatic Element in the Bible.

Miss E. I. Chipman.

The Mission of Poetry.

J. I. Hutchinson.

MUSIC.

Committee of Award—Rev. A. Given, A.M.,
Prof. I. C. Dennett, A.M., W. H. Judkins,
A.M. Committee of Arrangements—Miss D.
M. Wood, E. L. Stevens, F. W. Newell.

CLASS DAY.

The programme of Class Day was
allotted to the afternoon of Tuesday,
at 2.30 o'clock, in Hathorn Hall, and
was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Oration—Individuality the Secret
of Success. B. W. Tinker.
History. M. G. Pinkham.

{ a—"Canti, Ridi e Dormi." *Gounod.*
{ b—"Peacefully Slumber." *Randegger.*

Mrs. Helen N. Sleeper.

Poem. A. C. Townsend.
Prophecy. C. C. Smith.

Solo—"O Dinna Ye Forget." *Root.*

Mrs. Helen N. Sleeper.

Parting Address. G. W. Snow.

CLASS ODE.

PIPE OF PEACE.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

Tuesday evening, at Music Hall, was
given the Commencement Concert, by
Mlle. Avigliana, assisted by Miss Ger-
trude Edmands, contralto soloist; Mr.
Geo. J. Parker, tenor; Master Harry
Peck, the boy violinist; Miss Gertrude
M. Lufkin, cornet soloist, and Mr. H.
S. Murray, accompanist.

COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.

On Wednesday afternoon, at 2.30
o'clock, the graduating exercises of the
Cobb Divinity School were held at
the Main Street Free Baptist Church,
which were as follows:

MUSIC.

The Lord is My Shepherd.—Hanscom.

PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Response—Keep us, Holy Lord.—Buck.

Mohammedanism and Christianity
as Missionary Religions.

Allen Woodin Bradcen, Mexico.

The New Theology.

Willis Morrell Davis, Augusta.

The Homiletical Methods of the
Early Free Baptist Preachers.

Willis Ayer Tucker, Willimantic.

MUSIC.

Rock of Ages (arranged).—Bliss. Solo by Mr. Jones.

The Idea of God in the Ancient
World.

Herbert Sumner Mansur, Rochester, N. H.

The Duty of the Protestant Church
to our Foreign Population.

Phillips Manning Tobey, Kittery Point.

Was Emerson a Christian Theist?

Edward Ralph Chadwick, Weeks' Mills.

MUSIC.

Jerusalem the Golden (arranged).—Weidt.

MUSIC BY MENDELSSOHN QUARTETTE.

ALUMNI MEETING.

Wednesday evening, at Main Street
Free Baptist Church, the alumni meet-
ing occurred. The following were the
exercises:

MUSIC.

Prayer—Rev. O. H. Tracy.

MUSIC.

Address—The Bible a Text-Book in
Literary Institutions.

Rev. Thomas Spooner.

MUSIC.

Poem—Gabriel.

Rev. T. H. Stacy.

MUSIC.

Business Meeting of Alumni.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Commencement, Thursday, at Main
Street Free Baptist Church. The fol-
lowing is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Salutatory.

William Frank Tibbetts, Lewiston.

Our Immigration Policy.

William Shepherd Dun, Poland.

(Ancient Languages—Second Honor.)

"Leave us Leisure to be Good."

James Howard Johnson, Sutton, N. H.

(General Scholarship.)

Moral Influence of Mathematics.

Ina Francilla Cobb, Poland.

(Modern Languages—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

Our Greatest Peril.

Hamilton Hatter, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.
(Psychology—Second Honor.)

Saxon Character as Exhibited in
Ivanhoe.

William Lincoln Powers, Brownville.
(Natural Sciences—Second Honor.)

The Vitality of the Dead Languages.

Florence May Nowell, Lewiston.
(Ancient Languages—First Honor.)

Alliance of Poetry and Religion.

George Whitmore Snow, Medford.
(Mathematics—Second Honor.)

MUSIC.

The Christian Conception in Education.
Nellie Belle Jordan, Lewiston.

(Modern Languages—First Honor.)

The Educated Man a Thinker.

Frank Stanley Hamlet, Brownville.
(Psychology—First Honor.)

Absence of Romance from Modern

Life.
Lucy Ames Frost, Lewiston.
(Natural Sciences—First Honor.)

Relation of the Beautiful and the
Good.
Clarence Townsend, Mars Hill.

(Mathematics—First Honor.)

MUSIC.

Limits of Government Interference.

Clarence Cheney Smith, Ashland, N. H.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

A Plea for the Ideal.

Samuel Hetherington Woodrow, Auburn.
(Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)

Valedictory—Truth the Standard of
Excellence.

Mattie Grace Pinkham, Lewiston.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

Announcement of award of prizes for Sophomore debates and Junior orations.

BENEDICTION.

PRIZE AWARDS.

The prizes were awarded to H. J. Piper, '90, for best debate, twenty dollars. To C. J. Emerson, '89, first; and E. I. Chipman, '89, second, best orations, seventy-five dollars, and twenty dollars.

Commencement dinner was served in the gymnasium at 2 o'clock p.m., Thursday.

Thursday evening Judge Symonds delivered a very interesting lecture before the literary societies.

President Cheney's reception to the class of '88, Friday evening, closed the exercises of the week.

PERSONALS.

[The STUDENT proposes to publish, during the present year, a complete list of the alumni with the residence and occupation of each in so far as we are able to ascertain these facts. We earnestly solicit the assistance of all to enable us to make the list as complete and satisfactory as could be wished. If any mistake is found in the following list, please notify the editors.]

1873.

L. C. Jewell, M.D.

A. C. Libby, Civil Engineer and Real Estate Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

J. P. Marston, Principal High School, Rockland, Me.

C. B. Reade, Clerk of Senate Committee of Commerce, Washington, D. C.

William Rynne, M.D., Portland, Me.

E. P. Sampson, Principal of High School, Saco, Me.

E. A. Smith, connected with *Lewiston Journal*, Lewiston, Me.

G. E. Smith, Esq., practicing law in Boston, Mass.

L. R. White, M.D.

1874.

H. H. Aeterian, teacher of flute, Boston, Mass.

H. W. Chandler, Esq., practicing law in Florida.

F. T. Crommett, practicing law in Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. J. Eastman, pastor of F. B. Church, Ashland, N. H.

C. S. Frost, pastor of F. B. Church, Pawtucket, R. I.

Robert Given, practicing law in Denver, Col.

W. H. Ham.

Rev. J. H. Hoffman, pastor of Congregational Church, Henniker, N. H.

J. F. Keene, practicing law in Minneapolis, Minn.

A. O. Moulton, Professor of Latin and Greek, Waltham High School, Waltham, Mass.

F. L. Noble, Esq., practicing law in Lewiston, Me.

R. W. Rogers, practicing law.

Augustine Simmons, practicing law, North Anson, Me.

T. P. Smith, M.D., practicing medicine, Saccarappa, Me.

Rev. Thomas Spooner, pastor F. B. Church, Lawrence, Mass.

F. B. Stanford, writer and author, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1875.

J. R. Brackett, Ph.D., Prof. of English Literature and Language in University of Colorado, Boulder, Col.

H. S. Covell, Principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.

F. L. Evans, practicing law, Salem, Mass.

F. B. Fuller, M.D., practicing medicine, Pawtucket, R. I.

H. F. Giles, farming.

F. H. Hall, clerk, Washington, D. C.

J. H. Hutchins, teacher in Northwood Seminary, Northwood, N. H.

Geo. Oak, practicing law, Boston, Mass.

L. M. Palmer, M.D., Framingham, N. H.

W. S. Palmeter.

A. S. Salley, Prof. of Hebrew and Greek, Theological Seminary, Hillsdale, Mich.

F. H. Smith, practicing law in Colorado.

A. M. Speare, Esq., practicing law, Gardiner, Me.

C. G. Warner.

F. L. Washburn, practicing in the office of Benj. F. Butler, Boston, Mass.

G. W. Wood, Ph.D., principal of Phillips Academy, Phillips, Me.

1876.

E. C. Adams, principal of High School, Newburyport, Mass.

G. F. Adams, M.D., practicing medicine, Livermore, Me.

W. H. Adams, M.D.

D. J. Callahan, practicing law, Lewiston, Me.

W. O. Collins, Superintendent of Schools, Bridgewater, Mass.

J. W. Daniels, Sioux City, Idaho, Superintendent of Schools and Principal of High School.

Marion Douglass, Esq., practicing law, Duluth, Minn.

Rev. J. O. Emerson, pastor of Congregational Church.

Rev. F. E. Emrich, pastor of Congregational Church, Chicago.

R. J. Everett, teacher, South Paris.

E. R. Goodwin, Principal of High School, Manchester, N. H.

J. H. Huntington.

W. C. Leavitt, practicing law, Minneapolis, Minn.

C. S. Libby, District Attorney, Buena Vista, Cal.

Rev. W. H. Tuerrill.

I. C. Phillips, Principal of Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.

John Rankin, M.D., practicing medicine at Reform School, Randall's Island, N. Y.

A. W. Ring.

Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of F. B. Church, Auburn, Me.

Rev. G. L. White, pastor of F. B. Church, Farmington, N. H.

Edward Whitney.

Horatio Woodbury, M.D., South Paris, Me.

B. H. Young, M.D.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'70.—C. E. Raymond is connected with several papers at Bristol, Conn.

'76.—J. H. Huntington is City Editor of the *Daily Herald*, Northampton, Mass.

'80.—Kansas City, Mo., May 16th, Mr. Ernest H. Farrar of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Florence G. Hare, Kansas City.

'81.—W. J. Brown and C. S. Haskell have had the class ivy re-planted.

'81.—Norway, Me., June 3d, Rev. Bates S. Rideout and Miss Rosa E. Chadbourne.

THEOLOGICAL.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick has accepted a call to the F. B. Church, Milton, N. H.

'88.—A. W. Bradeen will preach at the F. B. Church, Dexter, Me.

'88.—W. A. Tucker is to preach at Hampton, N. H.

'89.

J. H. Roberts will supply at Freeport, Me., this summer.

E. W. Cummings will spend his summer in Vermont.

A. O. Burgess will spend his vacation at Houlton, Me.

J. W. Burgin has accepted the pastorate at Enosburg Falls, Vt.

J. E. Gosline spends his vacation in New Brunswick.

G. T. Griffin's address this summer will be West Falmouth.

I. B. Stuart's address is South Limington.

E. J. Whitman's address is Sabatis.

'90.

J. Mantur, Portland, Me.

G. E. Paine, North Anson, Me.

C. W. Rogers, Hallowell, Me.

G. Southwick, Casco, Me.

G. M. Wilson, Boston, Mass.

The following will be the addresses of some of the students during the summer:

'88.

B. M. Avery, Oak Hill House, Littleton, N. H.

F. W. Oakes, Fiske House, Old Orchard, Me.

G. W. Snow, Lewiston, Me.

A. E. Thomas, Glen House, N. H.

S. H. Woodrow, Mechanic Falls, Me.

'89.

F. M. Buker, Gardner, Mass.

I. N. Cox, Chase House, Squirrel Island.

H. E. Fernald, Nantucket, Mass.

'90.

W. F. Garcelon, Poland Spring House.

'91.

Miss A. A. Beal, Lewiston, Me.

P. P. Beal, Lewiston, Me.

F. J. Chase, Unity, Me.

W. B. Cutts, North Pole.

L. E. Graves, Fiske House, Old Orchard.

N. G. Howard, Kearsage Hotel,
N. H.

Miss F. L. Larrabee, Auburn, Me.

F. W. Larrabee, Auburn, Me.

W. S. Mason, Lewiston, Me.

A. K. Newman, Kearsage Hotel,
N. H.

I. W. Parker, Jr., Otisfield, Me.

C. H. Richardson, Brunswick, Me.

L. A. Ross, Old Orchard, Me.

Miss L. B. Williams, Brunswick,
Me.

POET'S CORNER.

A FRIEND.

We met as strangers even to the sight,
But from the rising to the setting sun
Our varied paths were molded into one,
Through lowlands leading, and through up-
lands bright,
Whose recollection yields to me delight,
Sweet as the thoughts that through the mind
will run
(Yet sadly sweet) when life is but begun,
When all seems blooming, and we see no
blight.

Our way divided in the sunset calm;
Nor word nor token ever comes to tell
What other ways that friend of mine doth
trace,
Who o'er my journey cast a pleasing charm,
Who chatted, laughed, and lightly said fare-
well,
Bequeathing memory a name and face.

I. J., '87.

HOPE.

At the rising of the moon,
Just embarking on the sea
In a fragile craft, a youth,
Strong and sanguine, leaves the lea,
At the rising of the moon.

At the setting of the moon,
On life's troubled, storm-swept, beach
Lies a body on the sand,
Just beyond the billow's reach,
At the setting of the moon.

—Nassau Lit.

TO A ROBIN.

Chief songster in the chorus of the morn,
Oft hast thou roused me with thy roundelay,
Ere yet a shape of night had slunk away,
Or yet a blush within the east was born;
So eager thou, glad herald of the dawn,
To wake thy feathered minstrels and essay
To trill the rapturous welcome to the day
With bubbling throats, and vanish night for-
lorn.

—Dartmouth.

EVENING SONG.

In the calm and silent night,
While o'erhead the stars are bright,
Moonbeams, drest in silver light,
On the waves are beaming.
Oft, to breathe a sad lament,
Comes a sorrowful intent,
While the winds and waters blent,
Past the shores are streaming.

Swelling waters from the deep,
With majestic, solemn sweep,
With entrancing music, keep
O'er my soul a charming.
And the musings of the time,
Like a mellow, golden chime,
Like a soft and rhythmic rhyme
Restless fears are calming.

J. I. H., '89, in E. L. H. S. Chimes.

Alas, how oft in life's most fitful course,
We think we've reached the wished-for spot;
Ourselves, the out-most post of action gained;
Our own, where others trespass not.

When, lo! Some like audacious, venturesome elf,
Trailing our footsteps till we rest
Implants another, lifts his standard there.
We're left behind, and he is best.

A. L. S., '89.

DREAM LOVE.

Lead me, dear Lady, into those deep recesses
Where the world's tumult softens and is still.
Grant me the benison of light hands in caresses
To calm the sorrows that my bosom fill.

With your white arms around my neck enfold
me,
Cover my eyes upon your tender breast,
In this close haven, oh, forever fold me,
In the oblivion of a perfect rest.

Look down into my eyes with your dark eyes,
 aglowing,
 Smile on me sweetly and soothe my soul
 asleep,
 Your smiles are the sunlight into my bosom
 flowing,
 Your eyes are the heavens star-illumed and
 deep.

When I am with you life is but a slumber,
 The folding of the hands, the lids dropped
 idly down,
 The slow procession of sweet dreams without
 number,
 The dreams of the waking—these are life's
 crown.

Must there come between us aught that shall
 dis sever?
 I hear the hoarse world calling, "Now be
 done your play."
 Oh, so much sweeter here to lie forever
 And in your soft arms to dream my soul
 away!

—Dartmouth.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE IN THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, N. Y.

I care not what the critics say;
 This bright face charms me more
 Than all the "Visions," quaint and old,
 Of masters by the score.

The tattered hat, the peeping toes,
 The trousers torn and old,
 The petted puppy's knowing face,
 His bright, black eyes so bold.

The little boot-black's pouting lips,
 The sweet child-face I see,
 And almost hear his clear young voice
 Urging his pet,—*"Kiss me."*

Brave little lad! In spite of want,
 You richer are to-day,
 In all your wealth of youth and health,
 Than yonder worldling gray.

N., '77.

POTPOURRI.

SENIOR'S LAMENT.

Potz, dreimal einer Woche!
 Rief der Senior neben mir.
 War' ich nur in einem Loche
 Zwanzig Meilen weit von hier.

—Oberlin Review.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF VOLAPUK.

Beyond the cheerless Arctic circle,
 In that realm of ice and snow,
 Seated in her cozy snow house,
 I can court an Esquimaux;
 On far-famed Mt. Desert island,
 Buckboard riding in the mud,
 I can talk of Robert Browning
 With a cultured Boston bud.
 In a yacht upon the ocean,
 When becalmed I feel unwell,
 I can share a bit of lemon
 With a New York Damoselle.
 'Neath the palm trees in the tropics,
 Watching monkeys frisk about,
 I can talk of Evolution
 With a fair Brazilian sprout.
 On the far off Fiji islands,
 When my fate is fairly booked,
 I can court the chieftain's daughter,
 While I'm waiting to be cooked.—*Ex.*

Dudely (who is not as big a fool as
 he looks)—"Did you, ah, give me card
 to Mith Bondclipper?" Servant—
 "Yes sir." Dudely—"What did she
 thay?" Servant—"She told me to tell
 you, sir, that she was sorry that she
 was not in." Dudely—"Ah, indeed!
 Please tell your mithtress that I said I
 wath glad I didn't call."

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
 She asked with loving air,
 He gazed into her upturned face,
 "Yes, by yon elm I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,
 Of his heart she'd lost the helm.
 She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
 The tree was a slippery elm.—*Ex.*

Woman (to tramp)—"And if I give
 you a nice plate of hash, you promise
 to saw some wood?" Tramp—
 "Yes'm." Woman (doubtingly) "I
 don't know whether I can put confi-
 dence in you or not." Tramp
 (reproachfully)—"You ought to
 ma'am. I have confidence enough in
 you to eat your hash."

Bobby—"What are the wages of sin, pa?" Father—"Depends on the locality. In Washington they'll average about five thousand a year."

—*Texas Siftings.*

AT BAR HARBOR.

He—"Why it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel." She—"And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me." He (with a familiar movement of the arms)—"That's so!"

When I smoke, my chum in anger gets, And the more I fume the more he frets.—*Ex.*

Customer (to art dealer)—"If that is a genuine carat, Isaacstein, I don't understand how you can sell it so cheap." Art Dealer (in a confidential whisper)—"My frent, I vas new in dot pizness, and I bought an overstock of dot make."—*Sum.*

Prof.—"What kind of a proposition is the following: 'It is not good for man to be alone'?" Student (unhesitatingly)—"Universal affirmative."

—*Ex.*

Funny Man's Little Boy—"Papa, what does the Senate do with the treaties?" Funny—"My son, it codifies fishery treaties and ratifies Chinese treaties. There, now run away and laugh, and let the gray matter in papa's brain have a chance to recuperate."—*Critic.*

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HARVARD.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Harvard!!

YALE.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Yale!!

COLUMBIA.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!!

PRINCETON.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Siz-boom-ah! Princeton!!

AMHERST.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Amherst!!

WILLIAMS.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Willyams! yams! yams!!

JOHNS HOPKINS.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! J-o-h-n-s-H-o-p-k-i-n-s!!

RUTGERS.—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Bow-wow-wow! Rutgers!!

UNION.—Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! U-n-i-o-n!! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! U-n-i-o-n! Hika! Hika! Hika!!

DARTMOUTH.—Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah! Diddy-Diddy-Dartmouth! Wah-hoo-wah! Yah! Yah! Yarger!! Yah! Yah! Yarger! Boom-a-laga! Boom-a-laga! Pi! Pi! Pi!!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE.—'Rah-Hoo-Rah-Zip! Boom-ah! Hip-Zoo-Rah-Zoo-Jimmy Blow Your Bazoo, Ipsidi Iki-U of I-Champaign!

BATES.—B-a-t-e-s, 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!! Boom-a-la-ka! Boom-a-la-ka! Boom! Bates! Boom!

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Brown—"You don't look well lately, Robinson." Robinson—"No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble." Brown—"Nonsense; your lungs are all right." Robinson—"Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."—*Life.*

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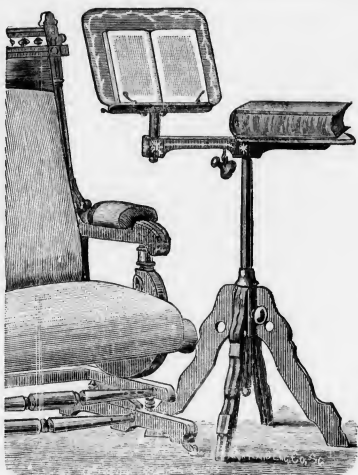
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Number 7.



Sixteenth
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'89

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

No. 7.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON, E. I. CHIPMAN,
E. J. SMALL, A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT, L. E. PLUMSTEAD,
J. I. HUTCHINSON.

I. N. COX, Business Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly
should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

AS we return to college our attention is called to the numerous improvements that have been made and are still in progress about the college buildings and grounds. A new laboratory, with advantages for individual work in Analytical Chemistry, is a welcome innovation. The gymnasium has been provided with the best apparatus, class rooms have been remodeled and enlarged, a reception hall furnished, and steam introduced as a heater. The "Boom-a-la-ka" will be given this year with redoubled vigor.

FIELD-DAY will be held about the first week in October. Every student blessed with average strength and quickness should begin systematic training at once for participation in the sports. We have many strong, active boys in college and there is no reason why good records should not be made. A spirited contest this fall and vigorous work in the gymnasium through the winter will insure a creditable showing at the annual field-day in June. We would like to hear opinions from the other Maine colleges as to the advisability of holding an inter-collegiate field-day some time during next May or June.

TOO often the student makes the terms and the years his landmarks and ignores the days and the hours that seem so small. But let him drain sixty minutes' worth of good from this hour, twenty-four hours' worth of advantage from to-day, and then seize to-morrow as if that contained the great secret, and his years will be fruitful. It is useless to think if this or that study is irksome that it can be gone through with by a few hours' "plugging" before test. It may do in war to feign a retreat, but it will not answer here. A few hours of midnight application will not take the place of honest every-day work. The student has only about so much time and strength to give any study, and if he cannot do justice to his work in that time, provided he has done his best, the training is the same. It is by no means wise to so work during a college course as to be unable to carry on the work through life. The one that does honest work in college, whether he obtains the highest rank or not, is the one that will become the thorough scholar and the one that will not leave study as soon as rank bills stop.

COMPULSORY and systematic training in the gymnasium is one of the new features at Bates. Prof. Dodge, the instructor in gymnastics, is a graduate of Yale and an enthusiast in his department. The gymnasium has been newly equipped with the most approved apparatus until it stands on a par with any gymnasium in the State. A move has been made in the right direction.

That the students appreciate the addition to the college curriculum is attested by the eagerness with which they have complied with its requirements. Zeal and energy displayed in physical exercise are indicative not only of a big muscle but of a general bodily vigor that will support the mental energies through a year's hard study. We hope the keen interest now taken in athletics may not be allowed to flag.

THE work in general chemistry in this college has been supplemented this fall, by a course in Analytical Chemistry, under Mr. A. S. Bonney of Harvard Medical School. This change is to be permanent. Mr. Bonney superintended through the summer the arranging of temporary facilities in Prof. Stanley's lecture room for individual work in analytical chemistry. The instruction is highly competent. The course is identical, so far as pursued, with that in Harvard Medical College. While the general chemistry under Prof. Stanley, in foundation, is comprehensive and universal, so to say, the analytical work is personal and specific. Improvements in this department of instruction, which are nearly consummated, are appreciated most highly. Those who are contemplating teaching or medicine are working with unusual interest in the laboratory a large part of each day, and those who are contemplating neither teaching nor medicine are drawn into enthusiasm for laboratory work by the genial alertness of the instructor. During the past vacation the improvements have been many and extensive. The turf has

been broken on the college grounds for new buildings adequate to the growing needs of the college, but none of these are commensurate with the new edifice reared upon the curriculum of this institution,—namely, the new and full advantages of pursuing the science of chemistry. It has filled a deep need of its students. The course in chemistry is unexcelled.

THE Bates Young Men's Christian Association is a thing of the past. Last spring when the general secretary visited us he discovered that in two respects our constitution was faulty; first the clause rendering it necessary that only members of evangelical churches should be admitted to fellowship; and second that the membership should be restricted to men alone. These two clauses of course made it necessary for us either to alter them or to withdraw from the intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association. The question was considered *pro* and *con*, the gentlemen held their meetings and discussed it, the ladies held theirs, and the Faculty, even, considered it worthy of their notice. After long and anxious debate these premises were accepted. Many of the most active members belong to other than evangelical churches or to no church at all; this is a co-educational college, and as the ladies are admitted to all other privileges of the college, it is hardly just to shut this branch of work against them. Therefore it was unanimously agreed to change the name from the Bates Young Men's Christian Association to the Bates College Chris-

tian Union; that the active members should not be restricted to any particular church or churches, but should be any who were in active sympathy with the work; that associate members might become such by showing a desire to enter Christian relations; and, lastly, that ladies should be admitted on equal terms with the gentlemen. The society is formed and flourishing. Long life and success to the Bates College Christian Union.

TO the Freshman class three features of college work we mention for your acute consideration as you begin your college life. First, the reading-room; second, the library; and third, the literary societies. We give these departments prominence because of their positive value and because they are, in a majority of cases, neglected during the first year, as we know by reference to the statistics of our observation and experience. You cannot withdraw your physical existence from the class-room nor your intellectual personality from certain copious and perplexing volumes, written by gentlemen intimately sympathizing with the Greek and Latin tongues, without entailing thereby certain precipitate and efficacious consequences, whose deteriorating effect upon one's happiness and reputation is well known among us. But in the matter of reading-room, library, and society there is no monitor to report, no faculty to formulate necessities, other than one's own ambition and appreciation of their value. Neglect these and no importunate creditor pulls at your sleeve.

You incur a debt but to yourself, and of low great magnitude, but later years and inability to cope with issues pregnant with interest to you are alone competent to reveal. The reading-room is the centralization of converging streams of intelligence from the whole world. Here to you are given the magnificent conclusions of the statesman before the ink is hardly dry on his manuscript. You learn of the felon's attempt and apprehension before the blood has coagulated on his knife. Here you learn of the benvolent millionaire's gift to education and religion before his beneficiaries have formulated their gratitude. Here the endeavors and marches and struggles and accidents and providences and plans shared by a whole world are revealed to you before the participators rest from their labors.

You must study the library before you can appreciate what is in it and know how to find what you want. Supposing you are on for a debate referring to some recent public measure. You want to know its origin, the history of its development so that you can form an original judgment upon it. This can be had in the library in five minutes if you know how to look for it, and if you don't you will examine books two hours to no purpose. When you go into the library, as far as possible, know what you want; learn the locality of the different books so as to save time and get what you want.

On society work the most worthy and best paying effort includes that preparation made in your own room.

Many a stammering performance in the society is a great success. Take interest in every debate, single out at least one point in the argument, master and utter it. If you neglect society work, I say of your college life, you are sitting at a feast and overlooking the best dish; you are at a symphony concert with cotton in your ears; you are at the foot of the Alps with diseased eyes. By the interest the Freshmen evince in these matters we feel well assured of their appreciation.

LITERARY.

THE SUNSET-GATE.

By M. M., '91.

Over the city roofs
Silence is falling;
From you rough mountain side
Sweet birds are calling;
Telling of evening near,
Silver notes soft and clear,
Charming the listening ear,
Each heart enthralling.

'Tis the strange sunset hour—
Mystical season!—
When the strong soul o'erleaps
Barriers of reason;
Fetters of earth it rends,
Purpose and will it bends,
And to the stars ascends,
Free'd from its prison.

O'er the bright evening sky
Gray clouds have drifted,
But low adown the west—
See—they are rifted.
Look, through the gate of gold
Wonders of heaven unfold;
Gleam realms of wealth untold
Through the veil lifted.

Ah, if we could but keep
That glimpse of heaven
Which, in a kindly mood,
Nature has given.

But the earth shadow lower,
We must await the hour
When, by a hand of power,
Earth bands are riven.

—E. L. H. S. Chimes.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

By C. D. B., '89.

CHAPTER I.

COMMENCEMENT was over. It was Friday night. Guy, his elbow on the window-sill, and his chin in his hand, sat dreamingly gazing toward the west where the sun, encircled by gorgeous-hued clouds, was setting; Ned, his hand thrust into his crisply curling locks, an earnest look in his dark eyes, and a pleased smile on his lips, was at the table, reading; and I—well, I lay on the lounge watching them. For twenty minutes neither had apparently moved a muscle. Presently Ned turned toward Guy, and, clasping his hands behind his head and tilting his chair back as far as equilibrium would permit, said:

"Guy, what do you think of Robert Browning's 'Last Ride Together'? Have you ever read it?"

"Read it? Long years ago. Love-sick nonsense! every word," Guy replied without removing his eyes from the sunset's now softened hues.

"Guy, you are out of sorts."

"No; I'm philosophical."

Ned turned toward me. "Say, Charlie, what think you of the poem?"

"I like it," I replied. "It's the personification of love. When one's in the society of her he adores, he's oblivious to all, but that she's so near. His cup of bliss is overflowing. Am I not right?"

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps I never got so deep into the water as that."

"If you haven't, you will, if you live long. You'll meet one whom you'll think is the minutest perfection, whom you'll consider as fair as Venus, though she be a synonym for ugliness, whom your heart'll bow down before, whom—"

"Great Jove! and all the rest of the Grecian and Roman gods and goddesses! be still! You'll craze me. Were I to let you go on in this way for an hour, you'd utter enough stuff to make a first-class Shakespearean comedy of unadulterated sentimentalism. Now, be still! or I'll throw you both out of the window," burst out Guy.

"Not another word, Guy," said Ned, and, rising, he gently patted his irate chum on the shoulder, "will we say, provided you don't lift that leonine voice of yours again. We heartily sympathize with you in your cynicism at our Cupidisms. We well know that more than once of late your heart has been broken up and harrowed down by love-agonies; that Venus' cherub son has more than once inextricably entangled you in the meshes of his net, and then spilt you out of it neck and heels into almost fathomless morasses of disappointment where, like Bunyan's Pilgrim you are continually floundering. No wonder you snarl at our chatter. Not another word will we utter."

And Ned, sitting down, took up his Browning, remarking that he would read "The Glove." For more than an hour nothing was said. Ned, judg-

ing from the turning of the leaves, had read, "The Glove" several times; Guy still gazed toward the west, though the red and orange long ago fading from the clouds had left them a dark and murky mass on the horizon. At last Ned closed his book, and, tossing it on the bed, said:

"I've an uncle who lives on the sea-coast—"

"I've a baker's dozen; not one of them, however, lives on the sea-coast," broke in Guy.

"This uncle," Ned went on without noticing the interruption, "is half-fisherman, half-farmer. I was at his home last summer and had a splendid time. When I left he not only invited me to come myself this summer, but to bring my friends. I shall go to his place to-morrow, and you two will go with me. I know that you, Charlie, can go; and you, Guy,—I overheard that you need not begin your canvassing for two weeks unless you choose."

"I can't possibly go," said Guy.

"Yes, you can, and what's more you will. Let me get you on to the coast, and I'll take this mumpishness out of you. Kate wasn't worth your notice. She's a flirt, a coquette, a—"

"I thought you were going home," I broke in.

"I've changed my mind," he replied, pulling a letter from his pocket. "This is from mother. Here's a paragraph: 'My dear son I'm going to write something now that will, I think, please you. My schoolmate, Esther Green, and her daughter will visit us next week. The daughter is the nicest girl in the world; take a mother's word for

it. Now, I don't command, but still it would be so nice if you should fall in love with her. She's pretty, well-educated, and sensible. She'd make you a splendid wife.' My mother is an excellent woman," said Ned. "Indeed her only fault is, I think, loving her only son, Ned, too well; but even taking this into consideration, I can hardly permit her to choose my wife. Again, it wouldn't be right for me to make myself a party to this little conspiracy that she's concocted. So we're off for uncle's, to-morrow."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Guy, suddenly springing to his feet; "to-morrow we go," and, giving Ned a push that sent him on to the bed, began dancing around the room in the most extravagant manner, singing a college song.

CHAPTER II.

"A letter for you, Inez, and one for you, Gussie," said Maude Milton, coming into her friend's room.

"Well, it's time. Just think! I've been expecting a letter all this week, and it didn't come until to-night; and you—one, two, three, four" (counting on her fingers). "Yes, you've received four within that time to my knowledge. No matter, though, mine's come at last," said Inez.

In the meantime Gussie had broken the seal to her letter and was reading its contents. Now Inez followed her example, and Maude took up "Ben-Hur" from the table. Three minutes passed during which one could have heard a pin, had it fallen on the marble top of the center-table. Inez had reached the last page of her letter,

when a look of amused displeasure came over her face, and she involuntarily exclaimed: "I sha'n't go."

"Where shan't you go?" Gussie inquired. "Evidently your letter contains something unpleasant as well as mine. That school agent politely informs me that he doesn't need any of my services."

"Listen to this, girls, in mother's letter," said Inez. "'My dear Inez, you will reach home Saturday night. Monday morning we shall start for Boston where we shall visit Kate Powers, who has extended us so many kind invitations. My dear Inez, Kate's only son will be at home. He has just completed his Junior year in college. He is good-looking and talented, they say. Now, Inez dear, can't you get him to fall in love with you? His father's rich, and so on, you see.'" "No; I shan't go. Oh! I know what I'll do. I'll go to aunt Jane's for a few weeks. Can't you girls go with me? Yes, you must. Gussie hasn't any school yet."

"But I," Maude said, "don't see."

"No buts. You must go. I will have it so. Aunt's just the nicest old lady in the world. We'll have a famous time."

CHAPTER III.

"We'll not do as I did once, ride in that mail-coach over a dusty road," said Ned, as we stood on the platform of the depot. "We'll hire one of those fishermen to carry us across the bay in his boat. One can land us almost at my uncle's door. There goes the man, now, that'll do it."

An hour after we were nearly across

the bay. We were seated in the prow of the boat, eagerly scanning the shore on which Ned's uncle's farm bordered. Ned had a field-glass. "There's uncle's house," he said, directing it landward, "with its environment of maples and elms; there are the cattle in the pasture; I can see their white faces." Soon he carefully swept the rock-ribbed shore.

"As I live and we're here," he suddenly exclaimed. "There's uncle sitting over there on a rock, smoking as placidly and peacefully as a Dutchman. Here Charlie, you take the glass. He's where the ledge breaks on the left."

There he sat; a long, lean man, with long hand-spike-like arms and legs, attached to which were immense manual and pedal appendages. His head was bald and almost as pointed as that of Iliadean Thersides; his nose, long and hooked, nearly meeting his chin; his mouth, large and curved; his eyes, small and sunken, but full of life and animation; and on his whole face an unmistakable look of shrewdness and grimmest humor. Don't think, reader, I saw all the above through a field-glass. I'm anticipating. We landed a dozen rods below where he sat. In no way did he acknowledge our coming. He had just replenished his short-stemmed T. D. and, putting it in one corner of his mouth, puffed volumes of smoke from the other.

"How are you, uncle!" said Ned as we approached. "How's your health? How do you feel?"

"How do I feel? Gorripus, Neddie! how do I feel? Why I feel just as I always did; how ye expect I feel?"

Without another word he went on pulling at his T. D.

"Say uncle haven't you a welcome for me?"

"Gorripus, Neddie! course I have. Why didn't you ask for one 'fore. What isn't worth askin' for isn't worth havin'. Come, bys, come," he said, after shaking hands with Guy and me, "let us go to the house. You haven't had any dinner. I reckon Jane'll find somethin' for ye."

Under his leadership we climbed up the ragged side of one of those steep cliffs that seem to bid eternal defiance to the ocean, and found ourselves in a grassy field. Before us was a gentle rise which entirely concealed the farm-building. When we reached the summit of this, glancing down on the other side, we saw a commodious set of farm buildings: house, ell, stable, barn, and outbuildings too numerous to mention. Oh! was the earth beneath our feet! Were we of the earth, earthy! Was the sky above us! Down in front of the house was a tennis-court, net, and—Was it a figment of the imagination!—four ladies playing. Guy pinched Ned till he hallooed, and punched my ribs so hard they were sore for days.

"How's this, uncle?" cried Ned.

"How's what, my by? Don't see but everything's right."

"Those ladies, who—"

"Them be wimen; didn't ye ever see any 'fore?"

"Yes, of course; but last summer I saw none save aunt and Mary Hanna. Here's four."

"They're here visiting, same's you

are. That one on this side o' the nit, in black gownd, is yer aunt's niece, Inez; that one in a blue gingham is me Mary; them two on t'other side 're Inez's friends. There's the whole on't, Neddie; now for dinner."

"Just wait a minute, uncle; you must introduce us to those ladies first."

"Jerusalem—Hanna, Neddie! What ye thinkin' o'? I can't do it no how. It wouldn't be right. I've heard people say more'an once, bys o' your age ought to be paying attention to their books, not gettin' their heads muddled with women."

"My dearest uncle," pleaded Ned, taking him by the coat, "you don't know how pleased I shall be if you will—"

"Well, Neddie, you're a good by. I'll do it."

Now, reader, without preamble, I'm going to pen the portraits of my heroines. Here's Maude. She's a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired, full-lipped, splendid woman. My pen were weak if you could see her. If you could see her, sir, you would say: "She's the queen of beauty's fairest flowers—an unsurpassingly fair rose that you would feign pluck and wear next your heart all your life." My fondest wish was when uncle Jack introduced her to me in his queer way, that there were twin roses somewhere, and I were one and she the other. Here's Gussie. You, lady, 'd say, that she's dumpy and too fleshy, that her hair is red, that her cheeks have too much of nature's rose; also you'd say, when you look at your lily-white hands and tapering fingers, that her's are chubby and

baby-like. But I say that she is plump and fair, that her hair is not red but auburn, that her cheeks have the glow of health on them, that her hands are little darlings, too nice for anything. Lady, Gussie is that article of food, that begins with "d" that we eat sauce on, that's made of butter, and sugar, and flour, and seasoned with lemon. Don't think I'm cannibal enough to insinuate she's good to eat; oh, no. But them, if you, sir, were a bee and she a flower you'd give the world to sip—not kiss—the nectar from her petal-lips. Here's Inez. Her hair is sablest night, braided and coiled. Her eyes are blackest black; their glances are love's own darts. Her mouth is too large for featural symmetry, but the smile, playing round it, hints of paradise. Her nose turns up a dote, but there is a dimple on her chin that's a cradle in which Cupid lies, always kicking, and laughing, and crowing. You frown at the above, lady. Well, I don't care a pin; Inez is that flower that's the namesake of "that nebulous star we call the day."

CHAPTER IV.

Evening once more. The mists from the ocean were around us. Down near the shore on a half-decayed pine log, the mouldering skeleton of what had once been a forest giant, we sat, listening to the murmurings of the incoming tide. The hours of the afternoon had flown on eagle pinions. Bright eyes had helmed the ship of time, and winning smiles been stiff breezes on her sails. We had played tennis, had had a delightful *tête-à-tête* under an apple-tree, had gathered sea-

urchins, shells, and star-fish on the beach.

"Yes," said Guy, resuming the conversation which we had dropped, "Inez is just the one for Ned. Repartee, wit, and *naïveté* flow from her lips as fast as bubbles rise from the bottom of a boiling caldron."

"What do you know about it," questioned Ned, in pleased rather than offended tones. "I should prefer my mother's choice to yours. Your talk resembles the clucking of a ten-year-old *femina* of the gallinacean genus."

"I don't need to choose for you, Ned," replied Guy. "You've chosen for yourself. Why, Ned, I saw it in two pair of eyes as plain as I can see my face in a mirror. It's no use talking, Ned, you've chosen Inez. Now I'm not going to be left. I choose next. My choice is Gussie. She's the loveliest—"

"Don't, don't, Guy," broke in Ned, "you're forever in love. Kate, Bell, Edith, and a legion others—have you forgotten them all?"

"Guy does," I suggested, "as young Romeo did, let's 'one fire burn out another's burning.'"

"Yes, and always cries in spirit if not in word of each new love," said Guy:

"The all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world
began."

"No coquetting or flirting this time," said Guy. "I'm dead in earnest. I'll tell you why. I overheard aunt Jane say that Gussie is rich—worth half a million or so."

"Hold on, Guy," I said, "if that's the case we may try our hands."

"Boys," said Guy, "I think I ought to have some show. Ned invited me to come, and wouldn't take no for an answer, and you, Charlie, assented to it. Now I'm here if you don't give me my piece of plum pie you'll find me the worst Tartar you ever caught."

"Well, what'll you have, Guy?" asks Ned.

"That I have the privilege of saying which one of the ladies each one of us shall have."

"We agree," said Ned. "Now tell us our fates."

Guy rose and addressed us in mock heroic tones.

"To you, Ned Powers, I give Inez Green. It's yours to win and wed her. Wed, she'll make you a splendid wife. Her dower is wit and sociability.

"To myself I give Gussie Cross. It's mine to win and wed her. Wed, I shall make her a first-class husband. Her dower's her goodness and pelf.

"To you, Charlie, I give Maude Dane. It's yours to win and wed her. Wed, her love will decapitate all the thorns that fortune places beneath your pillow. She's not specially dowered with wit or pelf, but her goodness and sociability will outweigh those, besides she's as wise as Athenian Socrates and fair as a sleeping Ariadne. So you see, my boy, yours is the best of the three."

CHAPTER V.

Two days had passed, and it was the afternoon of the third. The weather was perfect. Not a cloud adrift upon the sky. There was a breeze just strong enough to move the leaves and

dry the moisture from the brow. The sun was a moulten gem of silver in a sapphire-setting.

"Now's the time to examine that yellow-hammer's nest," said Ned to me.

A short distance away was an elm full three feet in diameter. Limbless it extended straight up twenty feet, then spread into four equal branches. One of these, ten feet above the trunk itself, branched into two forks, one of which, having been broken off, had become so decayed that a pair of yellow-hammers had made their nest there.

"Let us go to the house and obtain a ladder of uncle Jack," continued Ned. We found him at the barn.

"Say uncle have you got a ladder that's long enough to reach the wood-pecker's nest I called your attention to yesterday?"

"Gorripus, Neddie! course I have not! Why, there isn't one in town that is."

"Isn't that one up there on the beams long enough?" inquired Ned.

"Jerusalem-crickets! that ladder's not more 'an twenty-two feet long; it would take one thirty to reach that nest," replied uncle Jack.

"I think that one will reach the lower branches. Let us take it down and try."

"Great-guns, Neddie! that ladder can't be took down 'less you took the barn down."

"How did it come up there, uncle, if it can't be taken down?"

"How did it come there? Gosh-all-hemlock. Why it grew there, it did."

"Now Uncle Jack you are just the nicest uncle I've got."

"There, Neddie, the ladder isn't long enough, but just to please ye, ye can take it."

Five minutes after we were on our way to the tree, Guy and the girls in the meantime having joined us.

"Be careful and not fall," said Inez as Ned began to ascend the ladder.

"Don't go," pleaded Maude as I was going to follow him; and I didn't. Who would climb a ladder when a fair lady requests him to remain by her side. Not I.

In the meantime Ned had reached the lower branches. A moment after he stood in the fork, looking into the nest.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, drawing back, "it don't smell good."

Had I time and space I might tell you how Ned brought the half-fledged brood down in his hat, how Inez wondered at the length and size of their beaks, how Gussie thought it strange they could ever cling to the side of a tree with those clumsy-looking feet, how Maude took them in her hands and said they were an interesting piece of natural history.

As Ned was descending the ladder, after returning the birds to their nest, he perceived a large cavity in the trunk of the tree. At first he tried to investigate its gloomy depths with his eye, soon giving that up he thrust in his hand. He grasped something and, after considerable tugging and pulling, brought to light a rusty iron box.

I won't weary you, reader, by telling

you how astonished we were at finding the box, how we wondered what was in it, who put it there, and for what purpose.

We obtained uncle Jack's cold-chisel and hammer, and, breaking it open, found the following written on aged parchment:

"On the 12th of June, 1698, I buried a treasure on Horn Point. One hundred yards west from Crown Rock; thirty yards south from a very large boulder on the north side of the Point; where these distances meet is the treasure. I killed two sailors who were with me and buried them over the box that contains the treasure.

CAPTAIN KIDD."

"Why, we are on Horn Point! Crown Rock,—seems to me I have heard of it," said Ned.

"There's uncle Jack. I'll ask him."

"Jerusalem-cherry-tree, Neddie! It's the very pint of the Pint. It's the big ledge that 'tends out over and seems almost tumblin' into the water," replied uncle Jack.

"Boys, we'll go and see what we can make out of it, to-morrow," said Ned.

CHAPTER VI.

We were in the kitchen. The clock struck nine. Uncle Jack was reading his weekly paper. Aunt Jane was washing the dishes. Guy and Gussie were shelling a pan of green peas. Ned and Inez were reading "Hiawatha" together. I—well I wasn't far from Maude.

Finally Ned, laying aside "Longfellow, said: "I wish we could find fifty thousand or so in that box. Tell

you what we'd do. We'd have a yacht built and go cruising."

"I wish," said uncle Jack, throwing down his paper, "that me barn was chock full to the ridge-pole with bags, and that them bags was chock full of needles, and that them needles had to be worn to the eye in makin' bags for me to put me gold in."

"I wish that I had a gun that would shoot over a mountain and hit a flea and a dog that had five tails, seven heads, and could scent a mosquito ten miles off."

"Gumfrey-whittaker! Your talk o' dog and scent," said uncle Jack, "puts me in mind o' a dog I once had. He was the greatest dog on scent ye ever sec. I used, when I went a huntin' with him to lay down and sleep while he went a smellin' for game. Soon as he found any he'd come and pull me pant-leg and wake me up. Now once, when I went sharkin', I took that dog with me. When we was full five miles from land he come and pulled me pant-leg; and I said: 'boys, there's game not far off,' and they laughed at me. Well, 'fore two minutes a big shark was pulled on board. Great Scott! two live partridges flew out of his mouth. When we cut that shark open we found two hen partridges in his stomach. One had a litter of nine chickens, and t'other was settin' on twelve eggs, six o'which were pipped."

"Your story is good, uncle, but not so original as it might be," remarked Ned.

"Neddie, what's a book good for if you can't quote from it?" questioned uncle Jack.

The clock struck ten, and uncle and aunt retired, as the old folks always should when love's in the air. But it was near the first hour of morning before we sought the arms of Morpheus. "What did we do?" Reader, you are silly. Why, we talked. "What did we say?" Reader, are you young or old? If young, you know the what by recent experience. If old, let your memory recall the days of your youth. We didn't talk politics or question whether Jim Blaine would be the next President, or not. We didn't talk of the weather; we didn't moot about the psychological *ego*. In fact our talk was as unpsychological as anything well could be. We said pretty little bon-bons that melted as coolly and sweetly on the intellectual tongue as ice-cream does on the oral. We said—Oh! reader, my brain shrinks from the task of labeling the sweets. Your imagination 'll tell you better than I can.

[Concluded Next Number.]

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN THE BIBLE.

By E. I. C., '89.

OFTEN, we know, an ungainly root lies hidden in the ground, the rain falls upon it, the sun warms it and it sends forth leaf and flower. The root was not a plant nor a flower, and yet it held both wrapped up in its dark self.

And as, concealed in this root, there lies the beauty of the plant and the glory of the flower, so in every man's life there lies the germ of the beauty and glory of the true drama.

But why a drama? Why not an epic or a lyric? We live a life of action,

not of song nor even of high thought, and here lies the secret of the drama. For as music lies not in the pedals used nor even in the skill in rendering, but in the life and soul of the musician, so the true drama lies not in any external form but in the vital spirit of the action, the living interest in the characters. If, then, the true drama be but the story of men's lives correctly told, where shall we find such perfect dramas as in that book which tells the story of God's people? In reading the Bible we feel it is not so much a history or a series of biographies as a chain of dramas, held together by the golden thread of God's overruling providence and excelling in interest all profane dramas, as living, moving men and women must always excel the puppets of the stage, be they ever so skillfully arranged or carefully draped. The opening chapters put before us a drama, the scene, the garden of Eden, the actors, Adam and Eve, and the holy angles of God.

Merely to mention the instances of the dramatic element in the Bible would require not minutes but hours. Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, bringing that perfect evidence of his faith on Mt. Moriah; Joseph, to-day, the inferior of Potiphar, to-morrow, the equal of Pharaoh himself; Ruth, the Moabitess, gleanings in the sunlit fields of Boaz and becoming the mother of the princely house of David; Esther, the dark-eyed maiden queen, winning the heart of Ahasuerus and, by her strong, patient courage, saving her people. Over and over, we find this, in Arabia, in the patient sufferings of Job, Satan-

afflicted; in the tent of Heber, the Kenite, when Lisera, lord of nine hundred chariots is slain by the hand of a woman.

While the world stands, will it be fascinated by the story of David. The dramatic events of his early life, a stripling rashly standing forth as the champion of the armies of Israel; the striking vicissitudes of his youth, to-day, Saul's most favored harper, to-morrow, a fugitive for his life. The peaceful course of his middle life and the pitiful tragedy of his old age. A weak, trembling, old man, driven from his city and his kingdom, climbing Mt. Olivet with bare feet and uncovered head; his dearest son, Absalom, seeking his very life, a mere accident, a lucky chance, turning the tide of battle in his favor and in the first flush of victory, his question to the messenger, "Is Absalom safe?" and the sorrowful answer, "May all the enemies of my lord, the King, be as that young man is." Down through the ages there rings that passionate cry of anguish, "O, my son Absalom, my son, my son! Would God I had died for you, Absalom, my son, my son!"

This much and more we see in the Old Testament, but when we turn to the New, we confront a drama at once the most sublime and the most tragic of the world's history, a drama which is to all other dramas as the dark of midnight is to the gray of twilight, and yet with a glorious gleam of sunrise upon it. Christ's whole life was a drama, tragic in his ministry, tragic in his death, but the closing scene was the most wonderful of all time. Mon-

day, riding into Jerusalem, the people strewing the way with palm branches and shouting "Hosanna in the highest." Thursday betrayed, and Friday, the people shouting again—listen—"Hosanna?" no, "away with him, crucify him, crucify him," "Barrabas, Barrabas." "And from the sixth hour there was darkness over the earth and the veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom." And this was the end of this great tragedy. The end? no! This was the dark of midnight, but the third day after the long expected sunrise burst forth and in the resurrection not in the crucifixion, the world's greatest drama was closed.

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

By N. G. B., '91.

Far up among the hills, a tiny brook
Danced merrily from stone to stone all day,
And seemed to laugh aloud in glee, when'er
A ray of sunshine reached it through the trees
Which sheltered it on either side. Tall ferns
And blue-eyed violets bent lovingly
Above its sparkling waters, and the birds
Sang sweetly to it all the day, until
The twilight called them to their nests, and
they
Were hushed to rest by its soft lullaby.
One spot there was, far down the mountain-
side,
Where, when the sun was low, the brooklet
loved
To stay its hurrying feet and rest awhile
In its swift journey toward the sea.

Hard by

A mountain cottage stood, where dwelt a
child,—
A laughing boy with sunny curls of gold,—
Who often turned his footsteps toward the spot
Where paused the weary brook each day to
rest.
The child would gaze into the crystal depths,
Until he fancied that the placid pool
Returned his smile with one as sweet and glad.
When'er he gazed upon the picture, framed

By ferns and frail wild blossoms crowding to
The water's edge,—the fair, still picture of
White fleecy clouds in unknown depths of
blue,

Of swaying elm, and quivering aspen tree,
Of violets, and frail anemones,
And, fair as they, his own bright, sunny face,—
His childish heart was filled with peace, and all
The world seemed beautiful to him, and good.

But childhood lasts not alway, and the years,
Swift-passing, brought full many a change to
those

Who dwelt within that simple mountain home.
The stream still listened to the summer birds,
And still the wild flowers bent to catch their
own

Reflection in the pool, as they had done
Of yore. But far from these the gladsome child
Who played beside the brook all day, had
strayed,

And in the restless city toiled for fame.
The childlike faith and trust that had been
his

Were vanished, and his heart,—grown hard
and cold,

Through all his selfish struggle with the
world,—

Thought all men proud and selfish as himself,
Nor deemed he that the world held aught of
good,

Or beauty, since he knew its hate and wrong.

But when he held within his grasp the prize
For which he toiled, and men had placed upon
His brow the laurel crown, there came a time
When he, awearied of his hard-won fame,
Longed for the love which men withheld, and
for

The childlike faith in God and man, which he
Himself had slain. Into his heart there came
The memory of that far-off time, when he
Had played beside the brooklet's brim and
thought

The whole world beautiful and good.

Back to

The mountain stream he turned his steps once
more,

And knelt beside the placid waters, as
Had been his wont so long ago. He saw
The same fair picture of blue sky and cloud,
Wild flower and drooping elm, but no sweet
face

Of trusting childhood, wreathed with sunny
curls,

Looked up at him with innocent, wondering
eyes.

The face he scanned was written o'er with deep,
 Hard lines, that told of pride and hate; stern
 eyes
 Gazed somberly from under frowning brows;
 And as angry cloud had swept across,
 The peaceful picture seemed to pale before
 His baleful presence.

As he knelt, the light
 Of truth broke in upon his soul. The world
 Was beautiful and good, and he himself
 A blot upon her purity. Mankind
 Had, like the pool, but given back to him
 The image of himself. His pride had been
 Reflected from the faces of his friends,
 And their distrust but answered back his own.
 The lines upon his face grew softer, as
 He knelt beside the stream, and when he rose,
 And to the restless city took his way,
 He bore within his heart the lesson learned
 Beside the mountain streamlet's resting-place.

In after years, when few remembered how
 The laurel crown had one day graced his brow,
 His name lived in the hearts of men, as one
 Who loved and toiled for them; for, like the
 pool,
 The world gave back the image of his face,
 And men had answered back his love with
 love.

LEAVE US LEISURE TO BE GOOD.

By J. H. J., '88.

THE President vetoes a bill. In a few seconds the lightning's finger has written the news in every city of our republic, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The iron horse harnessed to our coach, we ride four times as fast as our fathers, and the fruits of our industry surpasses theirs many fold. Our fortunes we count in millions, whereas theirs were told in hundreds. Who shall say ours is not the height of prosperity? What nation shall assume to compare its success with ours?

And yet, amid this heyday of our glory, let us see whether in our zeal

for acquisition we are not forgetting an important decree of our nature. Is there not in our characteristic American rush a dangerous tendency? With a discipline that never calls halt, what wonder that men become gray at thirty, and are stricken with paralysis at forty. The candle of life burns too fiercely, and the children of each succeeding generation, born with their vital energies half consumed already, pay tribute to the vices of their fathers.

The business man, with his insatiate desire for gain, becomes a stranger to his own children. The higher impulses of his nature are paralyzed, and he becomes a mere machine, half his native energies wasted by friction.

Equally true is it with the professional man. The mainspring of his activity constantly tense, at length collapses, and the brilliant and successful career ends in imbecility.

The rush of business life, the bustle of society, and the race for office, tend also to vitiate the moral character of our people. Greed begets selfishness and indifference, and the tendency toward questionable dealing receives no check from conscience. Society, acting on the motto, "Every man for himself," witnesses undisturbed the remainder of the proverb fully exemplified.

Our political elections, partaking of the same spirit, are fast becoming a mere race between parties, a contest of opposing factions, made up, not of devoted adherents to principle, but of hereditary partisans, who confuse prejudice with principle, for a large class of Americans have no time to learn the

science of government; they indifferently ask, "How did my father vote?" Hence the final issue too often represents, not the triumph of principles, but of wire-pulling, bribery, and the grog-shop.

In nothing is the evil tendency of our national haste more apparent than in its effect upon our literature. What more striking example can be found than the recent premature death of that wonderfully gifted and universally beloved friend of the children, Miss Alcott? Her noble life went out, not because of exhausted powers, but swept away by the flame of her overwrought genius.

When Charles Reade was asked for more of those stories that gave him his fame, he replied, "I cannot now afford it." Fortune and fame, and the habits that had won them, left him no time to write masterpieces.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," sang Isaac Watts. Granted, but "All work and no play" yields no better result. Leisure is not idleness, and as the day follows night, so should rest follow toil.

In vain does the sunset display its hues of gold and amber to the hurried man; the work of an Angelo cannot touch him; the finer sensibilities of his nature are dead.

That "Haste makes waste," we have seen exemplified in every sphere of American activity. The wretched results suggest their own corrective: leisure to renew our exhausted energies, to attain our highest possibilities of body, mind, and spirit, to hear the voice of God speaking from Nature's

oracles, from old ocean's waves as they leisurely break along the beach, from the silent grandeur of wild mountains, aye, from the voiceless solitude of the desert waste.

Nature generously offers rude forces to be yoked for our service, and thus rendering our labor many times more productive, conspires with Providence to give us leisure. And in vain?

Student, merchant, legislator, professional man, the toiler of whatever name, all need leisure to attain perfect manhood. For character is a silent growth, the product of many choices, the expression of many steadfast purposes slowly ripened in the favoring sunshine of leisure.

The patriarchs of old had their quiet hours of prayer. The people that God chose to be the repository of his greatest thought for man, during forty years of their formative period were wanderers in the wilderness. It was the shepherd, not the warrior life of David, that made him the "sweet singer of Israel." Luther, in the silence of his heart, matured a purpose, and all Europe trembled in the throes of the Reformation. Moody spent weeks and months in quiet prayer and consecration, and the whole world will feel his influence for ages to come. Christ, aye, reverently we say it, in preparation for His ministry, "was with the wild beasts forty days in the wilderness."

"Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow
The suffering Saviour prays alone."

"Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." Satan for the last time is vanquished, and man's redemption insured.

When upon a quiet Sabbath morning we hear the peace-proclaiming church bells summoning the toil-worn multitudes to rest and worship, we feel the sacredness of leisure—that God intended it for us—and we recall the words, “He blessed the seventh day, for in it he had rested from all his work.”

Yes, methinks that even now the Pilot of Galilee is stretching his hand over the troubled sea of our national life with his “Peace! Be still!” Shall we not heed it?

THE WORLD'S OBLIGATION TO CHIVALRY.

By E. L. S., '89.

BACK in the darkness of the middle ages there existed a Christian virtue whose name still awakens in our breasts the most noble emotions. Chivalry! that remarkable combination of valor, loyalty, courtesy, and munificence—an institution peculiarly adapted to its time.

For the one thousand years following the breaking up of the western Roman Empire, Europe writhed in the toils of feudalism. There was no fixed code of laws, no recognized ruler. Through Europe were scattered here and there the strongholds of the powerful lords, each surrounded by his vassals; while the so-called kings were little more than dukes. Lust and crime run riot; the strong triumphed and the weak yielded; and the world's whole future development hung in the balance.

Still there existed in some noble minds an innate sense of justice and

honor; and from this, together with the old German idea, sprang the institution of chivalry, an institution that was to take the place of a written code of laws. It kept alive the one spark of virtue that shone brightly through the middle ages. It was an attempt to amalgamate the Christian graces with the rougher requirements of the feudal code to vindicate justice, to avenge wrong, to defend the weak, unprotected, and oppressed. It comprised and knit together the warrior chaste of Christendom into one great fraternity.

Strange it may seem that such an institution should be kept pure through the vice, superstition, and universal ignorance that prevailed; yet the strictness with which each must prove himself worthy of the rank of knighthood, the solemnity of the oaths, and of the attending ceremony, together with the very splendor of knightly equipage, its shining armor, and richly-caparisoned horses all acted powerfully upon the mind of the whole warrior as he rode forth the champion of truth and justice.

According to the chronicles of those times perjury was general, and the remedies applied increased the evil. Many forms of oaths were invented to no purpose. Never was the simple obligation of veracity so completely lost sight of as in these times; yet when this perjury was most rife, the knight stood forth and challenged faith in his veracity on the simple word of a gentleman. And from that time the word of a man of honor is the surest bond of confidence between man and man.

Chivalry decided all disagreements by the trial of the strongest arm and steadiest heart, and thus developed that great virtue, manly courage. But it taught the duty of being pitiful as well as brave; asserted the principle that war can be carried on without personal animosity; that courage, endurance, and the other knightly qualities are to be admired as much in an enemy as in a friend. It is to chivalry that the best and most humane laws of war owe their origin.

Yet the knight was not always fighting for country or church. Among those who claimed the protection of his valor the weaker sex held a conspicuous place. At the proper moment the knight steps forth as the champion of the fair and lays the glory of his arms at the feet of beauty. He makes woman arbiter of all his achievements. The principal seat in hall and festival is reserved for the sex that hitherto has scarcely been considered worthy of reverence or companionship. And thus is taken the first step toward the elevation of woman.

We can also trace back to those days of romance the birth of poetry and song, awakened into life by the joyous lays and love sonnets of the young knights returning from Palestine and pouring forth their admiration of birth and beauty in the soft language of Italy or Languedoc. It is from this inexhaustible fount that poets and novelists still draw their richest stores.

After shining brightly for nearly a thousand years chivalry as an institution was destined to go out forever; but it had done its work. It had con-

trolled the destiny of nations through the darkest period in history.

Slowly and gradually order was evolved from chaos, and our modern system arose. In proportion as knightly power declined the standard of knightly virtue rose and its expiring embers flashed up higher.

Kingdoms and dynasties flourish and decay and make no permanent mark upon the succeeding age, but the institution of chivalry has left an impression upon the world which, let us trust, may never be blotted out.

BUBBLES.

By A. C. T., '88.

Little child with your bubbles at play,
In the long, dreamy midsummer day;
Why that shadow that lurks in your eye?
Would you grasp the bright bubbles that rise,
Sailing off toward the bright azure skies?
Pray tell me the cause of that sigh.

Know you not, if that bubble you clasp,
'Twill be crushed and dissolved in your grasp,
While you get but a splash for your pains?
It is well that they float out of reach,
For a lesson they silently teach,
That life's pleasures are fleeting and vain.

Little child, there are, deep in your breast,
Smothered yearnings you've never confessed:
Hidden fancies of childhood's bright years.
But they're bubbles that float in your sky;
And, if grasped, they'll be crushed and will die,
Leaving only the splashing of tears.

But still o'er the realms of the real,
The beautiful fleeting ideal
Floats, beckoning up to the sky,
And it may be, each frail earthly token
Has led us, before it has broken,
Up to heights that we else would not try.

—Nichols Echo.

For entertainment in eatables the students can find a pleasant host and good food at Long's, on Lisbon Street.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student :

At your request I will try and give you an account of my trip to Northfield, endeavoring to relate some of the things that occurred at Mr. Moody's Summer School for Bible Study, which was held during the past summer.

We left Portland by boat June 29th, at 7.30 o'clock, and reached Boston at five the next morning. After breakfast we secured our tickets to Northfield, over the Fitchburg road, and left the great metropolis of New England with its din and confusion, for a ride over one of the most beautiful tracts of country in the "Old Bay State." Arriving at Northfield, we found carriages in waiting to convey us, with our baggage, to the school buildings which are about two miles from the station.

As we rode along through the village of Northfield, we were delighted with its beautiful scenery. It is built on a broad street shaded on either side by grand old trees, which have seen the sunlight of more than a century of summers. It stands on a gentle eminence commanding a view of the renowned Connecticut Valley. As we were drawn along under the shade of its beautiful trees, which furnished such a pleasing contrast to our railway journey, we could not, as we thought of its being the native place of Mr. Moody, but appreciate the kindness of him who had invited us thither, and our voices rang out with a glad shout of gratitude, as our renowned host rode past swinging his hat and bidding us welcome. We passed his home, a few

moments later, and also the school-house in which it is said he received all his school education. We arrived at the grounds in good time and immediately registered and were assigned our rooms. After arranging our toilet slightly we hastened to partake of our first dinner at Northfield. And having finished dinner, let us take a look at the grounds and buildings.

The grounds comprise about 250 acres of land, which gradually descends from the tops of beautiful wooded hills to the valley of the Connecticut. Situated about midway between the tops of the hills and the river, on gentle elevations are five beautiful buildings. So that standing in front of the buildings, one looks down upon the king of New England rivers, proudly making its way through peaceful valleys and quiet meadows. The buildings are five in number, and are built of stone and brick. The first building which we will notice briefly is Marquand Hall; this is situated on the northern side of the grounds, and faces west looking toward the Connecticut, for the grounds I should have said are on the east side of the river. The next building that claims our attention is a beautiful edifice constructed of a peculiar brown stone. It is known as Stone Hall, and contains the recitation rooms and a large hall, where the meetings were held, capable of seating six or eight hundred. We next come to Talcott Library, a beautiful building constructed of stone and very nicely finished both inside and out. Other buildings are East Hall and Weston Hall, both made of brick and overlooking those build-

ings mentioned above. But we must not spend more time on the buildings, for we want to say something about the meetings and the students in attendance.

The meetings began in the morning, the first being held for half an hour each morning after breakfast. This meeting was an informal one devoted to the consideration of some topic interesting and helpful to Y. M. C. A. workers. The breakfast hour coming at 7 o'clock, and this meeting following at 8 o'clock, and lasting as we have said one-half hour, left an hour and a half before the beginning of the next meeting, which was usually spent in study or conversation upon some theme that had been presented.

The meeting at 10 o'clock was opened with singing led by Prof. D. B. Towner, assisted by a large male choir.

After singing, Mr. Moody usually called upon some one, perhaps one of the students, to read a portion of scripture, after which prayer was offered, and then followed singing. Then we were permitted, perhaps, to listen to a talk by the great evangelist, or a sermon by some renowned theologian. This meeting was of course often varied as to its programme, as it is an especial feature of Mr. Moody's to break up monotony, and to furnish one with delightful surprises. This meeting was in session until about half-past twelve. Dinner came at one, and after that there were no more meetings until seven o'clock in the evening, when a meeting was held on a little round hill back of Mr. Moody's house for missionary volunteers. This meeting lasted for

one hour and was attended by about one hundred students.

The character of the meeting was varied, it being sometimes a prayer-meeting and sometimes a talk by some returned missionary or by some one that was about to sail for foreign fields.

At 8 o'clock came the grand closing meeting of the day, which was conducted similarly to the one in the forenoon. The afternoon was devoted entirely to athletics and recreation. Mr. A. A. Stagg, "the praying pitcher" of Yale, was chairman of the athletic committee, and was assisted by a number of prominent athletes, among whom was H. W. Cowan, the captain of the foot-ball team of Princeton. The games were base-ball, tennis, cricket, etc. Besides these games there were excellent opportunities for bathing, boating, hill climbing, and other things too numerous to mention.

But my communication is already getting long and I have not said half that I should like, but will close after a few words regarding the number of students and teachers; whence they come, and their purposes.

There were at the school 496 men, of whom 391 were college men, representing 94 institutions in different parts of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and other countries in Europe. There were men from Cambridge, Oxford, and Edinburgh, Great Britain, and from Utrecht, Holland.

In the audience might be seen represented nearly every nationality in the world. The teachers that were in attendance represented the talent of the

country. Among them might be mentioned Dr. McKenzi, of Cambridge; Prof. William R. Harper, of Yale; Dr. Broadus, of Kentucky; Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of London; Bishop Hendrix, of Missouri; H. Clay Trumbull, editor of *Sunday School Times*; H. L. Hastings, of Boston, and others.

Mr. Moody presided over all the general meetings, and had an oversight over the entire school. He is deeply interested in college Y. M. C. A. work, and is doing a vast amount of work for the evangelization of college men. One could not sit and listen to such men as these whom we have mentioned, without feeling that life means a great deal. And we all left the place that had become dear to our hearts because of acquaintances that had been formed and on account of pleasant recollections of times that had been spent listening to the inspired words of our teachers.

Each one felt that there was some part in the great work of the Master for him and all went away with strong determinations to labor more earnestly for the benefit of his fellow-men.

H. W. S., '89.

LOCALS.

"Such deadly stench from the depths arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies."

H₂S.

Receptions!

Welcome, '92.

See the big oxen at the Fair?

"Ah there! Join our society."

Several M. S. C. boys were on the campus Fair week.

Sophomore band rehearsals at 7 p.m. in the upper chapel.

The Zouaves in full uniform enter the gymnasium at 4.30.

A. E. Hatch, '89, has been stumping the State for prohibition.

Prof. Bonney recently analyzed some wine in a suspected poison case.

Prof. Dodge, instructor in the gymnasium, is very popular with his classes.

Emerson, '89, is instructor in Rhetoric at the Nichols Latin School for the coming year.

The course in Analytical Chemistry, under Mr. Bonney, is very interesting and profitable.

Why not have some college songs? Brace up boys and make a noise if you can't sing.

The effect is observed in the unexpected ringing of the bell at all hours of day and night,

"And his merry bosom swells
And he dances and he yells
At the ringing and the tolling of the bell."

The bell room has been remodeled, steam introduced, light admitted, and the bell man made happy.

We desire the assistance of the alumni in making the Personal columns of the *STUDENT* more complete.

Several of the students were employed during State Fair week as conductors, waiters, and ticket sellers.

Prof. (in Psychology)—"What is an example of forced attention?" Student (innocently)—"The class."

When is the Freshman a rose between two thorns? When the two societies are trying to "rope him in."

Prof. (to Freshman)—“Now, Mr. F., if you would use your brain more and mouth less, you would do first-rate.”

Dr. Cheney is to take a Western trip soon to look after some matters pertaining to the financial affairs of the college.

In the tennis tournament at Northfield this summer, Sandford, '86, and Small, '89, won the doubles, and Small won the singles.

In Astronomy: Prof. S.—“If the earth hangs in space what hinders our seeing the sky below us?” Student (thoughtfully)—“Our feet.”

The Indian club and dumb-bell moves in spasmodic gyrations no more forever, but describe the perfect circle and ellipse with musical precision.

The new boiler lies silent in the basement, the ghost of next winter's comfort. If the recent cold wave continues we hope the ghost will materialize directly.

An opportunity to hear the tariff discussed by representative men from both parties has been eagerly accepted by the students. The rallies were better patronized than any theatre has been.

“A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.” A Senior was mistaken for a Freshman recently at the Y. M. C. A. reception, by a young lady skillful to detect conditions by department.

Ground will be broken for the new laboratory about September 20th. It is to be a brick building 58 x 36. In our next number there will be a de-

scription of the building, its location, and the proposed grading about it.

Day, '90, is captain of the ball team this year. Cox, '89, is manager. Following are the players: Call, Wilson, Gilmore, Graves, Day, Little, Knox, Putnam, Emery, and Whitecomb. September 20th and 21st the boys play in St. Johns, N. B.

A Senior returned to college with something of a monstache. A lady friend who had not become accustomed to seeing the new object, remarked: “I will become acquainted with the length and depth of that before the term is over.” “Fairy Moonlight.”

Our list of birds goes on as follows: Great horned owl, red-tailed hawk, black-billed cuckoo, dusky duck, shel-drake, great blue heron, bittern, hairy woodpecker, great crested fly-catcher, bank swallow, marsh blackbird, wood-duck, dipper duck, upland plover, pileated woodpecker.

The Bates College Athletic Association has just organized with the following officers: President, Daggett, '89; Vice-President, Neal, '90; Secretary, Ham, '92; Treasurer, Hamlin, '90; Directors, Stevens and Newell, '89; Day and Woodman, '90; Plummer and Small, '91; Wilson and Walter, '92.

About seven thousand five hundred dollars remain to be raised to complete the one hundred and thirty thousand dollars required to meet the conditions of J. L. H. Cobb's gift; but President Cheney and several prominent business men have given a bond to raise the amount and the conditions of the gift are met.

Our thanks are due E. L. Stevens and F. M. Buker for assistance in getting out the present number of the STUDENT.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society for the coming year are as follows: President, F. M. Buker; Vice-President, F. L. Day; Secretary, W. B. Cutts; Treasurer, A. C. Hutchinson; Orator, G. H. Libby; Executive Committee, F. J. Daggett, A. N. Peaslee, Miss Hattie Pulsifer; Committee on Public Meeting, F. L. Pugsley, Miss Blanche Howe, W. E. Kinney.

Entering for field-day and not practicing is what might be termed physical cheek. An ancient philosopher once remarked of a certain nocturnal insect, "that he had no wings but he got there just the same." It has been observed of certain students who have entered for the running matches, "that they don't practice but they will get there just the same." Yes. But think of the time it will take.

The reception tendered the Freshmen by the Christian Association, August 30th, was an exceedingly pleasant affair. The greeting extended to the class of '92, by Vice-President H. J. Piper, was cordial and appropriate. Remarks by Professor Hayes were appreciated, and a short literary programme enjoyed. Later in the evening refreshments in all fullness and variety were served. Over one hundred guests were present.

The Polymnian Society held its annual election of officers, August 31st. President, C. J. Emerson; Vice-President, G. H. Hamlen; Secretary, Miss

Edith Fairbanks; Treasurer, N. G. Howard; Orator, A. L. Safford; Poet, A. E. Hatch; Librarian, F. B. Nelson; Executive Committee, F. W. Newell, H. J. Piper, C. H. Richardson; Editors, J. I. Hutchinson, Miss Nellie Snow, A. D. Pinkham. A public meeting will be held the last of the term.

The Polymnian Society gave their annual reception to the Freshman class on Friday evening, September 7th. Reception Hall was very prettily decorated for the occasion, and a large gathering of members and friends gave it a lively appearance. An hour was spent in getting acquainted, after which a highly appreciated literary programme was presented. Refreshments followed and the remainder of the evening was spent in *tête-à-tête*, tucker, etc. Such occasions lend additional charms to college life.

September 14th, the Eurosophian Society gave their usual fall reception to the Freshman class. The reception was held in the gymnasium and was largely attended. One very pleasant feature was the presence of several of our Polymnian friends, thus making the occasion one of more general and college interest. There was quite an extended literary programme, and of course the usual games. Refreshments of cake, coffee, and fruit were served, and the evening closed with a grand march and a college song in chorus. All voted it a very pleasant evening.

The STUDENT has received from D. Lothrop Company a beautiful edition of the "Odyssey of Homer done

into English prose by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. Price \$1.50." For closeness and accuracy of translation it stands without equal among the many English versions. In England it has received the warmest commendations of Greek scholars and has taken its place as the standard prose version of the poem. The same publishers are also bringing out a new and beautiful edition of Jewett's translation of *Thucydides* with an introduction by A. P. Peabody, LL.D. Price \$3.50.

With characteristic zeal the Seniors have plunged into the study of Astronomy. No theory will remain unexplored; no problem unsolved. Nothing but personal observation and calculation will satisfy their practical minds. Many a doughty knight and fair lady may be seen on moonlight occasions, sauntering oblivious to all earthly pains and cares, their eyes and thoughts fixed upon the celestial dome. Heavenly theories, ethereal bliss, and harmonic squares throb tumultuously together, and all the while, in perfect unconcern the north star twinkles at the extremity of the "handle of the little bear," while giraffes and monkeys, snakes and heroes, go backwards round the pole.

During the summer quite a number of books have been added to the college library. The alcoves are well-arranged and the finding of books convenient. If you need assistance in your search, Mr. Safford, the assistant librarian, will gladly come to the rescue and overhaul that library from top to bottom, from north to south, and from east to west, till the reticent

and retiring document is brought to light. As you enter the library, on a shelf at the right stands the cup that will be contested for on field-day. This cup was presented by the class of '80, and has been won by '80, '82, '83, and '85. It is a matter of interest as to who will add a class color to the cup on the approaching field-day.

The interest awakened in the study of Entomology last year by Prof. Braun has not been allowed to die out. Several of the students have extensive collections of insects found in Maine. At the State Fair, Neal, '90, exhibited excellent cases of butterflies and moths. Prof. Braun requests that the students send him all butterflies and moths that they see fit to spare, as he has recently had extensive orders from abroad. Catacalas are especially desired, as the Professor has an order for five hundred pairs from one firm in England. All insects for exchange must be perfect. Foreign butterflies or moths will be exchanged for our native ones, or money paid, as the sender may prefer. Our thanks are due Prof. Braun for the stimulus he has given at Bates to the study of insect life.

Tramp (some years hence)—"I see you belong to a college society. So do I. Can't you lend me a dime?" Man of Wealth—"Yes, I am a graduate of Yale and I make \$10,000 a year as a base-ball pitcher. Here, take this five dollar bill and get a square meal. What college did you attend?" "I am a graduate of Harvard. They don't teach base-ball at Harvard. Thanks."
—*Omaha World.*

PERSONALS.

[The STUDENT proposes to publish, during the present year, a complete list of the alumni with the residence and occupation of each in so far as we are able to ascertain these facts. In the present number we have experienced much difficulty in getting such information. We earnestly solicit the assistance of all to enable us to make the list as complete and satisfactory as could be wished. If any mistake is found in the following list, please notify the editors.]

ALUMNI.

1877.

L. A. Burr, principal grammar school, Baldwin, Mass.

Rev. J. A. Chase, pastor Unitarian church, Chelmsford, Mass.

O. B. Clason, Esq., practicing law, Gardiner, Maine.

C. B. Emerson, Esq., practicing law, Lewiston, Me.

B. T. Hathaway, principal high school, Northfield, Minn.

L. H. Moulton, principal Lee Academy, Lee, Maine.

N. P. Noble.

Miss J. R. North, first assistant in high school, Rockland, Me.

H. W. Oakes, Esq., practicing law, Lewiston, Me.

F. F. Phillips, Somerville, Mass.

A. W. Potter, M.D., practicing medicine at Lisbon, Me.

J. W. Smith, insurance agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

G. A. Stuart, principal high school, Gardiner, Me.

J. K. Tomlinson, principal grammar school, Harrisburg, Penn.

Mrs. C. M. Warner Morehouse, Bristol, Ct.

1878.

Rev. J. Q. Adams.

F. H. Bartlett.

D. M. Benner.

F. H. Briggs, one of the proprietors of a large stock farm, Auburn, Me.

C. E. Brockway, pastor of a Free Baptist church in New York.

M. F. Daggett.

A. M. Flagg, in business in Auburn, Me.

A. Getchell.

Rev. F. D. George, missionary in India; recently returned.

B. S. Hurd, principal high school, Beverly, Mass.

C. E. Hussey.

J. W. Hutchins, sub-master Baldwin High School.

F. O. Mower, California.

C. F. Peaslee.

H. A. Runlett, M.D.

E. B. Scribner, M.D.

E. B. Vining.

1879.

T. J. Bollin, in Washington.

E. M. Briggs, Esq., practicing law, Lewiston, Maine.

F. L. Buker.

E. W. Given, teacher in New Jersey.

Fletcher Howard.

Rev. R. F. Jonhonnott, pastor Unitarian church, near Boston.

F. N. Kincaid.

W. E. Lane, druggist, Lewiston, Me.

T. M. Lombart, engaged in gardening in Auburn, Me.

E. A. McCollister, M.D., practicing medicine in Gray, Me.

F. P. Otis, Esq.

L. M. Perkins.

Walter E. Ranger, principal Lyndon Institute, Vermont.

C. M. Sargent, manager school agency, Boston, Mass.

M. C. Smart, principal high school, Biddeford, Me.

A. E. Tuttle, principal high school, Amesbury, Mass.

1880.

A. A. Beane.

C. H. Deshon.

E. H. Farrar, architect, Omaha, Neb.

I. F. Frisbee, principal Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, Me.

Mrs. L. W. Harris Robinson.

Rev. F. L. Hayes, pastor First Free Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

Rev. J. H. Heald, pastor Congregational Church, Bennington, N. H.

A. W. Hoyt, principal high school, North Brockfield, Mass.

W. H. Judkins, Esq., practicing law in Lewiston, Me.

W. P. Martin, Esq.

H. L. Merrill, Minnesota.

M. T. Newton, M.D., practicing medicine at Sabatis, Me.

Prof. J. F. Parson, Hillsdale, Mich.
 C. B. Rankin, M.D., practicing medicine at
 Bryant's Pond, Me.
 A. E. Richards, Esq., practicing law at
 Farmington, Me.
 Miss E. H. Sawyer, teaching.
 O. C. Tarbox, M. D., at Elk River, Minn.
 A. L. Woods, teaching in Dakota.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

Wyman, '79, and Williamson, '86,
 have opened a law office at Anoka,
 Minn.

'81.—Principal H. B. Nevens, of
 Bridgton High School, has accepted a
 position as supervisor of schools for
 the city of Rockland.

'85.—F. S. Forbes graduated from
 the Oberlin Theological Seminary last
 June, and has accepted a call to the
 Congregational Church on Saratoga
 Street, Omaha, Neb.

'85.—C. A. Washburn has been ap-
 pointed to fill the vacancy in the Ed-
 ward Little High School, Auburn,
 caused by the resignation of Cushman,
 '85.

'86.—A. B. McWilliams has been
 appointed postal clerk on the route
 from Canton to Mechanic Falls.

'86.—J. W. Goff is having excellent
 success as principal of the North An-
 son Academy.

'86.—Married in Boston, August 16,
 Mr. A. E. Blanchard of Farmington,
 and Miss May Harding of New Sharon.
 Mr. Blanchard is in the law office of
 Nearing & Barry, Kansas City, Mis-
 souri.

'87.—Jesse Bailey returned to his
 position in Talladega College, Ala.,
 the 17th of this month.

'87.—W. C. Buck is principal of
 Somerset Academy at Athens, Me.

'88.—S. H. Woodrow was ordained

by a council called for that purpose at
 Mechanic Falls, Thursday. He has
 engaged to supply the Congregational
 church at that place for a year, after
 which he expects to pursue a further
 course of study.

The following members of '88 are
 now teaching:

F. S. Hamlet,	Shapleigh, Me.
R. A. Parker,	West Lebanon, Me.
J. H. Johnson,	Bowdoin Center, Me.
Miss M. G. Pinkham,	Hanover, N. H.
Miss N. B. Jordan,	Pike, N. Y.
Miss L. A. Frost,	Kingston, Mass.
Miss I. F. Cobb,	Northfield, Minn.
Miss F. M. Nowell,	Laconia, N. H.
E. F. Blanchard,	Sutton, Mass.
E. E. Sawyer,	Saratoga, N. Y.
W. L. Powers,	Fort Fairfield, Me.
A. C. Wallace,	Guilford, Conn.
W. F. Tibbetts,	Nichols Latin School.
A. C. Townsend,	Nichols Latin School.

THEOLOGICAL.

'87.—S. D. Blaisdell has accepted a
 call to preach at Bath.

'88.—E. R. Chadwick was recently
 ordained as pastor of the F. B. Church
 at Milton, N. H.

'89.—H. C. Lowden has returned
 from a visit to his home in Nova Scotia.

'89.—E. Z. Whitman is preaching
 at Sabatis.

'89.—G. T. Griffin is preaching at
 Orr's Island.

STUDENTS.

'89.—G. H. Libby is principal of
 the academy at Foxcroft.

'89.—Miss L. E. Plumstead is teach-
 ing at Wiscasset.

'89.—B. E. Sinclair has charge of a
 school at West Harrington.

'89.—E. T. Whittemore is to preach
 at Fayette for a year.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen is preaching at
 South Lewiston.

'90.—F. S. Pierce is at the Pigeon Cove House, Cape Ann.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan will enter the Junior class at Wellesley.

'90.—A. F. Gilmore is teaching the high school at Turner.

'91.—W. L. Nickerson attended the yearly meeting of the Free Baptist Church, held at Oakland, the first of September.

'91.—H. J. Chase is teaching at Boothbay.

'91.—L. A. Ross has charge of a high school at Wells.

'91.—C. A. Record is principal of South Paris High School.

'91.—E. L. Peabody has a paying position in New York.

'91.—Miss N. G. Bray, who has been teaching at Bridgton Academy, has entered the Sophomore class.

'92.—Following are the names of the Freshmen and their fitting schools:

E. L. Baker,	New Hampton Institution.
R. S. Baker,	Nichols Latin School.
C. N. Blanchard,	North Anson Academy.
H. L. Buzzell,	New Hampton Institution.
B. H. Carpenter,	Putnam High School, Ct.
J. B. Coy,	Maine Central Institute.
A. P. Davis,	Northwood Seminary, N. H.
W. M. Davis,	Augusta High School.
E. W. Emery,	Melrose High School, Mass.
N. W. Howard,	Nichols Latin School.
Miss C. E. Ireland,	Lewiston High School.
Miss J. F. King,	South Paris High School.
J. R. Little,	Lewiston High School.
H. S. Mansur,	Nichols Latin School.
J. B. McFadden,	Nichols Latin School.
F. M. Merrill,	Lewiston High School.
C. G. Mosher,	Nichols Latin School.
Miss V. E. Meserve,	Rochester High School.
Miss S. E. Wells,	Lyndon Institute, Vt.
Miss A. V. Stevens,	Lewiston High School.
D. G. Donnocker,	Nichols Latin School.
C. C. Ferguson,	Maine Central Institute.
H. I. Neal,	North Berwick High School.
E. E. Osgood,	South Berwick Academy.
W. H. Putnam,	Lewiston High School.

L. M. Sanborn,	Limington Academy.
V. E. Sawyer,	Nichols Latin School.
W. B. Skelton,	Nichols Latin School.
R. A. Small,	Lewiston High School.
H. E. Walter,	Lyndon Institute, Vt.
O. A. Tuttle,	Northwood Seminary, N. H.
E. E. Wheeler,	Gould Academy.
Scott Wilson,	Nichols Latin School.

POET'S CORNER.

SEPTEMBER.

Hail, September, bronzed and sturdy,
Breaking through the mists of summer,
Followed by a train of sunshine,
That shall deck thy frost-touched standards
With autumnal wreaths of glory!
Sound recall unto the reapers;
Prouder troops ne'er stood for combat
Than the host with golden helmets,
Challenging a bloodless onset.
Call for aid the youths and maidens;
Let Spring's sunlight, shed in beauty,
Greet with sheaves the moon of harvest,
Waxing full and waning slowly.

—F. F. P., '77, in *Saturday Traveller*.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Live ye pure and lovely lives, my children,
Pure from guilty act or meditation,
As the lily lives in quiet virtue,
As the doves within the forest fastness;
That ye, if your father's glance rest downward,
Be upon the earth his cherished eye-marks,
As unconsciously the wand'rer's glances
Rest upon the radiant star of evening,
That ye, if the sun should e'er dissolve you,
May'st a spotless pearl reveal unto it,
That your thoughts be like the rose's fragrance,
That your lives be as the sparkling sunlight.
As the shepherd's night-song let your lives be;
As the tones from his soft flute-notes echoing.

—Leon, '89.

IN SILENCE.

There are songs unsung in the heart,
Like music, mystic and sweet,
In a cloister played, apart
From the rush of busy feet.

—Dartmouth.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

With free and airy grace our youthful days
In wonderment are ever passing by,
Light songs upon their lips; yet sad they gaze
Into the veil of mist that dims the sky,
And faintly wakens vain desires to die
Amid the fading purples of the hills.
Though life be fair and joyous yet they sigh
For all the passions and the pains that fills
The veins with pulsing blood, the heart with
burning thrills.

The days of youth pass by like famous kings
Who, 'neath the weight of massive crowns of
gold,
Stoop, as beneath the weight of fated things—
Disasters and calamities untold.
So they, across the woodland and the wold,
Are stepping slow, with heads bent toward the
ground
By life's rich crown and garlands manifold,
Seeking the land where strays no human
sound;
Beneath whose silent skies they stand at last
uncrowned.

—*Nassau Lit.*

I flung a heart-pearl to the air
In song, half trusting that my gem
Might win some answer even from those
That pry and peep for flow and seam,
Yea, in the fairest. All in love
I sang, the pure, sweet love that knows
No earthly soil, but high above
The crowd in zones ethereal
Catches its fire. But some one said
"His lines are grossly passionate!"
Added all unknowing, clearly made
A tracing of his character
That marred the sunlight into shade.
Poor soul, he could not understand!

—*Yale Lit.*

MORNING COMPLIMENTS.

A light little zephyr came flitting,
Just breaking the morning repose,
The rose made a bow to the lily,
The lily she bowed to the rose.

And then in a soft-little whisper.
As faint as a perfume that blows:
"You are brighter than I," said the lily;
"You are fairer than I," said the rose.

—*St. Nicholas.*

SONNET.

And, oh, that human souls might closer meet
In union that this world hath never known.
Most men in life walk silent and alone,
And treat with others only as they greet
And pass in haste upon the crowded street.
But there are spirits nearer, friendlier grown,
And those who speak of love, in tender tone,
And join in looks and dear caresses sweet.
Still these are all imperfect, though so high;
We feel the barriers and the distance yet.
Oh, is there not some land of golden sheen,
Some silent spot where the loud world rolls by,
Where souls may rest and blossom and for-
get,
And meet in one and find no soul between?

—*Dartmouth.*

Love is a river that would flow
Forever calm and bright;
Dashed into spray, its misty tears
Are rainbowed into light.

Love is a jewel flashing forth
The brightness of the sun;
Crushed, and a thousand glories shine
Where there has been but one.

Love is a never-ending song,
Taught to the soul at birth,
That it might sing of heavenly things
While waiting on the earth.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

FROM EMIL RITTERSHAUS.

The sun I questioned: "Tell me, what is love?"
He gave no answer, only golden flame.
I asked a flower: "Tell me, what is love?"
She gave me odors, yet no answer came.

I asked the Eternal: "Tell me, what is love?"
Deep earnestness, or gentle dallying?
Then God gave me a wife, a true, true love;
And nevermore will I the question bring.

—*Dartmouth.*

He—"I read something funny the
other day. It was about a man who
had invented a parlor lamp which
would go out promptly at 10 P.M."
She—"How nice." And he hasn't yet
made up his mind whether it was a hint
to go or to turn down the gas."—*E.x.*

EXCHANGES.

It is always a pleasant duty to look over our exchanges, and this month it is doubly so, as the Commencement numbers are of unusual interest. One of the striking features is the comparatively large number that come from our Southern and Western colleges, magazines which are constantly increasing in number and in excellence. We have, besides, two exchanges from neighbors of ours, the *University Monthly* from Fredericton, N. B., and the *College Chips* from the Norwegian College at Decorah, Ia.

Among so many good things it is hard to choose, but we noticed a fine article on "The American Girl," and that, too, in a high school magazine. An article full of good points and showing a clear, unbiased way of thinking that was refreshing to see. It is a good sign when meters cease to chaff the "Vassar Girl," in other words, the girl that is trying to make herself capable of other things than gossip and unmeaning chatter, and begin to realize that she has a brain to develop and has both a desire and an opportunity to do so, and we may say with the writer, "all honor to the American girl" and, as the Arab would say, "May her shadow never grow less."

Many of the college magazines of the day have come to print stories almost entirely, the *Amherst Lit.*, the *Williams*, and many others are filled with articles of this kind, instead of the standard materials of such papers. This is in some cases, perhaps, an advance as there was danger of our grow-

ing too stilted and prosy, and some of them would compare not unfavorably with the shorter stories in the leading magazines, but they are too often light articles dashed off with no thoughts and no care, of benefit neither to the author nor the reader. One more thing and—finis—in the last number of the *Amherst Lit.*, the "Window Seat," reports a conversation between two college boys on the real beauty and use of college friendships, an article which should be copied by all college papers, and learned by heart by all college men; we quote an extract:

"Confound making up back work," said I, as I wiped my pen. "So say we all of us," said Dick. Then, "I've just been thinking, chummie, there's some back work in college which a man can't make up. I mean neglecting opportunities for making friendship, and things of that sort. I got a letter from the governor this morning, telling me about a college friend of his who's just died," and he read, I really believe that I gained from my college work no such benefit as from his friendship. He was always a strength to me and helped me through many a hard place. I owe half my manhood to him. That set me thinking. I'm more convinced than ever, we waste too much time in study, and I'm going to see if I can't make up a little of this kind of back work.

♦♦♦

POTPOURRI.

CARMEN.

Jack et Gill, quaerentes fontem,
Ascendebant parvum montem;
Ille, cadens, fregit frontem.
Secum trahens hanc insontem.—*Ex.*

Solomon was the first judge who ever proposed to split the difference.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Ransom — "So your little brother is sick, eh?" Herbert—"Yes."
Mrs. Ransom—"What's the matter?"
Herbert—"He's got chicken-coop."

First Tramp—"Well, how much did ye get out of the felly?" Second Tramp—"Faix, only enough for me-silf." First Tramp—"And is this de way yer stand in wid me, Mickey?" Second Tramp—"Sure, all Oi got was a kick. Ye can take yer share of that, if ye want."—*Life*.

"Woman is but a delusion,"
Said a bachelor with a shrug.
"Yes," quoth one without confusion,
"And men oft delusions hug."—*Ex*.

I.

The hour is late; yet o'er his book,
With soulful sigh and groaning,
A Freshman pores; enough one look
To show that he is *boning*.

II.

Loud peals the chapel bell, and yet
For negligence atoning,
Behold a Soph at work, to get
His Tacitus by *bohning*.—*Brunonian*.

She had promised to be a sister to him. He thanked her coldly, but said that he already had five sisters. "Why, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, "I thought you were an only child." "I am," he responded; "I mean that I have five sisters such as you offer to be," and he tottered to the door.—*New York Sun*.

"What does your father do?" asked the teacher of a new boy. "He's a contractor," was the reply. "A railroad contractor?" "No, ma'am, a sausage contractor. He ties the ends together after another man has filled 'em!"—*Ex*.

She loves me not, and yet she wed me,
For I was rich, had wealth untold;
Her heart and hand she gladly gave me—
A fair exchange for all my gold.

Fair and sweet, at first I loved her,
But found her heartless, cruel, cold;
And yet our bargain's fairly equal,
For she was bought and I was sold.—*Ex*.

WHAT COLLEGE DOES FOR A MAN.

It gives him some knowledge of Latin and Greek,
Allows a minute's psychological peek,
And teaches him rightly to think and to speak;
Yes, that's what it does for a man.

If he journeys to college all awkward and green,
With a black Sunday coat that's been worn into sheen,
It polishes him till he's fit to be seen:
Yes, that's what it does for a man.

Perchance he's been petted at home all his days,
And been led to suppose that he needs naught but praise;
College shows such a man the mistake of his ways;
Yes, that's what it does for a man.

It may give him hard looks; it may take him 'way down;
But a kindness that's true lies behind the dark frown;
At least that's the way that it is at old Brown,
And Brown's the best place for a man.
—*Brunonian*.

He (at Saratoga, tenderly)—"I think I have met you before; your face is very familiar." She (coldly)—"Yes, sir; and those goods that you warranted would wash I tried to give away to my maid." And then the silence became so wide and solemn that you could hear them pumping the gas into the mineral springs.—*Life*.

Irish Woman (to Chinaman in street car)—"Shove yourself ferminst the carnor wid yer blue sherret, ond give a leddy a chance to set down, bad cess to yez!" Chinaman—"Wow!" Irish Woman—"Can't yez talk English, ye yaller haythen?" Chinaman—"If I couldn't talkee English muchee bettle old Ilish woman, yep, I shootee my glandmothle!"—*Mirror*.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 27, 1889.

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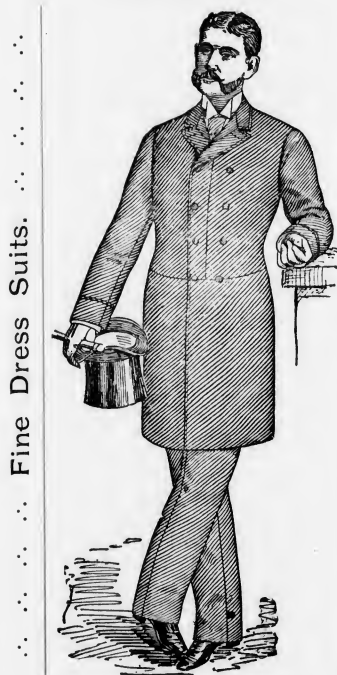
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Mrs. A.—Why, haven't you noticed that Candy Store directly opposite Music Hall entrance? The night I went to see Janauschek I could not help noticing how brilliant and tempting it looked. I want you to know he keeps nice goods. His Chocolate Creams and Bonbons are fresh and of the finest quality.

Mrs. B.—The next time I go down street I am going in there.

Mrs. A.—I would, and I know you will be pleased; and try a glass of Hot or Cold Soda. His Hot Beef Tea and Coffee are immense.

Mrs. B.—I shall surely find the place. You say it is CHAS. A. EATON, 72 Lisbon Street, directly across from Music Hall?

Mrs. A.—Yes, that's correct.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1888.

No. 8.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy, 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

EVERY student in college should feel that it is not only his privilege but his duty to belong to the Athletic Association. The object of this Association is the attainment of something more than mere physical exercise. It seeks to create a hearty fellowship among students, to make strong and energetic men, and to give such a zest and vigor to college life as active participation and interest in athletic sports alone can give. When a man comes to college we think he is under obligations to exert himself in the promotion of every college interest. Live students make a live college. We want every student at Bates to be a man and a live one. The Association dues are light, but we need them, and much more do we need the hearty co-operation of every student in college.

THE beginning of the school year is a good time to start out on a new tack, to make New-Year resolves and keep them. We are going to give a little paternal advice to '92, our Freshman class. It is quite a habit with those fresh from the green fields and pleasant pasture of fitting school to make many and great resolves, "I will and I will not." Make resolves

but make less and in some respects different ones. First,—my lessons are important, perhaps the most important, but they are not the only things. I will become acquainted with the college, and especially with my own class. This is a point often disregarded. Boys even make their boasts that they do not know half the boys outside their own class and but half know the others. Certainly here there is a mistake, and after the college course is finished and it is too late to rectify it the mistake will be felt. Half the benefit gained from college lies in the associations with our *Alma Mater*, the ties formed, the friends made, the many things which in after life will tend to change back the gray-haired men to the boys of to-day.

Here is another thing to be thought of. It has been noticed that the classes that amounted to the most after graduating, those that had the most distinguished men were the classes that held together the best in college, and that those classes that were constantly at variance with one another, the other classes, and the Faculty, have always been those who were the least honor to the college. Then cultivate the social side of your natures in all honest and upright ways. Be honest, be true to your friends and '92 will be a class to be remembered and to be proud of.

DO not be in too much of a hurry, young man; stop and *think*. This world was not made in a minute. The work of a life-time is not to be done in an hour. Patience and *perseverance* will accomplish more than all the rushing. Take time to breathe. Do not

keep your nervous and mental forces continually on the stretch. You need change. God never meant that you should cramp that sigmoid curve into a rainbow over a study table. Take a walk now and then, and, if you must study, study the birds and butterflies. Continual mental strain will break you down and you must *not* break down. God wants your work in the world, not weak broken-down efforts, but strong, healthy, vigorous service. The world wants you too, but it has no need of invalids. It ought to be deemed a matter of duty to train the muscle with the brain. In the gymnasium there is plenty of opportunity and a good instructor ready to give you help and advice. A lively half hour's practice there every day will do you more good than any amount of medicine.

THE time approaches, indeed is already here, when a great presidential contest stirs up men's blood and fires their prejudice and ardor; when the son-in-law votes against his father-in-law, and the father-in-law pays out his hard earnings to defeat the aspirations of the son-in-law; when urged on by the wild cries of "protection" and "free trade," of "temperance" and "reform," crowds of humanity of all ages and sizes tramp through deep mud and shout themselves hoarse at the sight of a flag or a bonfire. What is the meaning of all this tumult and parade? Why it means that a great nation is choosing its chief magistrate. A spectacle grander in proportions and significance than can be found in the history of any other

time or people. Every man and youth feels that he may exercise a direct influence upon the affairs of a powerful nation. He rejoices in his strength and bubbles over with enthusiasm and exultation. Rallies and parades are a legitimate result. Badges and plumes add attractiveness to even the best of causes.

At a time like this no one should feel more responsibility than the college student. From the ranks of educated men are to be chosen our magistrates and political leaders. The student should study the political situation carefully, and make honest judgments. He should lend his zeal to the cause he upholds, attend its rallies, assist in its pageantry, and as occasion requires attest his support by the vigor of a college yell.

WHERE is that toboggan slide that was so enthusiastically talked of last winter? Where is the Athletic Association that it is planning mile races and ten-foot hops, and many an other impossibility for an uncertain date in the month of June next, and has not once thought how it would provide its members with invigorating oxygen during the long winter months? Have we all got to that foggy old age which forgets the delights of childhood when we truantly skimmed the half-frozen frog pond, or flew down the hill at a speed that would shame the "Flying Yankee?" Ah! those memorable after-school hours with sled or skates, who shall forget? There is nothing half so invigorating as the atmosphere of a clear winter's day. Nothing will give a healthy person such bounding,

overflowing exuberance of spirits as a little vigorous exercise in the open air of winter. Spring and summer are now gone with their languishing dreams and luxuriant poetic fancies. Now comes the weather of keen nerves and clear brains. What are you going to do the next six months? shut yourself up in a little box of a room and breathe air that has been in that room since the college was built? Are you going to shiver over the stove blinking at the chilly whiteness without, casting shuddering glances up at the mountain thinking how cold and bleak it must be up there, and wondering if warm weather will ever come? With such facilities as we have for the construction of a toboggan slide, why can't we have one? We venture to say that nothing could be added to our premises furnishing so delightful, so healthy a relaxation from study as this.

WHEN the school year closes, the industrious student looks about him for some employment. He reviews in his mind the various occupations which he might engage in during the vacation. He first thinks of teaching, but instantly concludes that it will be almost impossible to obtain a school for the summer. Next the comfort and quiet of some hotel passes before his vision, but if he has had any experience at summer resorts, he knows too well the grumbling proprietor, the fractious clerk, and the table spread with food half cooked. "No," he says, "I cannot endure those things. I must try something new this season." At this point of meditation there

flashes before his mind that old, yet ever new, business of *canvassing*. And when he gets this subject well fixed in mind, there comes to him at just the right moment a *general agent*; and of all men, which the world produces, the smoothest toned, the most eloquent, and the most deceptive is the general agent. The anxious, tired student is naturally drawn into his net, which is baited with the enticing allurements of "five dollars a day," "one hundred dollars a month," and what others have accomplished in a few hours' time. A bargain is made and the student agrees to go to some distant State with the expectation of making his fortune. He learns his story as he would a declamation, receives a few points from his employer, and starts for his territory. The journey to the scene of action is generally pleasant. But when he arrives and finds that one-half of the people are away at the sea-shore and the other half have no money, then his expectations fall and trouble begins. In many places instead of meeting the inmates of the house he meets the savage watch-dog, that seems to have an habitual disregard for agents. Often he sees the smiling servant girl who politely informs him that her mistress is not at home. He sometimes hears the expression, as he walks along, "There goes that book agent." All these things sink like lead on the poor fellow's soul, until he is weighed down with grief and homesickness and can endure the business no longer. Then, with a pocket-book containing less than when he started out, he returns home a wiser if not a better man.

LITERARY.

SOUL PASSION.

By A. L. S., '89.

Betimes, methinks, the soul within
Awakens into fuller life.
Emotions keen, transcendent sway
The being in its very depths;
Unheeded earth's distraction pass;
Unloosed a moment are the chains
That bind our effervescent souls
To this materialistic state;
Thought spurns the narrow bounds of clay
And soars, immeasurable as time
Should all the heavenly orbits cease.

FIRE-FLIES.

By M. S. M., '91.

Through the shadows with winged footsteps
Comes softly the evening breeze,
Telling low, if we would but listen,
Of the night's sweet mysteries.

Dark ripples the dreaming river,
Its wavelets touched with flame;
The good-night song of a drowsy bird
Comes soft from the shadowed lane.

And there through the soft deep shadows
Sails a spark of golden fire,
Now floating low o'er the sleeping flowers,
Then airily rising higher.

Can it be a star that has gone astray,
From that wondrous vault above,
Whence a million orbs of golden fire
Look down with their eyes of love?

See! another sparkles amid the trees.
One floats o'er the sleeping stream.
Now in and out of the shadowy boughs
A hundred glance and gleam.

Ah! the fairy folk are abroad to-night,
While the dull world lies asleep;
And here in the heart of this quiet spot
Their merry revels they keep.

They are coming by scores, a blithsome band,
To their shadowy halls and bow'rs,
And bringing their golden lamps alight
To hang in the hearts of the flowers.

Would I could see them with mortal eyes!
But I'll come by the morning light,

To this charmed spot by the riverside,
 Where these wee folks dance to-night,
 To find if I can some trace of them
 By the searching light of day;
 Ah, no! the charm will be broken then,
 And the wonders vanished away.

SIC ERAT IN FATIS.

By C. D. B., '89.

CHAPTER VII.

"JERUSALEM-SCOTT, bys! what ye thinkin' o'! There han't no treasure on the Pint; course there han't. Why, I'd have known if there was. I wouldn't give a cint for all's there. How'd I knowed? Bowsprit-and-rudder, bys! han't I lived on this Pint nigh on to forty years. Guess I know what's what in these diggin's. Have I ever digged? Digged! why, I've plowed and harrowed and digged and digged; I've digged the whole Pint, I have. If I don't know what's here, who does? Did I ever dig where you locerate Capt'n Kidd's treasure? P'raps I have, how do ye know? Anyhow, I know what's there. What's there? Gorripus, bys! if ye are tarnal fools enough to go a-diggin' down there, why I'll let ye, and go down meself, int' the bargain, to see ye fooled. Steve, harness the old mere into the small hay-rack, and bring out all the pickaxes and shovels and iron bars ye can find. What! ye goin', gals? Well, I never; I never thought ye be such fools. 'Sides, Capt'n Kidd says there's dead men's bones—skulls and cross bones, and rib bones and— 'Ye don't care; ye'll risk it? All right; the more the merrier. Hulloo! mother Jane, get yer

bunnet, and you, Mary Hanna; we'll all go. We'll all be in at the death, as sure as ye are born. There, jump in. You, bys, cling to the sides o' the rack. You, gals, cling to the bys. You, mother Jane, sit down on the blanket, there. I'll drive the old horse; geelong! geelong. Away we go, we go, rattle-te-bang; hurray! hurray! for Capt'n Kidd! There, pile out, bys; we can't go no farther in the rack. Take them picks and shovels and bars; there, march. Whoa! whoa! stand still, old mere. Do I command? Well you bet. Go ahead; I'll come arter, when I get the nag tied. No use trying to climb that barbed-wire fence. Look out! ye'll get hung up by the heels, ye will; there's a pair o' bars 'long ahead."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Here's the place," said Ned, and throwing aside his hat, and taking off his coat and vest, he drove his pickaxe again and again into the earth—thud, thud, thud—Guy and I removing the dirt thus loosened.

The rest gathered expectantly around us, excepting uncle Jack, who, a cunning smile on his face, sat half a dozen rods away, his back against a tree, placidly pulling at his T. D. We became excited. We worked like mad Titans. Wavering like a clock pendulum, between hope and doubt, we were like maniacs in our eagerness. Each one of us felt as strong as a giant. We seemed to ourselves made of steel. The perspiration ran from our brows in rivulets. Our hands, uncalledous by labor, were soon blistered, we not minding. The earth was clayey and

full of stones. When we came to a rock, no matter how firmly it was imbedded, with almost superhuman strength we tore it from its terreous setting. Minutes were as short as seconds. Time sped like the wind. An hour passed. Three feet—no signs of any treasure. Four feet—none. Five feet—none.

"We're wrong," said Ned. "We were a little uncertain respecting location. We must dig at the other place."

"Rest, rest," said the girls.

"Dig, dig," said uncle Jack, putting up his pipe, and coming toward us. Ye'll find somethin' here, I'll bet a pint o' cider ye will."

Tearing up the green sward again we worked as madly as before. A foot below the surface we found a large flat stone.

"There, bys, I told ye ye'd find somethin' here. Out with her, bys. That's it; chock the bar under her, Neddie; yours t'other side, Charlie. Now, heave ho! Here chock this stone under for a trig. Now try her again. A long histe, and a strong one, and one all together. Up, up; heave ho. There ye have her."

"We're on the right track," exclaimed Ned, driving his pickaxe once more into the ground. "This earth has been removed some time. That stone was a blind."

"At it, bys; at it; ye are good for it. I'll bet 'nother pint o' cider ye find somethin' more. Keep still, gals, let 'em dig; it'll do 'em good."

"The earth grows looser and looser the farther down we dig," said Guy.

Just then, Ned, catching sight of

something red at our feet, grasped it and unearthed a garment. "Hurrah!" he cried; "the treasure is here. This is part of a uniform that one of the sailors wore whom Captain Kidd killed."

"At it, bys, ye've found a treasure sure; one o' Mary Hanna's worn-out winter petticoats." Uncle Jack now spoke in a stage-aside tone, and, moreover, we were so excited we shouldn't have caught the signification of what he was saying, no matter how loud he had spoken.

"Here's a jaw bone," exclaimed Guy, picking up something that his pickaxe had displaced.

"'Nother treasure, not a human jaw bone, but a Samsonian. What's the difference though, a bone's a bone."

"And here's a skull," said Ned.

"'Nother treasure, the skull of an unclean swine. Next, ye'll find me last winter beef bones, and reckon them worth the most o' all."

Here my shovel came in contact with what gave forth a metallic ring.

"We've reached it at last," cried Ned. "Shovel right here. There, I can see the top of it."

Ned, grasping an iron bail, began pulling with all his might, we, in the meantime, digging away the earth around it. Finally, Guy and I, throwing down our shovels, also took hold. Our united exertions brought it.

The "it" was a large iron kettle with a cover riveted upon it. We took it up onto the green sward, and Ned smashed it with a blow of his pickaxe. We found—neither gold doubloons, nor emeralds, nor rubies, nor

sapphires, nor gems of any kind. We found a million or two of that fruit, which, parboiled, then baked with porcine flesh, we Yankees very much esteem as food—yellow-eyed beans.

I doubt not that we were as chagrined and disappointed when we saw those scattered pulse as the defeated presidential candidate when he finds his opponent elected, the government cart tipped up, and his constituency spilled out all kicking and sprawling.

CHAPTER IX.

"Yes, gals; I'll tell ye all about it. Last summer Ned drive a lot o' 'practical drives' on me. I didn't say much, but, nevertheless, I made up my mind to be even with him, so I pickled this joke. I had the box and kettle fixed down at the blacksmith's. "How 'bout Ned's findin' the box? Well, when he pintoed out that yellow-hammer's nest to me, I knowed he'd be goin' up there next day, so I put the box int' the hole, knowin' he'd be 'bout certain to find it. I dug the hole over there on the Pint as soon as the frost was out on the ground, and put in the rags and bones. How they did work! They worked like beavers and Trujans. The way the dirt flew was a caution. Don't wonder they went to bed early. And, between you and me, and the post, in my 'pinion, they'll get up late. Gorrius! what fun it was though to see them callin' that petticoat a uniform and them bones human bones, an' to see them pullin' that kettle o' beans up out on the ground, expectin' to find somethin' valuable in it."

CHAPTER X.

Reluctantly from Phœbus' ardent gaze, old mother earth turned her face, veiling it in the gray of evening. But half an hour before the western clouds, now dappled with white and gray like a roan steed's side, were barred and ribbed with gold.

On a rustic bench, not far from the house, we sat—Maude and I. From the orchard came the night-bird's song, "whip-poo-will, whip-poo-will." Light zephyrs, laden with the ocean's breath, whispered to us, and the million stars above, had they possessed voices, would have sung in chorus: "Happy the hour when meet youth and love." She, one white hand, more symmetrically formed than any sculptor ever chiseled, lightly grasping the back of the bench, and her head pillowed on her rounded arm, gazed at me out of the dusky depths of her eyes. We had talked of what we would like to do and see; how we would like to go to Europe and see Paris and London and Vienna; see the painting, the sculpture, and the architecture of Rome and Florence. Drawing more closely around her her mantle, that to me seemed white and fleecy enough to have been woven from river-foam, she said: "If the mists of our day-dreams were made of such material as the beams of reality's sun could not dispel, we might be happy indeed. The present only is our own; the future, who can tell? We meet and part—"

"Part!" My heart sank like lead. Life! and Maude not by my side! Like molten metal my blood rushed to my head, swelling my temporal veins until

methought it would burst them and deluge my brain with living fire. "Part!" Pray God, No! If the affirmative were in providence, all that was dear in this life, or the one to come, were ashes. In a few brief moments my mind thought a world of misery the "yes" would entail. These moments passed, my longing burst forth:

"Maude, must we part? These few weeks passing, must we separate, perhaps never to meet again? Nay; it must not, shall not, cannot, be. The fates cannot be so cruel. Without you life would not be worth the living; without you light would be darkness, and darkness, light. All my hopes, ambitions, and aspirations cluster around you. Inspired by your sweet influence, I shall be strong for labor and good, and, snatching honor and fame from the teeth of the world, reach in safety life's haven. Without you, like a rudderless ship driven here and there by wind and wave, I shall be wrecked on some ragged reef. Maude, we were made for each other; will you be queen of my heart? Will you be my wife?"

The warm blood mounted to her cheeks, and a look came into her eye that bid me hope.

"To me," I continued, "you are the fairest, gentlest woman God ever made. Yes, I can say of you, as Robert Burns said of his Mary:

'A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morison.'

Maude, will you be mine?"

For a moment all was still, then a silvery voice, sounding to my ear like

the notes of an Æolian harp, answered: "You have said."

It was morning, between eight and nine o'clock. The tide was ebbing. Inez and Ned were walking on the beach. Before them stretched the ocean, away, away to the horizon. Behind them rose cliffs wrinkled and furrowed by time. Beneath their feet were crags that had met the incoming tide for unknown ages. Ned, removing his eyes from the glassy surface of the ocean, turned them toward the cliff behind him and saw on its face a large cavity overshadowed by a small tree that had found root in a crevice above.

"See," he said, touching Inez's arm, and pointing back, "what capricious nature has done."

"You are right," she replied; "how delightful! What a splendid place it would be in which to read Keats. Can't we climb up there?"

"I think we can," said Ned.

Five minutes after they were in the cavity. Inez, sitting down, began to read "St. Agnis' Eve," and Ned placed himself at her feet, half reclining against the shelving rock. Three-quarters of an hour after, she, closing the book, said:

"There, I've read the whole poem. I don't like it; it's good, take it stanza by stanza. John Marley was right when he said the poem would suffer by the loss or change of a single word. But the plot—I cannot endure it. It's almost as bad as that of 'Isabella.' My flesh always creeps at the very thought of the plot of sweet Basil with Lorenzo's head at the bottom of it."

"Well, what's the matter with the plot of 'St. Agnis' Eve?'" inquired Ned.

"The matter! The idea of asking that! Those 'visions of delight and soft adorings,' 'supperless to bed,' and young Lorenzo in the closet. I don't need to say any more."

"Well, Inez, I never especially fancied the plot, but the theme is of love, and just now I'd sympathize with anything that treats of that. Say, Inez, don't you think that this grotto is romantic enough, though the black clouds, the lightning, the rain, and the hail that drove Dido and Æneas into the same cave are wanting, to be honored by a declaration of love?"

"No."

"Inez, you are cruel; you don't know how much I love you. Why, had I the wings of an eagle I'd fly to the heavens, string the brightest stars on a sunbeam, and you should have them for a necklace; had I ichthyic fins, I'd search the deepest deeps of the ocean, and you should dine on daintier piscine viands than did ever Roman epicure; had I—"

"Be careful, Ned, you'll lose your breath."

"Don't be cruel. Don't be cruel," grasping her hand. "Awake, all my thoughts are of you; asleep, you haunt my dreams."

"Well, Ned, perhaps—" Reader imagine the rest.

It was between three and four in the afternoon. Guy and Gussie had been out in the field. A bunch of wild flowers lay on the table between them.

"This, said Gussie, 'is St. John's

wort; I know it by the translucent dots on the leaves."

"And what is this," inquired Guy, taking up a small, red-veined, white flower."

"That," she replied, "is True Wood-Sorrel; isn't it pretty?"

I might, reader, relate their conversation in its wanderings from theme to theme; but no; you don't care a fig for't. Its *finis*, however, you shall have in detail.

Said he: "I love you as I never loved woman before or shall again. You are the one whom nature intended for me. The eagle who has lost his mate is what I should be without you. If I could choose from all the women that were ever born or ever will be, I'd choose you."

Said she: "I believe you not. You've thus eloquently talked to many another. You are fickle as the wind. To-day, you blow east; to-morrow, west; next day, south; next—who knows where?"

Said he: "You cruelly wrong me. I may have had passing thoughts of others before we met, but I never have loved any one, or shall, as I love you."

Said she: "Nay; I wrong you not. Even now you love another better than me; that one's that god whom the Romans called Mammon. You're one who would trample upon the dearest things of life just to gratify your ambition and selfishness; one, who, after the golden calf had been ground to powder, would fain gather up the aurine particles."

And, tying together the flowers in her hand, without another word she left the room.

CHAPTER XI.

We had been playing tennis, Ned, Gussie, Inez, and I; but now, the set being finished, we were watching the approach of a thunder cloud, a blue-black, leaden mass, that lay along the western horizon. For an hour or more the lightning had been faintly seen in the west, and the thunder had been sullenly muttering in distant, guttural tones; now the lightning, deep and zigzag, veined the clouds, and the thunder peals, sharp and vehement, sounded like steel shot, rattling over an iron pavement.

"See," said Gussie, "a lighter band appears at the horizon's edge."

"The rain's in that," I said, "and, if I mistake not, there's a trifle of wind in the black part that's coming so fast."

Wider and wider grew the lighter band; nearer and nearer approached the black edge of the cloud. Hitherto the atmosphere had been breathless; not a bird-note had been heard; the cows and steers 'way down in the pasture, their white faces upturned, had stood almost motionless. Now, however, the aspen leaves of a poplar that stood not far off, betrayed a slight breath, and the cattle lowed and mistrustfully shook their horned heads; and soon, from the west came the foliar song that's heard when forest leaves are suddenly awakened from repose.

We went into the house and there found Maude and Guy. By this time the wind was on us in full force. It shrieked around the corners of the house; went whistling through every

open cranny; grasped the great maples and elms, and, rattling their boughs against the roof-tree, made ghostly music.

"The rain's coming," said Maude, who was sitting by the window. "I can see it away there on the hills. How fast it is approaching. It reminds me of that passage in Milton, where he describes the march of celestial armies:

"On they move
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straightening vale, nor wood nor stream
divides

Their perfect ranks."

"Hark," exclaimed Inez, going to a window and listening, "I can hear a carriage—wheels rattling over the stones in the road. There, hark! There it comes—a white horse and a double-seated buggy—four persons in it. They are running the horse. They will reach here 'bout the time the rain does."

"That's Jock Brown's old nag," exclaimed uncle Jack. "I know him by the way he carries his fore-feet, and, Great Scott! that's Jock hisself a-drivin'."

Half a minute after the above-mentioned team drove into the door-yard.

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed Inez, "if there isn't my mother."

"And mine," cried Ned.

"And my brother," said Maude.

"Dern my hat, if 'tain't!" exclaimed uncle Jack. With two strides he reached the door, and then threw it open; four more and he stood by the side of the carriage. "Gorripus, sister Kate; how are ye? I'm awful glad to see ye, I be."

And, helping her from the wagon, he

kissed her on each cheek, saying: "There, if there was any time I'd kiss ye some more. Int' the house all o' ye, fore ye get wet. You, sister Esther, int' the house, all o' ye. Put your team in the barn, Joeek, and wait till the rain' past."

When the greetings, kissing, hand-shaking, etc., were all done, and the shower was over, and the sun shone out, then the two fond mothers called their rebellious children aside.

"Ned," said his mother, "you ungrateful, disobedient boy, did you expect I'd think you hadn't received my letter because you didn't mention it? Your ma, Neddie, hasn't got so old but that she knows a thing or two yet."

"You are a wicked, foolish girl, Inez," said her mother. "I was vexed as a mother could be, until I got to Boston and found out the 'lay of the land.'"

"You are both wicked, disobedient children," Ned's mother went on. "The idea! We planned and fretted till we got everything nicely fixed, then dreamed for a month of what pleasure and enjoyment we were going to give our dear children. I admit I was terribly vexed, until I found you fooled yourselves, not us. Oh! you needn't think we don't know what's been going on here. Why, unele Jack's been in our confidence, and written us a letter every two days. We know how a youth and maiden went out on the beach one morning, how they climbed up into a niche in a cliff, how she read a poem, and he popped the question. All this is romantic and nice. So nice;

but it can't be, for all that. Esther and I have had a disagreement, the result of which is that she's decided she won't have you for a son, Ned. So you see, it can't be."

"Mothers mine," said Ned, "spat all you will; we don't care. There are things that must be and shall be in spite of maternal disagreements. That we shall be one in holy wedlock, Inez and I, *sic erat in fatis*."

And that brother of Maude's; his name was Tom.

"Yes, sister," he said. "I was a little disappointed when I found that you wasn't coming home immediately; and soon those musty law books became absolutely unbearable to me, and I closed them—every one—and came to see what my fair sis is doing."

"When did you leave home, brother mine?" queried Maude. "Now don't tell any white lies, 'cause it would be wicked."

"A week ago."

"I thought so. I am merely a secondary cause of your coming. Now confess. Didn't the face of a curly-headed, blue-eyed, fair-cheeked lady, who lives not a thousand miles away, so persistently obtrude itself between you and the printed page that you could think of nothing but her?"

Right here, reader, I'll inform you that Guy got the wrong end of the story about Gussie and Maude, viz., that Gussie was rich, and Maude a poor school-teacher; the *visa versa* was the fact. Maude and Tom were only children whose parents had died five years before and bequeathed them a half million of dollars apiece.

CHAPTER XII.

On a gentle rise a little way from the house Gussie alone was viewing the sunset. Away in the west the God of Day, half above the horizon, half below, lay rocking in the cradling billows, and gilding the watery waste with silver and gold, and upward and outward, with his long arms, tossing his luxuriant locks, until the occident was so radiant one might have mistook it for the gates of Paradise. Guy approached.

"Why is it that you shun me, Gussie? Have I done aught that should anger or offend you? Believe me, when I asked for your love, I sought not your wealth but yourself. I wanted not the setting but the pearl."

"I was angry and offended not because I thought, but because I knew that you sought me not on my own account but on account of the wealth you supposed me to possess. I happened to overhear what you said to Charlie and Ned in the pasture on the night of our arrival."

"That was idle talk. We are always chaffing and joking each other."

"Nay; what you said had a leaven of earnestness in it."

"Would to heaven, Gussie, as far as I am concerned, that you were not worth a dollar. In that case I would offer you my love again, and you'd know that I am sincere."

"It is as you would have it. You've made a mistake. It is Maude, not I, who is rich."

An hour after, arm in arm, conversing in low tones, they went back to the house. Guy had won. Gussie was his promised wife.

CONCLUSION.

Perhaps, reader, you'd like to know what's taken place since we left uncle Jack's last summer. Ned and I have returned to college; Inez and Maude are at the Seminary; Gussie and Guy are teaching a high school together.

"Chestnuts?" did you say. Well, what would you have? Oh! I understand. People admire the rose-bud, and say, "how fair, how nice," but are never satisfied until they obtain the full blown flower. Well, reader, the what-you-would-have is still in the bud, and will blossom only when Providence wills.

Inez and Ned will be married next Christmas, and I shall go to the wedding where I shall see uncle Jack and aunt Jane, Gussie and Guy, and lastly but not leastly my darling Maude.

Gussie and Guy will be married when Guy's ship comes in—or—well, no matter, they'll be married some time.

Maude and I will be married in the near future; just when I can't tell. When that happy event comes off I'll invite—no, I can't invite you all—a goodly company, and we'll sing, and feast, and be as merry as merry can be.

(The end.)

OBLIGATIONS OF THE LIBERALLY EDUCATED MAN.

By C. J. E., '89.

SURROUNDED by all the intelligence gathered from the ages, living in closest sympathy with the princely minds that have fashioned human thought, the scholar too frequently spends his life in retirement.

Fascinated with the grandeur of the past, he forgets the present; and blinded by the glorious deeds of ancient heroes, he neglects the pressing needs of living humanity. From this enticing seclusion, this selfish though alluring realm of thought, the busy, active, working world bids the recluse come forth, and, mindful of his generous training, discharge his obligations to government, society, and religion. He has studied the rise and fall of nations, has rejoiced in the patriotism of Pericles, and hated the tyranny of Tarquin. Responsible from superior knowledge, he must free his own country from corruption. America needs men of liberal knowledge to make laws that shall be just and humane, that shall promote intelligence, provide for the soldier, straighten out the tariff, increase temperance and banish polygamy. It matters little how much patriotism a nation has if it wants intelligence to guide its enthusiasm, and control its energies. The scholar is familiar with history and tradition, has traced cause and effect, and will interpret better the laws of government, for knowing the laws that are printed on the flowers, the rocks, and the heavens. No natural barrier exists between thought and politics. England's greatest statesman to-day is England's greatest scholar, William E. Gladstone, while Condorcet, the brilliant mathematical genius of France, was peerless in diplomacy. With selfishness cast aside, the liberally educated man may bring to the state a worth and dignity, beside which the pomp and pretension of kings are vanity.

Again the scholar is in debt to the social world. He who knows the depths of the human soul, has learned the human heart, and can touch the chords that make sweet harmony, is under heaviest obligations to use that power to uplift mankind. The liberally educated man whose mind is moved by sympathy and compassion, whose soul has breathed the divine atmosphere of love and goodness, whose whole being is filled with the spirit of nature and of God, must respond to the cry of the poor and oppressed. Every faculty of his mind, every impulse of his heart, has been conferred for the instruction of those less gifted, and less fortunate than himself. Is society corrupt? He must purify it. Is it ignorant? He must educate it. Is it skeptical? He must Christianize it. He cannot be indifferent nor inactive. Instructed in the world of letters, he must mingle in the world of affairs; human hearts and human needs solicit alms of his intelligence.

A leader of men, he must exert an influence that, transmitted from grade to grade till it moves the lowest stratum of society, shall draw the multitude into a higher existence.

Vital to the welfare of society is the power of religion. Here is demanded ceaseless thought and ceaseless labor from the eager scholar. Education has separated religion from superstition, has nourished it through periods of decline, and now in the days of speculation and inquiry, when infidelity, atheism, and skepticism are threatening the foundations of the church, the critical learning of the

scholar must come to the rescue. "The religion which is to guide must be intellectual." An age of unquestioning faith is giving place to a reasoning faith, and in the exposition of the scriptures the times demand all the proof that genius can offer, all the embellishment that eloquence can afford. Such are some of the peculiar obligations of the scholar. His field of duty is as broad as the world of thought and experience. He stands an interpreter of the world's past, a prophet of its future, a shaper of public opinion, a leader in every line of progress. The world commands: the scholar must obey; selfishness and seclusion must no longer rob education of its brightest worth and defeat the aims of culture.

The impassioned words of Demosthenes, the heroic utterances of Wycliffe, the deep humanity of Wilberforce, have filled his heart with patriotism, devotion, and charity. However congenial a literary hermitage may be, he must cast aside all personal aims, and in the nobility of his manhood stand for all the virtues, and all the liberties, a teacher of truth, an exponent of usefulness, justice, and humanity.

BARNACLES.

By B. A. W., '89.

"She's sprung a leak," a sailor cried;
The tidings sped from bow to stern.
The laughter-wrinkled faces, all
Assumed a look of deep concern.

A moment each man stood aghast,
As paralyzed by sudden fear.
The next, and each assumed his task,
To battle with destruction near.

In vain they strove. As the soaring bird,
Pierced by the hunter's certain aim,
With nerveless wings, thro' ethereal seas,
Sinks, nevermore to rise again,

So this huge ship that rides the main,
From every thought of danger free,
Feels its death wound, and struggling, sinks
With useless pinions, 'neath the sea.

Was it some monster of the deep
That wrenched the oaken hulk asunder?
Or sunken rock, or hidden reef,
Or whirlpool's rage, or bolt of thunder?

Seek not the cause in things of might,
'Twas not from these destruction came;
To the constant gnawing, day and night,
Of barnacles, impute the blame.

We all sail o'er the sea of life,
And shipwreck threatens all the way.
With a trusty pilot's tireless gaze
We search for dangers, day by day.

And some are lost on mighty reefs,
Some, crushed, to heavy sins give way,
But more go down, as helpless wrecks,
To barnacle sins the prey.

Each major sin we shun with care.
The minor sin so harmless seems,
We leave it clinging, preying there
Till it our entire soul demeans.

SUPERIORITY OF THE STAGE-COACH TO THE LOCOMOTIVE.

By S. A. N., '89.

WAS the world made in a minute?
We do not know; but we rather suspect it was not. Is there anything gained by rushing? If there is, then let the business man in hot pursuit of the all-magnetizing dollar—or dollar and a half—take the "Flying Yankee" and go. But pleasure, like other sweets, must not be swallowed whole if one would enjoy its full benefit; it must be taken at leisure, calmly masticated and deliberately swallowed. Lost op-

portunities never return. The unfortunate members of the human race, unlike the bovines, never have time for rumination. Hence the desirability of stretching to their fullest capacity the linked sweets of life.

So while the devotee of hard-handed Mammon goes tearing along, acquiring the headache and a pocket full of rocks—which by and by he will sit down upon—and gold quartz is just as hard to sit on as any other sort of rock—let us be reasonable and engage a top-seat on the good old-fashioned stage-coach. Let us climb up to our seats and watch the other passengers.

Everybody is in good humor, except of course that thin dyspeptic looking man. He is always present and he is always out of sorts. He is just melancholy enough to make other people happy, and just cross enough to make everybody laugh. He wanted that right-hand back seat; but the big fat woman spoke for it first. So he does not care where he sits—the world is against him any way! The fat lady takes no notice of his discomforture—she is not easily moved.

Now all is ready and the driver appears. He impresses one with the feeling that he is a person of great importance. And is it not really magnificent to see the composure with which he draws up the three pairs of ribbons and cracks the whip? The six grays spring into the collar, and we are off. At once the talk begins and soon all are chatting as busily as if they had known each other all their lives.

The road leads along through the hills. The mountains are still in the

distance. The brooks gush out along the roadside, and the merry gurgle of the water accords well with the cheerful voices and clear bubbling laughter. The cattle lift their heads for a moment and then calmly go on grazing. They do not appreciate the turn-out; but the men in the fields do, and often and again their straw hats swing us a greeting. The house wives come to the windows and smilingly look us past; and here and there a face peeps out from a hammock swung in the shade of an apple tree. And now we are among the mountains, and the genial driver begins to point out objects of interest and tell us stories of earth slides and snow-storms in these wild haunts. Here, was an awful slide in 1831. Down there, a whole family were snowed in for weeks.

And now we insensibly grasp the seat-rail as we swing round a sharp corner so close to the edge of the abyss that the slightest veer would send us down hundreds of feet. As the clouds lift, and we gaze out over the hills and valleys for miles and miles and see the cozy cottages nestled among them, we almost long for their security as, with bated breath, the eye glances down 1,000 feet of sheer mountain wall upon the torrent beneath. The very trees, peeping timidly over the abyss seem to share in the dreadful fascination that lures our eyes toward the chasm. But, as we gaze upward toward the summit, we seem, with the fresh draught of the pure bracing air, to have drunk in the spirit of the mountains. The grandest thing in Nature has us fully in its power. The soul is too full to speak;

the emotion too deep for utterance.
 "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills
 from whence cometh my strength."

Everlasting monuments of the power of God! Your slopes may be in the shadows, but your heads rising above all earth-clouds are bathed in the serene glory of a higher atmosphere. O inspire in us the earnestness to realize that longing desire to rise above earthly shadows and *live* in the pure sunlight of the presence of God! Looking up from the valley, one can not appreciate the mountain's height; he must ascend another mountain, and then, as he goes higher and higher, does the vastness appear.

He who ascends Mount Washington on the stage-coach may, with bowed head and reverent soul, feel himself entering the presence chamber of the Almighty; while he who follows the smoke and clatter of the locomotive seems to flaunt man's pomp and pretension in the very face of the Infinite. The one has followed with reverent gaze the handiwork of Omnipotence; the other has lost it all.

LIFE.

By F. L. P., '91.

We live, indeed; and what is life?
 A race we restless mortals run?
 A reckless race and brief at most?
 Oft ended ere 't is well begun?

To him who has no aim in life,
 Who runs toward no specific goal,
 It is in truth a reckless race;
 Who runs it loses mind and soul.

The frailest life, directed well,
 Is lived with more effect by far
 Than one with never failing strength,
 But yet without a guiding star.

Once, and but once, this race we run;
 Yet folly wins us to its way,
 And keeps us oft till all too late;
 For, we have heard the aged say:

"Ah, wretch! that I have spent my days
 The foolishhest of foolish men!
 How would I give the wealth of worlds
 If I could live them o'er again!"

The joy of life is in the soul,
 And not in things of outward sense,
 A life well lived gives joy at last,
 No matter at how great expense.

COMMUNICATION.

[As a response to our request for a communication, we are glad to print the following.]

THE BOOK OF THE POETS.

Some time ago I became the possessor of a little volume, I think by no means rare, but new to me, and to which I rarely find any allusion. The volume is Mrs. Browning's "Book of the Poets," and it purports to be a volume of criticism. A poet's opinion of poetry possesses of itself a certain interest apart from its value as criticism. It may simply express the feeling awakened in the writer, yet we are glad to know even the degree of feeling awakened in so gifted a poet as Mrs. Browning by another's verse. In this little volume she seems too often not to be critical. Her comment is too frequently rhapsody or rhetoric rather than criticism, yet it is interesting, if not always instructive. Our reliance upon her criticism for guidance to the best that has been thought and said would be based less upon its intrinsic merits, than upon our preconceived es-

timate of her derived from an acquaintance with her poems.

Some citations from this volume may be of interest to those who have not read it, as giving a clew to Mrs. Browning's estimate of a few of the well-known names in English literature. I purpose little else. The essay from which the volume takes its name is suggested, presumably, by an anthology of English poetry, of whose merits Mrs. Browning has an unfavorable opinion, though anything bearing the name of a book of poetry has a fairly cordial reception from so kindly a critic. But "The Book of the Poets" is only the excuse for an expression of Mrs. Browning's personal estimates, so after a few comments on the merits and demerits of the work as an anthology, she gives herself almost unreservedly to the poets. About midway in her essay, "looking backward and before," Mrs. Browning makes five eras of English poetry: "The first, the Chaucerian, although we might call it *Chaucer*; the second, the Elizabethan; the third, which culminates in Cowley; the fourth, in Dryden and the French school; the fifth, the return to nature in Cowper and his successors of our day." Her estimate of English poetry is deservedly high. Of Chaucer she speaks as follows:

"It is in Chaucer we touch the true height, and look abroad into the kingdoms and glories of our poetical literature. . . . And the genius of the poet shares the character of his position: he was made for an early poet, and the metaphors of dawn and spring doubly become him. A morning star, a lark's

exaltation, cannot usher in a glory better. The 'cheerful morning face,' 'the breezy call of incense breathing morn,' you recognize in his countenance and voice: it is a voice full of promise and prophecy. He is the good omen of our poetry, 'the good bird,' according to the Romans, 'the best good angel of the spring,' the nightingale, according to his own creed of good luck, heard before the cuckoo. . . . He is a king and inherits the earth, and expands his great soul smilingly to embrace his great heritage. Nothing is too high for him to touch with a thought, nothing too low to dower with an affection. . . . His senses are open and delicate, like a young child's, his sensibilities capacious of supersensual relations, like an experienced thinker. Child-like, too, his tears and smiles lie at the edge of his eyes, and he is one proof more among the many, that the deepest pathos and the quickest gaieties hides together in the same nature. . . . He can create as well as dream, and work with clay as well as cloud; and when his men and women stand close by the actual ones, your stopwatch shall reckon no difference in the beating of their hearts. . . . He sent us a train of pilgrims, each with a distinct individuality apart from the pilgrimage, all the way from Southwark and the Tabard Inn, to Canterbury and Becket's shrine; and their laughter comes never to an end, and their talk goes on with the stars, and all the railroads which may intersect the spoilt earth forever, cannot hush the 'tramp, tramp' of their horses' feet."

This is good, though other critics

have bettered it. She has some interesting remarks upon Chaucer's versification, a subject to which she had given considerable study, as her letters to R. H. Horne, the dramatist, show. Higher than the usual estimate is her opinion of Gower, whose tediousness and dullness Lowell has celebrated in his essay on Chaucer. Mrs. Browning is prone to delve for poetical passages buried in masses of verbiage, to search for gems well-nigh lost to sight in encrusted ore. She sweeps away the accumulated "dust of more than three centuries" from Hawes' "Pastyme of Plesure," in order to point out Spenser's indebtedness to it. Her omnivorous reading is often manifested in such ways where the ordinary reader is content to take the projected result without inquiring too curiously as to the elements that went into the alembic. She treats of Skelton in a few paragraphs almost as "breathless," if not as "tattered and jagged" as the rhymes they celebrate. The relation of Surrey to the verse that preceded and followed his own is deftly expressed as follows: "His poetry makes the ear lean to it, it is so sweet and low; the English he made it of, being ready to be sweet, and falling ripe in sweetness into other hands than his." A little finical perhaps, but by no means devoid of truth. Both Surrey, and Wyatt, "the first song-writer of his generation," are considered as writing when the language was at the point of transition. But I hasten on to quote a parallel between Chaucer and Spenser:

"They two are alike in their cheerfulness, yet are their cheerfulnesses

most unlike. Each poet laughs; yet their laughers ring with as far a difference as the sheep-bell on the hill and the joy-bell in the city. Each is earnest in his gladness: each active in persuading you of it. You are persuaded, and hold each for a cheerful man. The whole difference is, that Chaucer has a cheerful humanity: Spenser, a cheerful ideality. One rejoices walking on the sunny side of the street: the other, walking out of the street in a way of his own, kept green by a blessed vision. One uses the adroitness of his fancy by distilling out of the visible universe his occult smiles: the other, by fleeing beyond the possible frown, the occasion of natural ills, to that 'cave of cloud' where he may smile safely to himself. One holds festival with men—seldom so coarse and loud indeed as to startle the deer from their green covert at Woodstock—or with homely nature and her 'douce Marguerite' low in the grasses: the other adopts for his playfellows, imaginary or spiritual existences, and will not say a word to nature herself, unless it please her to dress for his masque and speak daintily sweet and rare like a spirit. The human heart of one utters oracles: the imagination of the other speaks for his heart, and we miss no prophecy."

This is ingenious if not always critical. Mrs. Browning's enthusiasm brims over in speaking of the days of Elizabeth, "full of poets as the summer days are of birds." But of all that rich period, I can quote for single notice a part only of her comments on Shakespeare:

"That he was a great natural genius

nobody, we believe, has doubted—the fact has passed with the cheer of mankind: but that he was a great artist the majority has doubted. Yet nature and art cannot be reasoned apart into antagonistic principles. Nature is God's art—the accomplishment of a spiritual significance hidden in a sensible symbol. . . . *Interpres nature*—is the poet-artist; and the poet wisest in nature is the most artistic poet; and thus our Shakespeare passes to the presidency unquestioned, as the greatest artist in the world."

I abbreviate my quotation from Mrs. Browning right here to cite from Matthew Arnold on the same subject, as treated in Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature."

"Nor is it quite sound and sober criticism to say of Shakespeare: 'He was altogether, from end to end, an artist, and the greatest artist the modern world has known.' Or again: 'In the unchangeableness of pure art-power Shakespeare stands entirely alone.' There is a peculiarity in Mr. Stopford Brooke's use of the words *art*, *artist*. He means by an artist one whose aim in writing is not to reveal himself, but to give pleasure; he says most truly that Shakespeare's aim was to please, that Shakespeare 'made men and women whose dramatic action on each other and towards a catastrophe was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself.' This is indeed the true temper of the artist. But when we call a man emphatically *artist*, a *great artist*, we mean something more than this temper in which he works; we mean by art, not merely an aim to please, but also,

and more, a law of pure and flawless workmanship. As living always under the sway of *this* law, and as, therefore, a perfect artist, we do not conceive of Shakespeare. His workmanship is often far from being pure and flawless. . . . He is the richest, the most wonderful, the most powerful, the most delightful of poets; he is not altogether, nor even eminently, an artist."

Though I cannot but remember that I purposed giving citations from Mrs. Browning only, I have been unable to resist making this digression in order to place side by side with her opinion that of so eminent a critic as Mr. Arnold. That it incidentally included the estimate of so sympathetic a writer as Mr. Stopford Brooke, was an additional though not the main motive. I had thought to here remark upon Cowley, Dryden, Milton, Pope, Cowper, and Wordsworth, with whom she brings her essay to its close. She makes each the occasion of comment upon the class of poetic work which he represents, and scarcely a poet of any note who sung in the same choir but receives at least a passing notice.

But this article has already passed its limits. To many the citations I have made may prove either familiar or uninteresting, for some they may possess a passing interest as coming from one who has thrilled so many by the passion and intensity of her song.

E. F. N., '72.

Over \$1,000 was raised by subscription, Wednesday, among Dartmouth students to erect a building for winter base-ball.

LOCALS.

There was a fair maid down in Me.
Much distressed on account of the re.
So she went to Ky.,
But the change wasn't ly.,
For sunshine soon softened her bre.

Boom-a-la-ka!

Bates victorious again.

"Outside dip, inside swing."

One of the large trees on the campus
was blown down during the storm.

Field-day occurred Friday, October
12th. Its report will appear in next
issue.

Freshman in first society speech:
"Our hero was born in a small town
called 'Bigger.'"

The students appreciate the sermons
by Rev. Mr. Summerbell at the Main
Street F. B. Church.

Weather permitting, the Bowdoin
will play the Bates here on the college
grounds, October 17th.

The Polymnian ladies of the class of
'91 have adorned the society room with
a beautiful mantel scarf.

In the tennis tournament, Small,
'89, won the singles, and Garland and
Woodman, of '90, won the doubles.

Fernald, '89, has just received the
skeleton of a whale. "Hub" is study-
ing anatomy with a view to medicine.

The description of the new labora-
tory will not appear until the Novem-
ber number. Professor Bonney is at
Harvard Medical School.

Student, translating Sophocles, hes-
itates. Prof. S.—"I will ask one or two
questions." Translating: "Where,

then, are you in respect to your
senses?"

The thanks of the editors are due to
Lowell, '82, for a list of names, resi-
dences, and occupations of his class.

Monday evening, October 8th, the
ladies of the Main Street F. B. Church
gave a reception to the students of the
college. A cordial greeting was tend-
ered the students by Rev. Mr. Sum-
merbell, pastor of the church. Mr. F.
M. Buker, '89, made response for the
students. Refreshments were served,
and a pleasant evening slipped away
only too soon.

A. E. Hatch, '89, has sent to the
Lakeside Press the manuscript for his
book, entitled "The Progressive An-
nual." As is indicated by the title,
the author intends to publish a book
each year. The present volume con-
tains essays and discussions on impor-
tant topics, together with poems of
much variety and merit. We under-
stand the book is to be out in time for
the Christmas holidays.

We would call attention to the rules
governing the conduct of students using
the reading-room, viz.: "Art. II.
No person not a member of the Asso-
ciation, shall be allowed the privileges
of the room. Art. III. No person
shall, at any time, be allowed to re-
move any paper or magazine, from the
room. Art. IV. No person shall in-
dulge in loud or boisterous conver-
sation, or in any other way disturb the
quiet of the room so as to annoy other
members." These are wholesome laws,
and should be strictly observed.

Rightly used a reading-room is of great benefit. Quiet and order contribute much to the pleasure of those who frequent the room for the purpose of reading.

Freshman Dees. have burst upon us with all their wonted fury and violence. From cellar to attic resounds the cry of despair, the yell of rage, and the hoarse defiance of hostile armies. Hannibal again swears eternal enmity to Rome, as he brings water from the basement, and Regulus, as he shovels coal into the stove, curses both Carthage and Carthaginians. Zenobia still believes in woman's rights, and in a far corner the "Child of Destiny" reviews his troops, while forty centuries look down upon him, and Pompey's statue all the while runs blood. In an adjoining room Tousseint L'Ouverture eulogizes Daniel O'Connell, and Spartacus weeps at the grave of little Nell. We exclaim with the prophet Job, "How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words."

At half past eleven, Tuesday night, September 19th, the Bates ball team left Lewiston for St. John, arriving in Bangor in time for breakfast. From Bangor to Oldtown one gets an almost continuous view of the Penobscot with its numerous saw-mills and famous fishing grounds. From Oldtown to Vanceboro the road runs through a vast swamp, with thousands of tall stumps looming up on both sides of the track. The settlements are far apart, and, as one of the boys aptly remarked, consist of "a station with a saw-mill attached."

At McAdam Junction, just over the line, the customs inspector rummages the baggage of all passengers. A ride of ninety miles then brings one to St. John, to enter which the train crosses an arm of the Bay of Fundy on one of the celebrated cantilever bridges. From the time of arrival till that of departure the nine were shown every attention. They were given a drive about the city, and to the grounds in the forenoon for practice. About twelve hundred people witnessed each game. As each nine took the field they were applauded. Everybody expected an easy victory for the Nationals, as the college boys looked young and small in comparison with their opponents. Day distinguished himself in the first game by the catch of a difficult fly ball. Daggett did excellent work in the box for six innings, after which Wilson went in. The second game was said by the press of the city to have been the best game of ball ever seen in St. John. Every man "played ball," and the Nationals were whitewashed for the first time since they entered the diamond. The Bates is the only team to which they have lost two games this summer. First game:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b. . . .	3	1	0	0	3	0	1
Daggett, p., 1b. . .	4	1	2	2	4	4	1
Wilson, 1b., p. . .	4	1	1	2	7	3	2
Pennell, 2b. . . .	4	1	2	3	3	1	2
Call, c.	3	1	0	0	6	4	3
Knox, r. f. . . .	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Putnam, l. f. . .	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Little, c. f. . . .	3	1	0	0	0	0	2
Day, s. s. . . .	3	0	0	0	2	4	2
Totals,	30	8	6	10	27	16	13

NATIONALS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Milligan, 2b.	5	1	2	2	2	3	0
Kennedy, 3b.	5	1	0	0	1	0	1
Bell, 1b.	5	0	1	1	9	0	0
White, s. s.	5	0	0	0	0	0	2
Whitenect, c.	5	1	1	1	7	5	1
Robinson, p.	5	1	0	0	0	11	0
Larrabee, c. f.	4	1	2	3	1	0	0
Holly, l. f.	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Wagg, r. f.	3	1	3	3	1	0	0
Totals,	41	7	9	10	23	19	5

* Little out for interfering with batted ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates,	0	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	x-8
Nationals,	1	1	1	1	0	2	1	0	0-7

Second game:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.	4	1	1	2	2	0	0
Daggett, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson, p.	4	0	0	0	1	8	1
Pennell, 2b.	3	0	2	3	2	2	1
Call, c.	3	0	0	0	2	4	0
Knox, l. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Putnam, 1b.	3	1	1	1	15	0	0
Little, c. f.	3	0	0	0	4	0	0
Day, s. s.	3	0	1	1	1	4	1
Totals,	30	2	6	8	27	18	3

NATIONALS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kennedy, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Bell, 1b.	4	0	0	0	0	11	1
White, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	2	0
Whitenect, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Robinson, 2b.	3	0	0	0	3	1	0
Larrabee, c.	3	0	0	0	6	4	2
Holly, l. f.	3	0	1	1	2	0	0
Wagg, p.	3	0	0	0	0	8	0
DeForest, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	31	0	3	3	24	16	3

October 6th the Bates played the Bowdoins at Brunswick; following is the score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pennell, 2b.	6	2	4	6	1	0	3
Graves, 3b.	5	1	0	0	3	2	0
Gilmore, 1b.	1	1	2	2	8	0	1
Wilson, p.	5	1	2	2	1	7	0
Daggett, r.f.	4	0	1	2	1	0	0
Call, c.	4	0	1	1	5	3	0
Putnam, l.f.	5	1	0	0	4	1	0
Little, c. f.	5	1	0	0	3	1	0
Day, s.s.	4	2	2	2	1	2	3
Totals,	43	9	12	15	27	16	7

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Packard, 1b.	5	0	0	0	15	0	0
Freeman, c.	5	0	0	0	7	1	0
Fogg, l.f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Fish, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	7	1
Hilton, 3b.	4	1	1	1	1	0	2
Tukey, c.f.	4	2	2	2	0	0	1
Russell, r.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Bangs, s.s.	4	0	1	2	1	2	1
Burleigh, p.	4	0	0	0	0	10	0
Totals,	38	4	6	7	27	20	6

Left on base—Bates, 10; Bowdoins, 7. Stolen bases, Bates, 11; Bowdoins, 4. Struck out—by Burleigh, 3; by Wilson, 5. Passed balls—Call, 1; Freeman, 2. Umpire—D. M. Cole.

IN SYMPATHY.

Whereas, In the divine order of events, death has removed a beloved mother from the home of our esteemed classmate, E. J. Small, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the class of '89, hereby express our heartfelt sympathies with our bereaved classmate in his affliction, and with the community in its loss;

Resolved, That a copy of the above be sent to our classmate, and also that it be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

CHARLES J. EMERSON,
ISAAC N. COX,
BLANCHE WRIGHT,
Committee.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

1881.

W. J. Brown, principal high school, Blank, Minn.

Mrs. E. J. Clark Rand, residing in Lewiston, Me.

C. S. Cook, Esq., practicing law in Portland, Maine.

H. E. Coolidge, principal of high school at North Berwick, Me.

W. P. Curtis, student in Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

O. H. Drake, taking post-graduate course in Yale University.

F. C. Emerson, a graduate from Oberlin Theological School.

H. P. Folsom, druggist in Portland, Me.

Rev. H. E. Foss, recently returned from Jacksonville, Fla., and now in Lewiston.

N. P. Foster, Esq., practicing law at Bar Harbor, Me.

Rev. R. E. Gilkey, pastor F. B. Church at Richmond, Me.

J. H. Goding, teaching in Indiana.

C. S. Haskell, principal grammar school, Jersey City, N. J.

Rev. W. W. Haden, pastor F. B. Church, Whitefield, N. H.

Wm. C. Hobbs, principal high school, Attleboro, Mass.

J. E. Holton.

C. L. McCleery, connected with a paper in Lowell, Mass.

O. T. Maxfield.

H. B. Nevens, supervisor of schools, Rockland, Me.

J. H. Parsons, principal Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

W. B. Perkins, connected with publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

W. T. Perkins, Bismarck, Dakota.

Rev. E. F. Pitts, pastor Weymouth and Braintree Congregational Church.

G. L. Record, Esq., practicing law in Jersey City, N. J.

Rev. B. S. Rideout, pastor Congregational Church at Norway, Me.

H. S. Roberts, principal high school, Farmington, Me.

R. R. Robinson, Camden, Me., Judge of Probate, Knox County.

C. P. Sanborn, connected with a wholesale furniture house, Boston, Mass.

J. F. Shattock, M.D., practicing medicine at Wells River, Vt.

C. A. Stront, principal high school, Ipswich, Mass.

F. A. Twitchell, D.D.S., very successful dentist, Providence, R. I.

F. H. Wilbur, living at present in Auburn, Maine.

Rev. C. W. Williams, pastor Baptist Church.

1882.

Frank L. Blanchard, editor, New Britain, Connecticut.

Henry S. Bullen, principal of high school, Barre, Mass.

Wm. G. Clark, lawyer, Algona, Iowa.

Warren H. Cogswell, actor, Pembroke, N. H.

John W. Douglas, assistant principal industrial school, Georgetown, D. C.

Rufus H. Douglass, teacher, East Dixfield, Maine.

William H. Dresser, principal high school, Cherryfield, Me.

George P. Emmous, physician, Richmond, Maine.

B. Galen Eaton, teacher, Philadelphia, Pa.

Isa B. Foster-Murch, Washington, D. C.

Nellie B. Forbes, teacher, Buckfield, Me.

Irving D. Harlow, physician, Auburn, Me.

Walter S. Hoyt, physician, Kansas.

Stephen A. Lowell, secretary Insurance Co., Auburn, Me.

Chas. E. Mason, clergyman, Bangor, Me.

Lewis I. McKenney, principal high school, Hyannis, Mass.

John F. Merrill, lawyer, St. Paul, Minn.

Ben. W. Murch, principal grammar school, Washington, D. C.

Irving M. Norcross, principal grammar school, Lewiston, Me.

John C. Perkins, theological student, Cambridge, Mass.

D. Eugene Pease, printer, Boston, Mass.

Edmund R. Richards, editor and proprietor Wood River *Daily* and *Weekly Miner*, Hailey, Idaho.

Wm. I. Skelton.

Leonard M. Tarr, U. S. signal service, Northfield, Vt.

Wm. V. Twaddle, lawyer, El Paso, Texas.

Olin H. Tracy, clergyman, Biddeford, Me.

1883.

C. J. Atwater, Esq., practicing law in Seymour, Conn.

Rev. W. H. Barber, pastor Methodist Church, North Augusta, Me.

O. L. Bartlett, M.D., practicing medicine in Rockland, Me.

G. M. Beals.

Miss S. E. Bickford, preceptress Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.

W. F. Cowell, cashier in a bank in Kansas City, Mo.

H. O. Dorr, in employ of C. M. & St. Paul R. R., Minneapolis, Minn.

F. E. Foss, B.S., civil engineer on a Western railroad.

O. L. Frisbee, proprietor of Oceanic House, Star Island, Isles of Shoals.

Rev. O. L. Gile, pastor of F. B. Church, Cape Elizabeth.

J. B. Ham, Teacher of Sciences, Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.

E. J. Hatch, Esq., attorney, Sanford, Me.

L. B. Hunt, principal of Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.

Mrs. E. R. Little-Clark, living at Kingston, N. H.

F. E. Manson, connected with a paper in Lowell, Mass.

A. E. Millett.

J. L. Reed, connected with *New York Tribune*.

C. A. Sargent, *Utica Herald*, Utica, N. Y.

A. E. Tinkham, Esq., practicing law at Duluth, Minn.

H. H. Tucker.

Wm. Watters, M.D., Lynn, Mass.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'67.—Hon. F. E. Sleeper, M.D., of Sabatis, has been re-elected to the Senate from Androscoggin County.

'73.—J. H. Baker is still principal of the high school, Denver, Col., where he has been for thirteen years. He now has a salary of \$3,500. A new high school building, which will be one of the best in the country, is nearly completed.

'77.—O. B. Clason, Esq., has been

elected to the next legislature as representative from Gardiner.

'77.—G. H. Wyman, practicing law, Anoka, Minn., and also city attorney.

'77.—N. P. Noble is proprietor of a large retail store in Phillips, Me.

'76.—John Rankin is freight cashier for the New York and New England R. R. Co., Boston, Mass. Salary \$1,800 per annum.

'78.—Rev. J. Q. Adams, pastor of Free Baptist Church, West Buxton, Maine.

'78.—M. F. Daggett, principal of high school, Chatam, Mass.

'80.—Prof. A. L. Woods, superintendent of schools, Grafton, Dak., and holding 'Teachers' Institutes through the Territory.

'80.—Bristol, August 30, Mr. W. A. Hoyt of Winthrop, Me., and Miss Fannie H. Ellis of Bristol. Mr. Hoyt belonged to the class of '80, and is principal of the high school, North Brookfield, Mass.

'83.—C. J. Atwater, a former editor of the *STUDENT*, visited his college friends in Lewiston this summer. He has an excellent law practice in Seymour, Conn.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick, 2d, principal of grammar school, Gardiner, Maine.

'86.—A. H. Dunn is principal of high school in Fairplay, the county town of Park Co., Col.

'86.—E. D. Varney is principal of a grammar school in Denver, Col., with three hundred and fifty pupils, and seven assistants.

THEOLOGICAL.

'89.—F. W. Newell is working for a few weeks at Civil Engineering with Engineer Jones of Lewiston.

'88.—The Senior class has received two new members: Mr. John Nason of Boston University, and Mr. W. P. Curtis, Bates, '81.

'90.—Mr. Arthur Jones, of Amesbury, Mass., has entered the middle class.

'91.—The Junior class numbers six: E. C. Hayes (Bates, '87), C. G. Mosher, D. B. Harlow, W. L. Bradeen, A. C. Townsend (Bates, '88), and W. F. Tibbets (Bates, '88).

STUDENTS.

'89.—H. L. Knox is teaching at West Lebanon, Me.

'89.—W. F. Grant is at work in an organ factory in Massachusetts.

'90.—G. H. Hamlen is teaching Latin and Greek in the Rochester (N.H.), High School.

'91.—C. H. Johonnett is absent from college on account of sickness.

'91.—C. A. Merrill is teaching, but will rejoin his class at the beginning of next term.

'92.—Miss Mary Slack has joined the Freshman class.

'92.—H. I. Neal is away on account of sickness.

Cornell has a lady student who is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering, and twenty-four young women graduated as lawyers in Michigan last summer.

POET'S CORNER.

SEA-SONG AND STAR-SONG.

The sea has a song, as it swings,
Afar from the surf-trampled shore,
A song which in silence it sings,
More sweet than its turbulent roar.
The stars have a song, say the seers,
In tune with the pulses of night,
A chime of the mystical spheres,
Unheard save by angels of light.

—Dartmouth.

We cannot die. Though earthly things around
us

Shall perish in the winter's snow and frost,
And fairest flowers touched by time shall
wither,

And to our sight be lost.

We cannot die. Endowed with life immortal
The soul triumphant wings its heavenly way,
To dwell with God within the golden portal
Of everlasting day.

—N. S. B., Oakland, Me.

TRUE HEROES.

The busiest can find time to weave a garland
For brows full crowned;
The weariest help to swell the din and turmoil
Of victory's sound;

Are there not crowns more excellent than
laurels

In victory won?

Honors more lofty than the shouts of millions
For carnage done?

Yes, there are heroes in life's lowly pathways
Whose meed of praise

Is neither love, nor gold, nor recognition,
Nor length of days.

Their only right, to stand aside that others

May press before,
Using their hearts as rounds upon the ladder
To reach the fore.

—Amherst Student.

RONDEAU.

Sleep, O sleep,
While my loving watch I keep,
Soft and warm the summer air,
Brooding silence everywhere.

Fragrant is your grassy bed,
Pillowed on my knee your head,
Let the poppies drowsy scent
Lull thee into sweet content,
While my loving watch I keep,
Sleep, O sleep.

—*Youth's Companion.*

DRIFT.

What came in with the tide to-day?
Bits of wood and sea-weed gay,
Shells and moss and a broken oar,
Floating waifs from a foreign shore,—
Something else by the breakers rolled,
Something stark and white and cold,
Face upturned to the light of day.
Sullenly roars the sea with its prey.

—*Dartmouth.*

THE POET.

Many thoughts do come and go
In the Poet's mind;
Blest are they who truly know
Brightest thoughts to find,
Spurning all the dark and low
For a nobler kind.

Many fancies see the light
By the Poet's pen;
Blest is he who shows aright
Life and love for men,
Waking out of blackest night
Joyous hope again.

—*Williams Weekly.*

UNREST.

Thy soul meseems is a fair garden scene,
Bewitched by masks, who pass in merry wise,
Fingering the lute and dancing, yet, I ween,
Half sad beneath their fanciful disguise.

Although they murmur low in minor modes
Of love victorious and of life's delight;
They seem to dread what life or love forebodes
And their songs swoon into the calm moon-
light.

—*Nassau Lit.*

The silvery shield of the night,
The glittering spear points of light,
Have a tale that to me they unfold,
Of infinite power unexplained,
That cosmos from chaos has gained,

And from forces material things;
That, in measureless space, to define
Some landmarks of measureless time,
Has set globes of ethereal light,
Making infinite, finite to man,
As cycle on cycle they span
With the consummate energy quick.

—*Leon, '89.*

COLLEGE DAYS.

Dear fellow, when our college days are over,
These happy, happy days,
And we by unrelenting fate divided,
Pursue our different ways,
Then shall this spark of friendship ever glow-
ing
Conceive eternal life;
Lighting our pathway as we struggle onward,
'Mid toil and strife.

Dear fellow, *Alma Mater's* sacred name
A talisman shall be,
A bond of union binding us together
For all eternity.
Life's sands run low, the ranks grow thin and
thinner,
Grief gathers fast and care.
Once more, dear fellow, here's to *Alma Mater*,
Our mother fair. —*Harvard Advocate.*

EXCHANGES.

Dennis says of Pope, "He will succeed for he has discovered a sufficiency beyond his little ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely beyond his force and hath, like the school-boy, borrowed from the living and the dead." If this is so the exchange editor should be one of the few men certain of success. As the rashest thing we can do, we take up the *Speculum*, a magazine from a scientific school. It has one general trend, "Progress in Manufactures," "The Dake Engine," etc. These are all well written, and while it would be too presumptuous even for us to attempt to judge of the

accuracy of the technical knowledge displayed, the freedom of treatment and apparent ease of writing go a long way as proof of the correctness of statements. At least the authors have a way of making subjects, that to the ordinary man are somewhat dull, both interesting and instructive.

The *Aegis* of the 21st contains two very well written parts, and by a strange coincidence they were both written by women. Of the first, a well argued vindication of Poe, we quote the closing sentences: "When the follies and faults of the human shall have been forgotten, the music will remain and grow the sweeter as the years go on. With Goethe, Byron, Burns, and Shelley, our own Poe shall stand disrobed "of all that of the earth was earthly," and be only known to future time as one of the Immortals. The other is on "The Inutility of Creeds." While on such a subject originality of thought could hardly be expected, yet it is very well thought out and well written. This is one thought, "A creed, what is a creed? A creed, they claim is one of religion's safeguards, a means of individual strength and growth. But it is not only this, it is a procrustean bed to which each soul must fit, though its very joints and sinews are rent asunder. Our creeds to-day are spiritual dungeons which close in the soul with such despair that even the light of a transcendent love cannot dispel the gloom."

The *Phrenological Journal* stands too high to need any mention from us, but one article this month is especially

timely, on the "Education and Use of the Brain." We quote a few lines from a rather good little poem:

"Beat, beat, beat, the great rain falls
With echoing hammers on the sullen rock.
The mist creeps softly upward from the sea,
The dew falls lightly from the air above."

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

Amherst has had a summer school of languages.

Wellesley requires twenty hours of recitations a week.

William and Mary College is to be re-opened this fall.

The University of Pennsylvania celebrates its centennial in 1891.

Yale and Amherst have put the Bible on the list of elective studies.

Among the 559 women who have graduated from the fourteen leading women's colleges and seminaries in this country, only 177 are married.

A new building for the department of Civil Engineering, a new Library building to hold 450,000 volumes, a new Christian Association building, and four cottages for professors are in process of erection on the campus of Cornell University.

The Free Baptists, a few months ago, purchased 157 acres of land upon Bluff Point, on Lake Keuka, on a part of which to erect Keuka College. Another portion they will devote to an assembly similar to the Chautauqua Assembly, and \$100,000 worth of lots have been already sold. The corner stone was laid August 21st.

POTPOURRI.

There is metre prosaic, dactylic,
 There is a metre for laugh and for moan,
 But the metre which is never prosaic
 Is the "meet her by moonlight alone."

—Ex.

Scene, a railroad restaurant. She—
 "Oh, dear! I wish we had a hammer
 to crack this pie-crust." He—"Wait
 a moment, my love, I will buy a sand-
 wich."—*Free Press.*

A WRECKED TRAIN.

At unusual speed we were dashing along,
 The ponderous train was behind,
 When all of a sudden something went wrong,
 And—a wreck of the wretchedest kind.

'Twas not on the rails of the Central N. J.,
 That occurred this disaster terrific,
 And equally wrong if perchance you should
 say
 On the ties of the Union Pacific.

Ah no! gentle reader, quite off in your guess,
 'Twas a wreck worse than these to descry;
 The train was the train of Belinda's new dress,
 The passenger on it was I.

—*Williams Weekly.*

A Senior coming into the laboratory
 one rainy day exclaimed, "I have just
 escaped H₂O, only to come in contact
 with H₂S!"

TALE OF A POSSUM.

The nox was lit by the lux of luna,
 And 'twas a nox most opportuna,
 To catch a possum or a coona,
 For nix was scattered o'er this mundus,
 A shallow nix et non profundus.
 On sic a nox with canis unus,
 Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.
 The corpus of this bonus canis
 Was full as long as octo span is;
 But brevior legs had canis never,
 Quam had hic canis, bonus, clever.
 Some used to say in stultum jocum,

Quod a field was too small locum
 For sic a dog to make a turnus,
 Circum self from stem to sternus.
 Unus canis, duo puer,
 Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
 Quam hoc trio unquam fuit,
 If there was I never knew it.
 Hic bonus dog had one bad habit;
 Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
 Amabat plus to tree a rattus,
 Amabat bene chase a cattus.
 On this nixy moonlight night,
 This old canis did just right,
 Nunquam treed a hungry rattus,
 Nunquam chased a starving cattus,
 But cucurrit or intentus,
 On the track and on the scentus,
 Till he treed a possum strongum,
 In a hollow trunkum longum.
 Loud he barked in horrid bellum,
 Seemed on terra venit hellum;
 Quickly ran the duo puer,
 Mors of possum to secure.
 Quam venerit, one began
 To chop away like quisque man,
 Soon the axe went through the trunkum,
 Fast he hit it, per, cher, chunkum.
 Combat thickens, on, ye bravus!
 Canis, puer, bite, et stavus;
 As his powers non longius tarry,
 Possum potest non pugnare,
 On the nix his corpus lieth,
 Down to Hades spirit lieth
 Now they seek their pater's domo.
 Feeling proud as any homo,
 Knowing certe they will blossom
 Into heroes, when with possum
 They arrive, narrabunt story,
 Plenis blood, et plenis glory.
 Quam at domum narrent story
 Plenis sanguine, tragic, gory;
 Pater praiseth, likewise mater;
 Wonders greater, younger frater.
 Possum leave they on the mundus,
 Go themselves to sleep profundus,
 Somniunt possum slain in battle,
 Strong as ursæ, large as cattle.
 When nox gives way to lux of morning,
 Albam terram much adorning,
 Up they jump to see the varmen,
 Of the which quid est the carmen,
 Possum hic est resurrectum,
 Leaving puers most dejectum,
 Possum relinquit track behind him
 Cruel possum! besta vilem!

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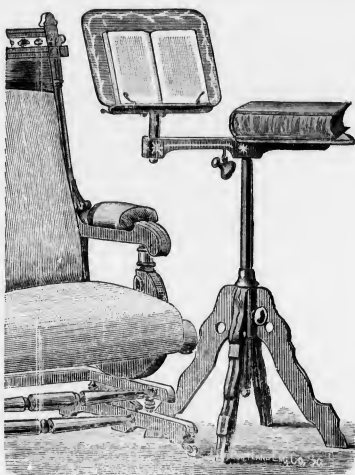
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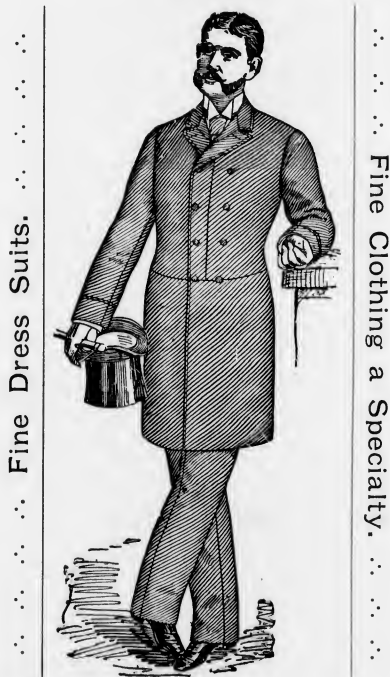
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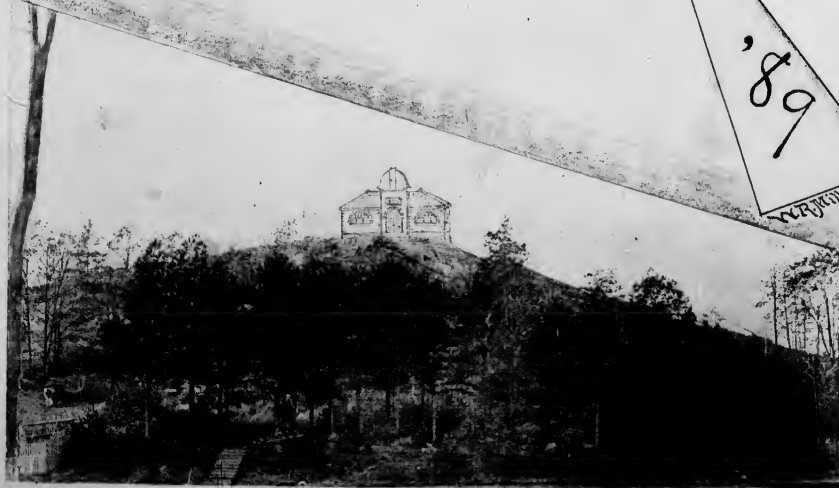


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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

No. 9.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON,	A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT,	L. E. PLUMSTEAD,
E. I. CHIPMAN,	J. I. HUTCHINSON.

I. N. COX, Business Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy, 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

IN this number of the STUDENT we sadly record the death of Everett J. Small, which occurred on the 14th of last month.

At the time of his decease, Mr. Small was president of the class of 'eighty-nine; was literary editor of the BATES STUDENT; and secretary of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association. The college suffers the loss of an esteemed member, and the editorial board that of a beloved co-worker and friend.

THE success which the ball team has achieved this fall leads to a close inspection of our strength and our weakness. No one better than an athlete knows what the words "training" and "condition" mean. Inspiration is often relied upon by public speakers to the *ennui* of the audience. In athletic language inspiration means laziness. A man confidently leaning on the presumable and latent electricity in his corpuscles and sinews is like a man waiting for his rich relative to demise. He generally gets left. Athletes know that it is the trained eye, the trained foot, the trained brain that wins the race and game. One clean,

sharp athletic contest will drive away more of the dark-visaged birds which melancholy hatches in the brain than anything in the world. Talk about the blues! My observation has been that the students that have the blues are the ones that never do any outdoor work to mention. Talk about gloom! What business has a well young man with gloom, a young man who swallows a gallon of God's air at a gulp! How is that? He is poor. So was Abraham Lincoln. He is tired. So was the tramp I saw last week. He has the dyspepsia and headache. So does any man who controls a rocking chair at the expense of his health. How many brilliant-brained men there are who are crippled in the arm, crippled in the back, crippled in the stomach, crippled in the chest. A brain like a sword, like a lamp; but a body like a tumbled down house.

THE old saying that a thing well begun is half done, is as true as it is old. But it must be remembered that the used axle needs new oil every day.

It is easier to see pleasure in any work before we have wasted all our enthusiasm striving to convince people we are strong enough to carry the task along. But when scorn and adversity have reached the meridian we are apt to lose confidence in our ability, and regret that we had undertaken so much. Too many at this point fall into the saddest of all errors; that of surrendering to one's self. No honors can be hoped for in such a capitulation.

There are many that are ready to excuse their failures by saying it was the lack of opportunity; that had they been born in a higher station in life they too would have met with success. It is certainly of great advantage to any one to have the opportunities of high birth, yet it has its disadvantages, for one born of talented parents has less scope where human feet have trod, in which to make his march, and his success must be measured by his progress in life.

Beecher once said that his greatest misfortune was in being his father's son. The great preacher felt how much was demanded of him as his father's son. But high or low there is work for all and work for a life-time. The work of the old should be no nearer a close than the work of the young. That man has lived too long who feels that his work is done. It should be the chief pleasure of every one to see new paths of work constantly coming to view — one duty falling aside but to make room for another, until the new life shall open a richer field of work.

IT is a charge laid against the present generation that all minds at once turn to poetry; that form and finish are alone looked to and the matter treated of is of slight consequence, and that necessarily this causes a lack of reverential regard for the real poets that we have amongst us still. While it is true that in the multiplicity of rhymsters we are forgetting our poets, it may be equally true that in the microscopic presence of our poets of to-day

we are losing sight of the telescopic poets of our ancestry.

Let us hold our belief in Ossian and the misty stars of that time. Swift says somewhere that all sublimary happiness lies in being well deceived, and what can be more ennobling than an honest belief in this Anglo-Saxon Homer; clear back in the mist of tradition, from the very midst of chaos, thinking grand thoughts and giving them to men so as to make them think grandly too. We all know his "Apostrophe to the Sun," as high in its religious fervor and as true to poetic life as anything of Milton himself.

Then in the seventh or eighth century there is the epic of Beowulph, almost as artistic sense as the Odyssey, and in many respects higher in its tone. In fact both Ossian and the author of Beowulph have much higher conceptions of the place of woman, and what is more, higher and purer conceptions of the Godhead than did even great Homer.

In the thirteenth century, among others, there is "Layamon" and his "Brut of Wace," and the fourteenth, "Mort d' Arthur," and "Piers Ploughman," by the traditionary Robert Longelande, all works of many beauties in form and language and thought.

We read Greek and Latin because they are disciplinary; because they are full of grand thoughts and because they are the basis of our modern tongues. For all these reasons, a study of Anglo-Saxon would help us and yet, while almost every school in the country teach these two, Anglo-Saxon is indeed a dead language. A

demand for a study of it will create opportunities. Let us read—read all we can until we get so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of these grand old noblemen, that the honest conviction is forced upon us that our ancestors, in nobility of thought and grandeur of utterance, were not one whit behind the ancestors of the French and Italians of to-day.

THE most intensely interesting literature is biography, because it is intensely personal. Why is a letter from a friend a greater treasure than an envelope stuffed with circulars from a book agent's office? Because one is eminently personal. It has in it something for you and for no one else, while the other is a general formula applicable to any easily deluded young man.

Biography is the noblest literature because the lives of great men lead quickly and deeply into the heart of great events. A great life, framed in biography, is a window that opens onto a comprehensive and diversified landscape of national policy and actions. This is especially true of ancient and mediæval history. Around the great men of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, and to a large extent, of Europe, are clustered or huddled the great issues and facts that form the framework of history. If you want a face-to-face knowledge of history, read biography. If you want noble models upon which to drape the fabric of thought and reflection, read biography. If you want to quicken a sterile imagination with potent and moving suggestions,

read biography. If you want to broaden your sympathies and stimulate your powers to action, read biography.

A great living preacher says that reading the lives of men whose trials and occupations were like your own, usually affects you as the steam in the hold of a vessel drives it on its course. While reading of men whose lives had no likeness to your own, guides you as the stars aid the ship in directing its course over the wide ocean.

OF composition on the benefits of reading and the use of libraries, there is no end.

Thus each new venturer risks saying what some one else has previously said, perhaps better than he. What we have to say, however, will, we think, be pertinent to certain of our students, though it be a repetition.

In the first place, don't come into the library and wander about aimlessly for an hour, looking at title pages and curious bindings. Many complain of lack of time to read, when, if they would improve their odd moments, they might, during their college course, become quite well read.

Besides, it is a valuable power to be able to take up a book just where you left off the day before, and carry the thought clearly along.

Therefore you should make up your minds what you want to read, take the book from the shelves at once and begin your task. If you do not know of any particular book that you desire to read, ask the librarian to recommend one. He knows what books are favorites with others, and, if he is an ac-

quaintance, can judge fairly well what books would be adapted to your tastes. It is a great advantage to masticate at the same time books of different natures, as poetry, fiction, philosophy, biography, art, etc.

For example: Tennyson's "In Memoriam" or Meredith's "Lucile." Scott's "Ivanhoe" or Kingsley's "Hypatia," Goodwin's "Walks and Talks in Science and Faith" or Drummond's "Natural Laws in the Spiritual World," Howitt's "Lives of the Poets" or Irving's "Life of Washington," Ruskin's "Art Culture" or Emerson's "Essay on Art."

LITERARY.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

By I. J., '87.

My days are in the yellow leaf.—*Byron*.

In pleasure's hammock, swinging slow
'Mid green leaf-filtered light,
A dreamer slept, and woke, and lo!
Sere branches met his sight.

Ah! mighty was his soul's amaze,
And Titan-like his grief;
For, spring misspent, he saw his days
Were in the yellow leaf.

DEAD.

By J. H. J., '88.

Adown yon hills by steeds of Phœbus drawn,
The funeral car slow bears the Day to rest;
And Stars of Evening guard the cloud-built
pyre
Whose glowing flames illumine the silent west.

See! led by Aries, Taurus, and The Twins,
A grand procession slow advances now;
While Pine-groves sigh in whispers born of
grief,
And all the flowers their heads in sorrow bow.

Forsaken Earth the garb of mourning wears,
A sable cloak lent by the Midnight Hours.

The dome above a million tapers holds,
And incense rises from the breath of flowers.

Anon the pall of ebon shadows woof,
Around the silent form is closer drawn,
And in the grave of days gone on before,
Another sleeps, alas ! to wait no dawn.

THE MISSION OF POETRY.

By J. I. H., '89.

THE soul of man is, as it were, the offspring of divinity, a spark of that divine fire which burns throughout the universe in immaculate and sovereign splendor. Mortal eye hath not seen the glory of that awful presence, but the soul can both see and understand. It bows in humble, though gracious reverence before its Great Creator, and draws its life from Him, the Fountain of Life.

God speaks to the soul of man in a varied language, too subtle for its full meaning to be expressed in human speech. In our more susceptible and thoughtful moods we catch inward gleams of a diviner beauty, of vanishing hues flashed, for an instant, from another world. All the objects of the natural creation are but the feeble reflection, in visible manifestation, of that Great Invisible who lies hidden behind the shadow of the material universe, whose presence we can only feel, not see. At those times when the influences of the natural world awaken sympathetic responses in the human breast, we almost seem to stand before the Spirit of Nature and converse with him face to face. From across the bounds of infinity a tide of gracious influences flood the soul, and man forgets his mortality, his finiteness, and feels his true

nature asserting itself as something immortal, infinite, and coeval with eternity.

Those who have caught and preserved for us these evanescent gleams of beauty, those who have made the nearest approach to translating this universal language of divinity, have been the world's great artists, whether they be poets, painters, sculptors, or musicians. And, though they might have retained but a faint, lingering beam of that splendor, or a fragmental echo of that voice, these have been, and are, the revealers of Divinity; and the lessons they have taught us have been more than human, and the beauties they have unveiled more than mortal. To poetry especially, whose range is the widest, whose influence is the most definite and sympathetic, belongs the power of reflecting the beauty encircling the soul, and of expressing as far as human language may, the nearly inexpressible.

Logic has striven to prove the existence and reality of Deity, metaphysics has hoped to analyze the soul and assure us of its immortality, and philosophy has endeavored so to consummate all attained knowledge as to construct a theoretical system of the universe, to penetrate to the Great Soul and reveal the secrets of the first cause. But the radiance of that "Life of Life" is too refined and transcendent for cold reason to behold, or philosophy to formulate. But at the point where these fail, poetry steps in, and with a much nearer and more sympathetic relation to the unapproachable source of all knowledge and intelligence, makes

known to us higher laws, deeper and more searching truths, than the coarseness and imperfection of philosophical analysis could ever reach.

One day the material universe, like a clouding veil, shall be rolled away, and then shall man behold and understand that which now seems to him darkly and indistinctly shadowed forth through the insufficient medium of the material and finite. Then shall he find his true place and complete happiness. But till then, through the gathered songs of the ages and the unwritten poetry of the heart of man, the soul shall be educated to express and realize its own infiniteness, to harmonize with the Infinite, and to endure the glories of that eternal day. It is to art, and poetry, and music, in particular, that we must look as the only adequate means of fitting man for the complete realization of his high destiny; as the only adequate power by which to purge the soul of the earthiness in which it was born, and enable it to walk in grace and dignity in the beautiful light of eternity. Not only do the songs of others waken in us responsive chords, but each soul swells with melodies that no tongue has spoken, no voice has sung; or is sometimes illumined with visions that no pencil has traced or chisel molded. To cherish these melodies and visions, to weave them in with the very fibre of life and heart, is a privilege of every one, and rightly improved will fill the life with grace and sweetness.

Man's spirit is born and cradled in the finite. The coarse, rough husk of the flower seed protects the germ within

until it shall spring to life, break its covering, discard that which once nourished it into being and burst into sweet and fragrant blossoming. So is man for awhile wrapped in the coarse envelope of the material. But, when nourished by the poetry of love and goodness and purity, distilled upon it like the dew from heaven, the soul shall have taken firm root in a celestial soil; the material, its office now fulfilled, will drop away, and that which it has nursed into life will unfold in rare and heavenly bloom, the beauty and richness of which can never fade, but will deepen and strengthen through the unlimited succession of ages.

BOREAS.

By F. F. P., '77.

A hardy and brusque Titan, born
Of the sweet, rosy Goddess of morn,
From my wild, rock-ribbed cavern I go
To wantonly buffet the snow;

But I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff
O'erlooking the gray, salt sea
I have vexed uproariously.

My father, stern Astreaus, frowns,
When he ponders what kingdoms and crowns
Could be bought with the wealth I have strewn
In the ocean depths soundless and lone.

Then I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For the stubborn, gray, salt main
Will not give it back again.

My brothers—the fairest, I ween,
Have Auster and Zephyr e'er been—
And my sisters, loved stars in the sky,
Oft reproach me with look and with sigh;

And I sigh and sob and sough
On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
For, down the gray, salt strand
There's a blanched corse on the sand.

The mariner knows my shrill voice,
Now cheering the way of his choice,

Now calling the storms on his path,
Provoking his fear and his wrath;
 But I sigh and sob and sough
 On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
 O'erlooking the gray, salt waves
 That fashion my victims' graves.

Disdaining all guile and intrigue,
But regardless of treaty and league,
Many good ships and stores I've destroyed,
As with war's fitful fortunes I've toyed.
 Still I sigh and sob and sough
 On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
 For, round the gray, salt deep,
 The slave and exile weep.

Though far from my dim, mountain home
On most mischievous missions I roam,
From the blest Hyperborean lands
I withhold my rough, riotous hands;
 And I sigh and sob and sough
 On the moss and fir-clad bluff,
 And gaze o'er the gray, salt way,
 On their long and glad some day.
 —*Saturday Traveller.*

THE AMERICAN MIND: ITS CHARACTER AND PLACE.

By A. L. S., '89.

IN the divine scheme of social organization and development the national mind is the individual. Great causes and great needs arise continually in the evolution of the ages, but simultaneously the nation appears whose advanced intelligence enables it to comprehend and fulfil the demands of its time. Thus have we received the models of literature, art, science, and philosophy. It is, then, natural and fitting that we should ask, what are the exigencies of our day and what relation do they bear to the American people?

But let us pause for a little to consider the Americans. Our constitution, in its bold departure from the established criterion occupies a unique posi-

tion in political history. National thought arising from the contemplation of a structure so unconstrained not unnaturally possesses a marked independence and breadth. The enormous extent, population, and wealth of this country stamp the contemplative mind with the impress of vastness and diversity of resources. The necessities of free government make us a candid, thoughtful people. The remarkable variety and abundance of our literature, presenting to us the achievements and ideals of the past tend to the development of a composite and all-comprehensive character.

More than all, that which makes the American mind individual—which fits it for a distinctive service—is that it unites under one flag and cements into one brotherhood all earth's races. So dissimilar are these elements that one has said "There is no characteristic American mind," but this is no longer true. The biological chemism has transformed the compound into a single substance.

Yet I am speaking more of the prospective than the actual, for not yet have we passed wholly from the confused state of transformation. The American mind is not dreamy Italian, sturdy English, vivacious French, philosophical German, nor grotesque Chinese, but, like the face of the Sistine Madonna, the whole harmoniously blended into one. Our government, our literary privileges, our universal ancestry, have unfitted the American for great original accomplishments along a single line of investigation; but have endowed him with a tolera-

tion as broad as the eccentricities of mankind, with sympathies as boundless as the experiences of the human heart, with a power of perceiving, classifying, and harmonizing truth, as comprehensive as unprejudiced reason can embrace. Is it not these attributes that the world to-day needs?

The apprehension of phenomena and law in all departments of knowledge is minute and far reaching; but the relations of the different departments are ill understood. These still await a master to bring out their concord, and produce a symphony that shall amaze the world. In economics we must consider the relations of government, land, labor, and capital. They are intricate and broad. A mind must be of majestic latitude to embrace them all. Between philosophy and religion there is a chasm yet wider and deeper; but it must be bridged. Already philosophy is saying in the language of Schiller, "Fear ye words? That is cowardly and the betrayer of an evil cause." The reconciliation must be made, and made on even ground. It is said that faith, not reason, has to do with religion; but faith is conviction, and conviction is born of reason. The same God inspires the philosopher and the saint. The alliance can and shall be made, but the intellect that shall reach this happy consummation must explore the border-grounds between the finite and the infinite.

This classifying and harmonizing may go yet farther. In all law there is unanimity. The triangle of forces is as true in biology, philosophy, and ethics, as in geometry and mechanics.

The growth and branching of a tree is the exact reproduction of the plan of evolution, and likewise the perfect representation of the laws of economic development. No less distinctly it symbolizes the course of thought. In them all is the one law of the resolution of initial forces. Herein is an opportunity for the exercise of a depth and breadth of knowledge that aspires to fellowship with God.

In view of these conditions I believe the American mind, when fully developed, is the key-stone to the triumphal arch which humanity is building, and through which it shall pass to that higher plane where it may see this life as one grand symmetrical whole; and thus be the better prepared to pass through that other triumphal arch into the infinite possibilities of eternity.

THE SOURCES OF COURAGE.

By E. L. S., '89.

THAT element of our natures which enables us to meet danger with a firm spirit and swelling soul has been called courage. The word, as is well known, is derived from the French, *coeur*, meaning heart. It seems that the effect of fear upon the heart was early observed, and thus from the chief of the physical organs was derived the name of this noblest attribute of the soul.

What is the source of this noble quality to which we instinctively pay the tribute of admiration? The name, as we have seen, suggests a purely physical origin. And that there is a certain courage arising from the consciousness

of physical power is sufficiently evident. We look for its display in the man with a vigorous constitution sooner than in the poor wretch with a feeble frame. Ancient Greece subjected her sons to the most severe physical training, and thus produced a race of men renowned for their valor and courage. A firm body braces and, as it were, encompasses the powers of the mind. Yet this is far from proving that a sound body is the sure warrant of courage. Who has not seen some modern Samson, when brought to the test, prove himself an abject coward, while the true hero has been disclosed in the person of some stripling or comparative dwarf? We must look deeper. Back of all merely physical qualities there must be a will—not an unreasonable stubbornness born of ignorance but a firm resolve founded on knowledge. All men have fear of that which is unknown or mysterious. The benighted races are hemmed in by superstitions, and superstition is the child of fear. But, as civilization advances and knowledge is diffused, the line of mystery gradually recedes. A thousand familiar instances might be brought to mind illustrative of the effect of complete knowledge upon courage. In our late war it was the skilled artisans and the students that proved the best soldiers; and in the last great European struggle the ignorant French army was easily put to flight by German troops formed from the educated classes. Their greater courage is explained by their power to contemplate the coming peril, philosophize upon the situation, and thus

avoid the effects of the sudden shock that danger always brings.

A man acquainted with the intricate paths of a woodland district enters it without a moment's hesitation, while the stranger is taunted by depressing fears. Thus, to the trained mind, objects are always presented with a distinctness and perspicuity, not like the phantoms seen by moonlight, or like Ossian's ghosts—dim forms of circumscribed shade.

Yet the wise man is not always the courageous man. We must go still deeper. Back of all physical qualities, back of all mental attributes, or perhaps more truly in a certain mysterious combination of both, lies still another source of courage. For want of a better name we will call it temperament, a term expressive of the subtle relations between the mind and the body. Under the many forms of courage traceable to temperament might be enumerated the spontaneous courage of the blood, the courage of habit, magnetic or transmitted courage, and the courage of self-devotion.

There is a certain innate fire of the blood which does not dare perils for the sake of principle, but loves them for their own sake without reference to any ulterior object. There is no special merit in it; it is a matter of temperament. No surpluses no libraries, no counting house desks can eradicate this natural instinct. In the most placid life its possessor pants for danger.

Then there is that courage born of habit; and how much habit has to do with courage is shown by the well-known fact that even brave men are

often timid in the presence of novel dangers.

That, apart from all physical strength, there is a certain magnetic power in courage, is known to all. As the leader, so are the followers. It was for this reason that the Greeks used to send to Sparta, not for soldiers but for a general. Read one narrative of shipwreck, and human nature seems all sublime; read another, and under circumstances equally desperate, it appears bare, selfish, and groveling. The difference lies simply in the influence of a few leading spirits. Who has not felt this magnetic influence when listening to some powerful orator, or some strain of music bordering on the sublime? Has not your pulse beaten with a quicker stroke, and your soul welled with an emotion so strong that nothing seemed too exalted for your accomplishment? It must be admitted, however, that in most men these feelings pass away as quickly as aroused.

Still another species referable to temperament is that evoked by special exigencies, the courage of self-devotion. It belongs especially to the race of martyrs and enthusiasts whose personal terrors vanish with the greatness of the object sought, so that Joan of Arc, listening to the songs of angels, does not feel the flames. Indeed, there is something grand in this variety. The courage of blood, of habit, or of imitation is not necessarily an exalted thing; but the courage of self-devotion cannot be otherwise than noble, however wasted on fanaticism or delusion, for it borders on the domain reserved for that sublimest of all

courage—the courage inspired by a sense of duty; for back of all physical qualities, back of all mental attributes, back of all peculiarities of temperament, in the deepest recesses of man's nature is something called conscience, the monitor that tells him whether he is right or wrong, and he who follows its dictates is pre-eminently the man of courage. If, as Shakespeare says, "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," it is also conscience and conscience alone that can make true heroes of us all.

There is a proneness to look only at openly demonstrated heroism for courage. Courage, however, is not evinced by noise and bombast, but more often by modesty and reserve. The man in the midst of poverty, toiling uncomplainingly for the sustenance of his family with the full knowledge that he can never rise above his misfortunes is a man of courage. The man who can, but will not, take more than justly belongs to him is a man of courage. The man who, like Luther, has views in advance of the age and who dares to express them, he also has courage. But he gives the best proof of courage who, to shield and protect others, accepts open insult and submits uncomplainingly to contempt, ridicule, and vituperation. This is harder than enduring pain; harder than braving danger; harder than wearing a royal crown. Pride and presumption play no part in such a man's life. He cares not for the taunts and jeers of scoffers nor the applause of fools. Duty has shown him the right and his courage rises invincible above derision. The name of

such a man is rarely known to the world. Yet what matter if none below the throne of God can identify him? What matter if his epitaph is not carved among the mausoleums of the world? Poets may sing of the glorious deeds of ancient and modern heroes; of their Agamemnons and Napoleons; and revere them as gods. But should his name be written where it belongs, it would appear high up above them all.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

By N. G. B., '91.

Wide stretched the desert waste from east to west,—

From north to south wide stretched the burning sands.

No spot of green in all that broad expanse
Might rest the weary eye,—no waters cool
The tongue long parched with thirst. The caravan

Slow dragged its weary length across the sands

In silence, while the patient camels sniffed
The sultry air in vain attempt to catch
Afar the scent of palms and waters cool.
The leader of the train, deep-wrapt in thoughts
Of loved ones whom he might ne'er see again,
Till Allah called them also to Himself,
Spake not, nor turned to right or left.

But lo!

A voice, close at his side, broke in upon
His reveries at last with words like these:
"Unworthy all am I, most noble Sheik,
To stand before thy presence,—I, a man
Of humble birth and lowly fortunes,—yet
I crave your hearing for a moment, while
I tell my tale. When first I left my home
To meet the dangers of the desert waste,
My aged mother placed within my hands
This tiny leathern flask.

"Take it, my son,"

She said, 'and guard it well, for it may save
Thy life, mayhap, upon those burning sands
Which thou must cross. From a far distant land,

Where bubbles up unceasingly the Fount,—
The wondrous Fount of Life,—I brought it,
filled

With sparkling waters from the Fountain-Head.

Take it and use it wisely, and thou shalt
Not want the wherewith to allay thy thirst,
Till Allah call thee home.'

"My mother's gift

I cherished as she bade me, and though years
Have passed since then in journeys to and fro
Across the rainless plains, it never yet
Has failed my need. And now, most noble
Sheik,

I share with thee and thine the Gift of Life."

A wondering silence fell upon the train,
And on the speaker every eye was fixed,
To see what he might do. But when he had
Unsealed the flask, he did not hold it to
The chieftain's lips that he might drink, but
spilled

Upon the sand a single crystal drop,
Then placed the flask again within his breast.
The Sheik in wrath upsprang: "And dost
thou dare

To mock me thus? Dog, thou shalt die!"

But ere

The word had died upon his lips, he paused,
Transfixed with wonder. At his feet upwelled
A spring of clear, cold water, from the spot
Where fell the wondrous drop. A marvelous
Exhaustless fount, where all might drink their
fill.

Around its margin blossomed into life
A thousand unknown flowers, and all the
place

Was filled with strange, sweet odors, like the
breath

Of angels. Feathery palms upspringing cast
Their grateful shade across the grass-clothed
plain,

While at their feet welled up unceasingly
The water's clear, whose murmured music fell
Like fairy chimes upon the listening air.

With reverent awe the chieftain bowed his
head,

And kneeling by the bubbling spring, gave
thanks

To Allah for that wondrous Fount of Life,
Whose precious waters held such power to
make

The desert bud and blossom like the rose.

O ye who tread the desert wastes of life,
Whose feet press wearily the scorching sands
Of sin, behold, upgushing at your feet,
The Fount—the Life Stream from the throne
of God.

Drink and your thirsty souls shall live. The
 sin,
 The grief, the restless discontent, shall flee
 Away before its healing power. The Christ
 Hath said, "Who drinketh from this Fount
 of Life,
 Shall never thirst." Pass not unheeding by
 Till in the desert wide ye die of thirst,
 And none be found to give you drink.
 And ye
 Who carry in your hearts the hidden "well,
 Upspringing into life eternal," share
 The wondrous gift ye have received, with
 those
 Who else might perish by the way with thirst.
 Let fall on weary souls, the precious drops
 Whence healing waters shall upspring. Fill
 ye
 Their pitchers from an overflowing heart,
 That they may drink and live. So shall ye
 make
 The desert blossom and be glad. So shall
 Ye lead them to the Fountain-Head at last,
 And bring them home to God.

IN MEMORIAM.

Speak low and gently for God's angel
 Hath passed by us in the night.
 Bow down the head. A comrade
 Hath gone forward to the light.

—Dartmouth.

Everett James Small, aged 21 years
 11 months 4 days, died of consump-
 tion at his home in Lewiston, October
 14th.

At the time of his death, Mr. Small
 was president of the class of '89,
 Bates College; literary editor of the
 BATES STUDENT, and secretary of the
 New England Intercollegiate Press
 Association.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the Divine order of
 events, it has pleased the All-Wise
 Being to remove from us our beloved
 classmate, Everett J. Small;

Resolved, That thereby the college
 has sustained an irreparable loss and
 his class an esteemed member;

Resolved, That we extend our heart-
 felt sympathy to a bereaved parent in
 his affliction;

Resolved, That a copy of these reso-
 lutions be printed in the BATES STU-
 DENT.

I. N. COX,

M. S. LITTLE,

F. M. BAKER,

Committee of Class of '89.

Whereas, In the Divine order of
 events, death has removed from our
 society an honored and esteemed mem-
 ber, Everett J. Small, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of the
 Polymnian Society deeply mourn the
 loss of an earnest worker and a true
 friend;

Resolved, That we extend our sym-
 pathies to the bereaved father in his
 deep affliction, and to the college to
 which he was so firmly attached;

Resolved, That a copy of the above
 be entered upon the records of our
 society, and also that it be printed
 in the BATES STUDENT.

A. E. HATCH,

ELI EDGEComb,

NELSON G. HOWARD,

Committee.

Resolved, That in the death of Ev-
 erett James Small, the editorial board
 of the BATES STUDENT sustains the loss
 of an active and efficient member.

Resolved, That we, the remaining
 members of the board, extend our

deepest sympathy to the father and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the STUDENT.

C. J. EMERSON,
F. J. DAGGETT,
A. L. SAFFORD,
E. I. CHIPMAN,
L. E. PLUMSTEAD,
Editors of Bates Student.

IN MEMORY OF EVERETT J. SMALL.

My pupil whom I ne'er forgot to love,
Yet whom the greatest Teacher loved the more.
The while we wait outside His heavenly
school,
For thee He has unclosed the heavenly door.

Within thy Father's mansions wide and fair,
With those dear ones, from earth before thee
flown,—
Why should we speak of thee as dead, thou
hast
But entered into love to us unknown.

To-day thou learnest of that life divine,
No man may tell with faltering human tongue,
O happy soul, shall we not to be glad,
This great promotion came to thee so young.

—Annie M. Libby, in *Lewiston Journal*.

IN SYMPATHY.

The attendance at the funeral services of the late Everett J. Small, son of James T. Small, of this city, at 2 P.M., Tuesday, was very large, quite filling the Main Street Free Baptist Church, where they were held.

The church was trimmed for the services, and the pulpit and recesses were filled with flowers and trailing vines. About the arch of the recess of the pulpit, were draped the colors of Bates College, with wreaths of immortelles and living green. The casket was placed in front of the altar, and was

quite buried beneath the floral gifts from affectionate and sorrow-stricken friends.

The casket was of steel gray embossed plush, setting on pedestals of white. Upon it was an open book of flowers, the token of the class of '89 Bates, and a pillow with "Everett" upon it, a remembrance from the father, besides numerous other floral offerings from the high school class of which he was a member, and from relatives and friends.

The youthfulness of the congregation at the church was one of its most touching features. The members of the Bates College class of '89, of which he was a member had charge of the services, and all of them attended. The members of his graduating class at the Lewiston High School were also present. The class of '89, Bates, wore class colors draped in mourning and occupied seats in the body of the house reserved for them.

The bearers were Messrs. Neal, Woodman, Day, Garcelon, Davis, and Whitcomb of Bates College.

Brief services were attended at the residence of the father at 1.30 P.M. The members of the class and family and friends proceeded to the church in carriages. The services were very impressive. They were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Professor Angell of the college.

In behalf of the class, C. J. Emerson offered an interesting and touching tribute to the life and character of the deceased.

Professor Angell briefly reviewed his connection with the college, and A. L. Safford read a poem.

Rev. M. Summerbell spoke very sympathetically of the life and death of the departed, and his words carried great weight to all who heard them.

The deceased was buried at Riverside Cemetery, in Lewiston.

The college boys formed a solid column and followed the procession to the grave. Prayer was offered by the class chaplain, F. M. Buker. Ode composed by A. E. Hatch was sung by the class, and each member deposited a spray of flowers and evergreen upon the head of the casket.

—*Lewiston Journal*.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY A. L. S., '89.

I.

And thou art dead? What! No, it cannot be,
Thou art asleep and soon shalt wake and speak.

Once more glad converse shall I hold with thee.

No. Silent yet. Thy mortal lips are sealed.
How strange! It seems as 'twere but yesterday
Thou was the brightest, cheerfulest one of all.
Thoughtful and kind, a true friend hast thou been.

We loved thee, and e'en now thy noble brow,
Though cold in death, is pleasant to our gaze.
And thou art dead, art gone from us for aye.

II.

Spirit of faith that in the hush of night
Discerns far toward the East approaching day,
Teach us beyond the shadowed vale of death
To trace some ray of that eternal light
Than which hope knows no fairer goal to choose,

And which our fancy dares not strive to paint,
But stands o'ercome with awe as we do now.
Ye everlasting hills that from your heights
Survey unmoved the dismal wreck of time,
Teach our poor, broken, bleeding hearts to soothe

This grief that blinds us to what death must mean.

Spirit of prayer, breathe o'er our troubled souls
Thy peace. Lead us beside thy quiet stream.

Calm our grieved spirits. From thy clear,
pure, founts
Bathe thou our fevered brain. O comfort us.

III.

This is not he. 'Tis but a garb time gives
And takes away when he has filled his course,
Served out in uniform the enlisted years;
And now, methinks, he lives at home again.
A few spans more and we'll be free with him,
These finite mortal bonds be rent in twain.
Infinite of thought, companionship
With God will be within our eager grasp,
And we again shall know, exuberant,
The thrills of fellowship and mutual love.

IV.

Last night when o'er the autumn groves and fields

The teeming moon effused its lambent light,
I stole forth from my chamber to the streets
That all deserted seemed like men to sleep,
And, as I wandered slowly back and forth,
From out the uncertain shade he seemed to rise.

As in the days of yore, we strolled along
And gayly chatted 'bout some slight event.
Yet all the time he spake, I seemed to feel
Within the presence of a master mind.
He seemed to turn those deep and kindly eyes
Toward mine, as though he read my secret self.

Fain would I then have grasped his cordial hand,
And felt the thrill of soul discerned by soul.
Upon the silence, for we woke no sound,
Obtruded rustling noise of falling leaf.
I fancied they were souls that with a breath
Were wafted back to God from whence they sprang.

So vanished he, but he has left to us
A legacy that we do well to hold.
"Father, for your sake only, would I live,
And for the good that I perchance might do."
His book is closed, the seal forever set,
To us remains a page not printed yet,
May it be filled as his brief life has taught.

A TRIBUTE TO EVERETT J. SMALL.

BY C. J. E., '89.

Three years ago, when the class of
'89 entered Bates College, among the
number of strong and vigorous men

whom like tastes and common purposes had brought together, was our friend and classmate, Everett James Small.

Strong, self-reliant, cordial, tender, and sympathetic, he was the firm friend of every college student, and especially dear to us, who, through familiar and constant association, knew his worth and manliness.

During the two years and a half of his college life he worked steadily for the promotion of every good and desirable object. With a mind keenly alive to every college interest, whether of study, of recreation, or of loyalty, he exerted an influence, positive and beneficial. He was a college man in the fullest sense that the term implies. To him college was the workshop of character, where the noblest thoughts, the highest aspirations, and the purest ideals were to be wrought into a symmetrical and potent manhood. He lived as he believed; and to meet him, to converse with him, and to know him, was to feel that life has a mission and a majesty.

One year ago, by universal choice, he became our class president, trusted and esteemed. Viewed in the light of literary attainment, he was a thorough scholar, an easy and forcible writer, an eloquent speaker, and an attractive conversationalist. While on a trip to Florida, during his Freshman year, he wrote for the press a description of his journey—an article pronounced by literary men to be of unusual literary merit. From that time forward he has held the rank of a frequent and valuable contributor.

At the beginning of the present

year, when the class of '89 assumed the publication of our college journal, Everett James Small was appointed literary editor. Shortly afterward, at a meeting held in Boston, he was elected secretary of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, the duties of which position he has since then discharged ably, carefully, and with thoughtful discrimination.

In the literary society, of which he was an active and constant member, no name received more cordial greeting, no presence was more heartily welcomed. Of broad sympathies, of sound judgment, of tender and affectionate disposition, we loved him.

Such, in brief, was his connection with Bates College and the class of '89. A noble man has been cut down in the strength and beauty of a noble life. Our literary society mourns the loss of a distinguished member, the editorial staff that of a faithful and efficient co-worker, and the class of '89 its president.

Our sympathy goes out to a bereaved father in the loss of one who was ever thoughtful and kind. Oh, God we pray thee strengthen us as we bow before Thee and learn to say "Not our will but Thine be done."

FUNERAL ODE.

By A. E. H., '89.

Air—"Jesus, lover of my soul."

Classmates, we have gathered here,
All our tasks we've laid aside;
We cannot restrain the tear,
And our grief we cannot hide.
He was proud with us to stand,
Who, but one short year ago,
Was the leader of our band.
Now, to-day, he's lying low.

Thou on whom affliction's hand
 Rests with strange and awful power,
 Think that from the blackest cloud
 Falls at last the crystal shower.
 Tried as gold, by fire refined.
 When our Lord returns to reign,
 If he finds thee faithful still,
 Thou shalt meet thine own again.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editors of the Student:

WAKEFIELD, MASS., Sept. 29, 1888.

Dear Sirs,—In the first convention of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association, held February 22, 1887, the feasibility of an established magazine, to be recognized as the official organ of the body, was extensively discussed. The idea as a project was finally abandoned.

After the lapse of a year or more the principal has come to activity again, but in a modified aspect. The ground work is now under way, upon which a periodical will take its place to be known as the *Collegian*; not the mere representative of the N. E. I. P. A., but of the American undergraduate.

Through your pages we beg to lay before him, whose support and endorsement we claim, the following tenets for his immediate consideration:

a. The American college man is capable of excellent work, for the coming literary power of the country is germinant in him.

b. The first springs of this power should and must have perceptible manifestation. The *Collegian* makes it a prime motive to introduce *young talent* to the world of literature.

c. As a magazine, nothing will come to print except the productions of undergraduates.

You will see that the aim is the staunch support of any student heartily desiring prominence in literary endeavor, and this support will be given if his work justifies approbation.

The *Collegian* will resemble *Lippincott's* in size and general make-up, and its contents will be much as follows:

One Special paper,	10 or 12 pages.
Two Prize Stories, each	10 pages.
Two Prize Essays, each	10 pages.
Two Prize Poems, each	1 page.
Editorial Columns,	6 pages.
Rostrum,	6 pages.
Preparatory School Department,	15 pages.
Letters, Berlin, Oxford, etc.,	10 pages.
Eclectic and Chronological Departments,	15 pages.
Athletic,	10 pages.
Book Review,	10 pages.

To give a few words in explanation: the Rostrum is to consist of the compilation of the best articles upon a given topic, editorial or otherwise, appearing during a month's time in the pages of our college press. These several best views will be re-printed in this department of the *Collegian*, with a few appended considerations of the Sanctum. This will, we hope, prove a means to induce editorial excellence, and the offer of a liberal prize cannot fail to enhance the zeal of the competition.

The foreign correspondence has for its chief merit the opening up of constantly occurring new ideas and incentives to the American undergraduate having in prospect a term of study abroad. This department will be made

as interesting as able co-workers can make it.

The Eclectic and Chronological pages keep willing space for all truly meritorious productions coming to the surface in "monthly," "bi-weekly," "weekly," and "daily," besides maintaining a constant record of events. In other words, we "clip" and "credit."

The Athletic and Book Review departments explain themselves. Now, as to our scale of Prizes:

For the best Essay, any subject, 6,000 words limit,	\$50.00
For the best Story, any plot whatever, 6,000 words limit,	50.00
For the best Poem, 40 lines limit,	15.00
For the second best Essay, 6,000 words limit,	25.00
For the second best Story, 6,000 words limit,	25.00
For the second best Poem, 40 lines limit,	10.00
For the best Editorial under "Rostrum,"	25.00

First topic for Rostrum—"Will the *Collegian* interfere with the individual work of the College Press?"

Our subscription price is fixed at \$3.00 per annum, and twelve numbers will be printed, the first appearing in December, 1888, as the January number—provided a subscription list sufficient to guarantee publication be obtained prior to December 1st; if not, then delay must ensue, but the *Collegian* is a mere question of time, and is a fact of the near future. Articles and contributions for this number will be due on or before November 1, 1888, at the address given below. Contributors must sign full name, class, and college.

We trust, in closing, that we are to have your heartiest co-operation, and expect to unite with you as friends of long standing.

"THE COLLEGIAN,"

Wakefield, Mass.

SAMUEL ABBOTT, Pres't N. E. I. P. A.,
Chairman Editorial Board.

LOCALS.

THE FRESHMAN'S BOAST.

"Well, no, I'm not athletic,
Don't play tennis or foot-ball,
Never try to run or hurdle;
Though I cannot row at all,"
"Yet," his bosom swelled with pride,
"I've beat the best competer,
And blown the highest record
On Seavy's spirometer."

—Yale Record.

Harrison, Morton, 'rah! 'rah! 'rah!
Did you attend the "Juch Concert?"

Now is the time to build that toboggan chute.

Several new articles of furniture add to the attractiveness of the Polymnian room.

The gym exhibition occurred Monday and Tuesday evenings, November 19th and 20th.

The Bates College Brass Band is in a flourishing condition, and will furnish music at reasonable rates.

All but one of the Professors "illuminated" at the recent Republican celebration.

About one hundred of the students, headed by the college band, composed the third company in the parade. They carried brooms, and at frequent intervals awoke the echoes with the "boom-a-laka."

Cox, Daggett, Newell, '89; Plummer, Chase, Miss Fassett, '91, and Donnocker, '92, are teaching in the city evening schools.

Ham, '91, who has been so seriously ill is very much improved, and, to the joy of every one in college, his recovery is now spoken of as certain.

A. E. Hatch, '89, has published an attractive little book, entitled "The Progressive Annual." We understand the book is meeting with a very good sale.

The lecture before the Polymnian Society, Friday evening, October 26th, by F. E. Stanley of Lewiston, was heartily appreciated by a large number of students.

Prof. Dodge has recently invented a new sort of parallel bars that he thinks will be a great improvement upon any previous style. He intends to have them patented.

The reading-room is now under the supervision of Woodman, '90, and the thanks of the association are due him for the neat and perfect arrangement of the reading matter.

Saturday, November 10th, '90 took temporary possession of the silver cup won field day, and a slip of garnet ribbon, with the monogram of '90, was placed in the cup amid enthusiastic cheers.

The college year is near a close, and we would respectfully request all subscribers who are in arrears for the BATES STUDENT to forward their subscriptions, at once, to the business manager.

Several students who went home to elect the President, have returned with new suits of clothes. ———?

Several of the students attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention held at Bowdoin, October 24th, 25th, and 26th.

The *N. Y. Mail and Express* calls attention to the fact that "Union, Bates, and Swarthmore, all lay claim to garnet" as their college color. This difficulty should be obviated by mutual arrangement. We would suggest the addition of another color to the garnet.

The annual election of the officers of the Reading-Room was held Saturday evening, November 17th, as follows: President, F. W. Newell, '89; Vice-President, A. N. Peaslee, '90; Secretary and Treasurer, W. H. Woodman, '90; Directors, H. E. Fernald, '89, H. J. Piper, '90, F. L. Pugsley, '91, E. W. Emery, '92.

The Polymnian Society held its annual public meeting in College Chapel, Friday evening, November 9th. The hall and stage were handsomely decorated, and the parts were all well sustained.

PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

Piano Duet—*La Fanfare Dragons*.

—F. Boscovitz, Op. 60.

Misses Fairbanks and Gatchell.

PRAYER.

Solo—*When Sparrows Build*.—Gabriel.

Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis.

Declamation—*Secession*.—A. H. Stevens.

G. K. Small.

Recitation—*The Catholic Psalm*.—Elizabeth Hubbard.

Miss Carrie E. Ireland.

Solo—*The Waiting Heart*.—Mrs. Young.

Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis.

PART SECOND.

Piano Solo—*Ernani*; Transcription.—E. Dorn.

Miss Marion Gatchell.

Oration—Over the Alps my Italy lies.

A. L. Safford.

Poem—The Legend of St. Christopher.

A. E. Hatch.

Song—The Last Chord.—Sullivan.

Mrs. Ada Cary Sturgis.

Paper.

J. I. Hutchinson, Miss Nellie F. Snow.

The declamations of the Prize Division of the Freshman class took place at College Chapel, November 13th. The following is the programme :

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Widow's Light.—Anon.

Vann E. Meserve.

Hervé Riel.—Browning.

Annie V. Stevens.

Extract.—Ingersoll.

V. E. Sawyer.

A Soldier of the Empire.—Page. J. R. Little.

MUSIC.

Eulogy on Clay.—Cooper.

W. B. Skelton.

Horatius at the Bridge.—Macaulay.

J. B. McFadden.

The Modern Cain.—Edwards.

E. L. Baker.

Tribute to Grant.—Jenkins.

W. H. Putnam.

Pericles to the People.—Kellogg.

E. E. Osgood.

MUSIC.

Protest Against Turkish Perfidy.—Kossuth.

N. W. Howard.

Learning by Heart.—Lusington.

Carrie E. Ireland.

Salathiel to Titus.—Croly.

Scott Wilson.

Jamie Butler and the Owl.—Anon.

H. L. Buzzell.

MUSIC.

Decision of Committee:

The prize was awarded to J. R. Little.

The Eurosophian public meeting occurred Friday evening, November 16th. The following is the programme :

PART I.

Piano Duet—Il Trovatore.—Verdi.

Misses Andrews and Wood.

PRAYER.

Duet—Friend of Sinners.—Campana.

Miss Wood, Mr. Pierce.

Declamation—Brides of Enderby.—Jean

Ingelow.

F. S. Libbey.

Poem—The Fountain of Life.

Miss Grace N. Bray.

Solo—Protestations.—Norris.

F. S. Pierce.

(Violin obligato by H. V. Neal.)

Discussion—Resolved, That the Roman Catholic Church has been a Hindrance to the Progress of Civilization.

Affirmative—A. N. Peaslee.

Negative—F. J. Daggett.

Song—"Bates." Air—"Old New England."

PART II.

Piano Solo—Perle Du Nord.—Ascher.

Miss A. M. Andrews.

Recitation—Echo and the Fairy.—Jean

Ingelow. Miss H. A. Pulsifer.

Oration—The Source of Courage.

E. L. Stevens.

Solo—Ave Maria.—Luzzi. Miss Della Wood. Paper.

Mr. F. S. Pierce and Miss L. M. Bodge.

Duet—Cheerfulness.—Gumbert.

Miss Wood and Mr. Pierce.

The first convention of the foreign missionary volunteers of Maine was held with the Bates delegation, Saturday, November 18th. At this meeting an organization was perfected and a constitution adopted. The object of the organization is to secure missionary volunteers for foreign fields; to furnish to the different churches in the state, speakers whose business it shall be to present the subject of foreign missions and to accept contributions for the carrying on of this work in the state and for foreign missions. The officers of the Association consist of a chief executive and an advisory board of three. The officers elected were Rev. F. W. Sandford, of Topsham, Chief Executive; C. F. Hersey, Bowdoin, A. B. Patten, Colby, T. M. Singer, Bates, Advisors. The members of the newly formed organization took leave of each other at the close of the day with a stronger determination than ever before to give themselves heartily to the great work of spreading the gospel in foreign lands.

The officers of the different classes have been elected as follows: '89—President, H. W. Small; Vice-President, Blanche A. Wright; Secretary, Henrietta A. Given; Treasurer, H. L. Knox; Chaplain, F. M. Buker; Orator, C. J. Emerson; Poet, A. L. Safford; Odist, A. E. Hatch; Historian, Susie A. Norton; Prophet, F. J. Daggett; Marshall, I. N. Cox; for Address, G. H. Libby; Executive Committee, F. W. Newell, E. L. Stevens, A. B. Call, Mary S. Little, H. E. Fernald. '90—President, H. V. Neal; Vice-President, F. B. Nelson; Secretary and Treasurer, Nellie F. Snow; Toast-master, W. F. Garcelon; Poet, H. J. Piper; Orator, A. N. Peaslee; Marshal, F. S. Pierce; Chaplain, F. B. Nelson. '91—President, W. F. Ham; Vice-President, Gertrude Littlefield; Secretary, Edna Merrill; Treasurer, W. S. Mason; Orator, F. L. Pugsley; Poet, Grace Bray; Historian, Hattie Pulsifer; Prophet, Alice Beal; Chaplain, W. L. Nickerson; Marshal, A. D. Pinkham; Executive Committee, C. E. Woodside, Stella Chipman, F. W. Plummer; Social Committee, W. M. Davis, Lilla Bodge, Mabel Merrill. '92—President, Scott Wilson; Vice-President, V. E. Sawyer; Secretary, Miss C. E. Ireland; Treasurer, J. B. Coy; Orator, W. B. Skelton; Poet, H. E. Walter; Odist, Miss A. V. Stevens; Marshal, E. W. Emery; Prophet, C. C. Ferguson; Historian, W. H. Putnam; Chaplain, H. L. Buzzell; Toast-master, N. W. Howard; Executive Committee, J. R. Little, Miss V. E. Meserve, R. A. Small.

Field Day, as observed at Bates, Fri-

day, October 12th, was a decided success. Of those who had entered the lists, Daggett was obliged to be away, and Larrabee and Mace had sprained themselves in practice.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Hundred Yards Dash. Stevens, '89; Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Day, '90; Garland, '90; Howard, '91; Plummer, '91; Nickerson, '91; Ham, '91; Putnam, '92; Wilson, '92; Donmaker, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 11½; second, Putnam, record 12.

Throwing Hammer. Emerson, '89; Newell, '89; Cox, '89; Whitcomb, '90; Morrill, '90; Nickerson, '91; Pugsley, '91; Coy, '92; Blanchard, '92. Winner, Coy, record 53-7; second, Whitcomb, record 51-4.

Hitch and Kick. Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Larrabee, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 8; second, Woodman, record 7-1.

Mile Run. Nichols, '90; Garland, '90; Cutts, '91; Mason, '91; Howard, '91; Graves, '92. Winner, Garland, record 5-55½; second, Cutts, record 6-2.

Standing Broad Jump. Newell, '89; Stevens, '89; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Morrell, '90; Plummer, '91; Emery, '92. Winner, Stevens, record 9½; second, Emery, record 9½.

Putting Shot. Cox, '89; Whitcomb, '90; Morrell, '90; Pugsley, '91; Coy, '92. Winner, Whitcomb, record 25-10¾; second, Morrell, record 23.

Mile Walk. Buker, '89; Fernald, '89; Edgecomb, '90; Woodman, '90; Ham, '91; Larrabee, '91; Cutts, '91; McFadden, '92; Skelton, '92. Winner, Skelton, record 9-20½; second, Ham, record 9-35.

Running Broad Jump. Daggett, '89; Garland, '90; Garcelon, '90; Ham, '91; Emery, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 15-5; second, Ham, record 15-4½.

Knapsack Race. Small and Kinney, '89; Edgecomb and Garland, '90; Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Mason and Howard, '91; Mace and Watson, '91; Nickerson and Plummer, '91; Skelton and Wilson, '92. Winners, Nickerson and Plummer, record 25; second, Skelton and Wilson, record 25¾.

Bicycle Race. Putnam, '92; Walter, '92. Winner, Walter, record —; second, Putnam, record —.

Standing High Kick. Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Morrell, '90; Garland, '90; Larrabee,

'91; Ham, '91; Emery, '92. Winner, Emery, record 7-3; second, Woodman, record 7-1.

220-Yards Dash. Small, '89; Stevens, '89; Kinney, '89; Garcelon, '90; Day, '90; Garland, '90; Cutts, '91; Smith, '91; Putnam, '92. Winner, Day, record 26½; second, Garcelon, record 27½.

Throwing Base-Ball. Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Garland, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Mace, '91; Emerick, '91; Emery, '92; Putnam, '92. Winner, Putnam, record 291-6; second, Emery, record, 289.

Half-Mile Run. Garcelon, '90; Nichols, '90; Garland, '90; Ham, '91; Mace, '91; Graves, '92; Skelton, '92. Winner, Garland, record 2-35; second, Skelton, record 2-44.

Running High Jump. Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Nickerson, '91; Greenwood, '91; Putnam, '92. A draw between Garcelon, Nickerson, and Putnam, record 4-7.

Hurdle Race. Daggett, '89; Small, '89; Emerson, '89; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Garland, '90; Ham, '91; Mace, '91; Larrabee, '91; Watson, '91; Cutts, '91; Skelton, '92; Donnocker, '92; McFadden, '92. Winner, Garcelon, record 21; second, Garland, record 21½.

Standing High Jump. Garland, '90; Garcelon, '90; Nickerson, '91; Mace, '91; Putnam, '92. Winner, Putnam, record 4-1; second, Garland, record 4.

Pole Vault. Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Garland, '90; Ham, '91; Pugsley, '91; Donnocker, '92; Wilson, '92. Winner, Ham, record 6-7; second, Wilson, record 6-5.

Three-Legged Race. Newell and Buker, '89; Kinney and Small, '89; Garcelon and Woodman, '90; Mace and Mason, '91; Smith and Larrabee, '91; Ham and Plummer, '91; Wilson and Graves, '92. Winner, Graves and Wilson, record 17; second, Garcelon and Woodman, record 18½.

Tug of War. Six men from each class. Winner, '92 and '90.

This being our first field-day for several years, the records were rather low. We hope to raise them considerably at the spring meeting.

Cornell has 1200 students. 400 have entered '92, and the college is so pressed for room that all the dormitories have been changed into recitation rooms.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

1884.

Aaron Beede, Jr., student at Andover Theological Seminary.

Miss A. M. Brackett, assistant teacher in Auburn High School.

Miss H. M. Brackett, assistant librarian in Columbia College, N. Y.

Rev. E. R. Chadwick, pastor of Free Baptist Church, Milton, N. H.

J. W. Chadwick, principal of grammar school, Gardiner, Me.

W. H. Davis, principal of high school, Skowhegan, Me.

R. E. Donnell.

Mrs. F. A. Dudley McKenzie, Northwood, N. H.

E. H. Emery, engaged in the Signal Service stationed at Chattanooga, Ala.

C. S. Flanders, principal of high school, Perysville, Indiana

Sumner Hackett, practicing law, San Diego, California.

M. L. Hersey, a graduate from West Point, and a lieutenant in the U. S. Army.

E. M. Holden, Harvard Medical School.

Miss E. L. Knowles, practicing law in Dakota.

Miss K. A. McVay, assistant teacher in Lewiston High School.

F. S. Sampson, practicing law, Lewiston, Maine, in the firm of Sampson & Angers.

H. Whitney, veterinary surgeon, at New Haven, Conn.

W. D. Wilson, teaching in State Normal School, Tuskegee, Ala.

D. L. Whitnarch, principal of high school, Lisbon Falls.

1885.

R. E. Attwood, treasurer of Lewiston & Auburn Horse Railroad Company.

E. H. Brackett, principal of grammar school, Merrimac, Mass.

B. C. W. Cushman, teaching high school, Sumner, Me.

Miss M. A. Emerson, teacher in seminary, Wilton, Saratoga County, N. Y.

F. S. Forbes, pastor of Saratoga Street Congregational Church, Omaha, Neb.

A. F. Gilbert, principal of grammar school, Newburyport, Mass.

Geo. A. Goodwin, studying law in Lewiston.
Miss C. L. Ham, assistant teacher in Lyndon
Institute, Lyndon Centre, Vt.

C. W. Harlow, practicing medicine, China,
Maine.

W. W. Jenness, P. C., in law school, Boston
University.

F. A. Morey, practicing law, Keeseville,
New York.

A. B. Morrill, principal of high school, Lan-
caster, Mass.

J. M. Nichols, first assistant in high school,
Rochester, N. H.

C. A. Scott, managing proprietor of Bay
State Teachers' Agency, Boston, Mass.

W. M. Small, practicing medicine in hos-
pital, Randall's Island, N. Y.

Rev. E. B. Stiles, appointed foreign mission-
ary to India.

Rev. M. P. Tobey, pastor of Free Baptist
church, Water Village, Ossipee, N. H.

Mrs. A. H. Tucker-Stiles appointed foreign
missionary to India.

C. T. Walter, proprietor and editor of *St.
Johnsbury Republican*, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

C. A. Washburn, first assistant Auburn High
School, Auburn, Me.

D. C. Washburn, engaged in journalistic
work, on *New York Press*, New York City.

W. V. Whitmore, engaged in real estate bus-
iness in California.

1886.

W. Bartlett.

A. E. Blanchard, member of the law firm of
Nearing, Barry & Blanchard, Kansas City, Mo.

S. G. Bonney, in Harvard Medical School.

H. M. Cheney, editor of a paper, Lebanon,
N. H.

A. H. Dunn, principal of high school, Fair-
play, Col.

J. W. Flanders, employed by a railroad com-
pany, Portage City, Wis.

J. W. Goff, principal of North Anson Acad-
emy, North Anson, Me.

C. Hadley, in Theological Seminary, New-
ton, Mass.

W. H. Hartshorn, principal of high school,
and Superintendent of Schools, Laconia, N. H.

C. E. B. Libby, in business at Locke's Mills,
Maine.

H. C. Lowden, studying in Cobb Divinity
School, Lewiston, Me.

E. A. Merrill, in a law office, Minneapolis,
Minn.

W. A. Morton, studying medicine in College
of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.

F. H. Nickerson, teacher in Maine Central
Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

G. E. Paine, Cobb Divinity School, Lewis-
ton, Me.

F. E. Parlin, principal of academy, at Bak-
ersfield, Vt.

W. N. Prescott, druggist, Lewiston, Me.

T. D. Sale, publishing a newspaper, Port-
land, Me.

F. W. Sandford, pastor of Free Baptist
church, Topsham, Me.

H. S. Sleeper, studying medicine in New
York City.

C. E. Stevens, teaching high school, Lewis-
ton, Me.

I. H. Storer, teaching high school, Warren,
Maine.

Miss A. S. Tracy, assistant in high school,
Topsham, Me.

E. D. Varney, principal of Bryant Grammar
School, Denver, Col.

A. E. Verrill, in the law office of Messrs.
Savage & Oakes, Lewiston, Me.

L. H. Wentworth, civil engineer, Boston,
Mass.

J. H. Williamson, in the law firm of Wyman
& Williamson, Minneapolis and Anoka, Minn.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'85.—W. W. Jenness, who for two
years was a student in the office of
Thomas Cogswell, and for the last
year a member of Boston University
Law School, passed a very successful
examination recently before the com-
mittee at Concord, N. H., and was
admitted to the bar. His rank was
95 per cent., only one person ever
ranking higher, and that one marked 96.

'85.—Lancaster, Mass., September,
to the wife of Prof. A. B. Morrill, a
daughter.

'88.—In Levant, October 14th, at
the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs.
A. O. Staples, by Rev. Ira H. Brown,
Mr. Charles L. Wallace, principal of
Guilford (Conn.) Academy, and Miss
Grace Montgomery of Levant.

'87.—A. S. Woodman is studying law with Hon. W. L. Putnam, Portland.

'87.—Percy Howe, attending Dental College, Philadelphia.

'82.—Norecross has resigned the principalship of Lewiston Grammar School to accept a position in Chelsea, Mass.

'77.—Mrs. Morehouse is preparing a book of poems.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham has resigned his pastorate at Boothbay.

'74.—H. H. Aeterian is taking special studies at the State University, Minneapolis.

'71.—Abbott is in the employment of an extensive mining company in South America, at a large salary.

'71.—Libby is re-elected county attorney for Androscoggin County.

'67.—Sleeper is re-elected state senator for Androscoggin County.

'75.—Spear has just returned from a journey to Dakota, on important law business.

STUDENTS.

'89.—E. L. Stevens is teaching at Clinton, Me.

'90.—H. J. Piper is principal of the high school at Mechanic Falls, Me.

'91.—W. F. Ham is at his home sick with typhoid pneumonia.

'91.—W. M. Davis is sick with pneumonia at Boston, Mass.

'92.—L. E. Graves is teaching at Wilton, N. H.

Professor A. W. Small, of Colby, will take charge of English, and American Constitutional History, at Johns Hopkins.

POET'S CORNER.

IMMORTALE EST.

The fields lie brown; the trees are gold and red;

The southing breezes sigh of storm and cold;
But still above, though all the world be dead,
The fadeless sky is radiant, as of old.

From this poor world sad death may steal our all,

The wealth of friends, of comfort, and of love,
And yet, in tenderness, whate'er befall,
Bright, pure, and fadeless, heaven bends above.
—Brunonian.

REST.

In a quiet fern-clad valley:
Where the weeping willows bend,
And the thriving, dew-kissed creepers
Up the mossy cliffside wend:

There I love to lie, and, dreaming,
Wander back to by-gone days:
Back to home, to friends, to mother;
Back to all my youthful ways:

And, while memory paints her pictures,
Touching chords that make me weep:
Nature with her dulcet music
Lulls my weary soul to sleep.

—Tuftonian.

ON THE COAST.

The night is dark and the wind blows east,
The spectral fog creeps in from sea,
The breakers are white as foaming yeast,
But sheltered safe and warm are we.

A gust of wind and a dash of rain,
The storm has reached the coast at last,
The gale moans low like a thing in pain,
Then shrieks and roars, a raging blast.

The waves sweep over the reeling deck,
The vessel staggers in the sea,
She drifts in the trough a helpless wreck,—
While warm and sheltered safe are we.

—Dartmouth.

THUNDER-STORM AT SEA.

(Rondeau.)

Their mighty arms the dull blue clouds that drift
Down slantwise, hurtling seaward sheer and swift

Spread far and heavily. Angry ocean glowers,
Darkened by their dread shadow. Tall cloud-
towers;
Torn by the deep-based sky-quake, start and
shift
Their massive masonry. And, see! a rift
Splits their high walls! Through the rent
strange sky-gleams sift.
High toss the waves where low the welkin
lowers
Their mighty arms.

Cloud-mountains! Vast sky-beaches surfed
and cliffed!
O strong wind wailing for the ungained Sea's-
gift!
O fierce Sea-beast that bellows and devours!
Behind your rage the calm resistless powers,
The stern, grand, elemental angels, lift
Their mighty arms.

—Dartmouth Lit.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Rendered into Latin Rhyming trochaic verse.

JOHN ORDRONAU, M.D., LL.D.

I.

Me, fer, Tu potens Jehovah,
Peregrinum in deserto.
Labor sed in Te vis tota,
Forti, tolle Me, lacerto.
Panis coeli! Panis coeli!
Pascere me per cursum aevi.

II.

Sit aperta speciosa,
Fons quo lympa viveus fluat,
Fac ut nubes luminosa,
Me per vitam semper ducat.
Numen tutum! Numen tutum!
Esto mi, nunc vires, scutum.

III.

Quum Jordanis ero vadis,
Ab pallente mentu parce,
Strages Mortis! Victor Hadis!
Me, coelesti duc in arce,
Carmen laudis! Carmen laudis!
Jesu! dabo cum vi cordis.

IV.

Meditans domo de nostro,
Volveus sedes sacras coeli,
Replet cor cum sancto voto
Veni Jesu! cito veni!
Vana tantum cerno, Tecum
Jesu! Maneam per aevum.
—Dartmouth, Jan., 1880.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers 'gainst my
hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tender-
ness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.
If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving
thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said,
Strands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-
night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more
to me
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious
clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O Friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow
The way is lonely; let me feel them now,
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a
thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive I plead;
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.
—Sunbeam.

EXCHANGES.

The *Dartmouth Lit.* has the conclu-
sion of its article on the study of the
ancient classics and takes up the follow-
ing points: III. The study of the an-
cient classics brings the student in con-
tact with the great sources of literary

and historical influences; IV. The classic tongues furnish the key to a vast range of moden thought; V. An education that includes classical studies tends to a far wider range and a higher scale of success in life. The points are all strong and well argued and the whole forms a notably strong argument for the classics. It also contains a picturesque paper on "Butterflies" and several good poems.

The *College Rambler* is full of notes of the late intercollegiate oratorical contest in Illinois, and publishes the essay that took second prize, "Gladstone and England." If we take the testimony of this magazine, these contests are advantageous, and there is no reason why New England, or at least Maine colleges, should not try co-operation in this as in athletics.

Three of this month's exchanges come out with articles of a political tendency: the *Tuftsian*, on the "Re-election of Cleveland"; the *Aegis*, on the "True Import of Socialism"; and the *Denison Collegian*, on "The Tariff in the Present Campaign." It is only right that college students should take a strong interest in these subjects, as it is only through our educated men that the standard of political life can be raised, and as long as all bitterness of party feeling is absent these discussions are helpful rather than otherwise.

The *University Herald* has an interesting article on "Co-education in the Old Countries," as a means of incitement to the new.

The *College Journal* contains a fine paraphrase on the "Hail Mary," besides many interesting centenary notes.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOSSIP.

Columbia is to have a course in library instruction.

Professor Bancroft, of Brown, has started a Saturday class in Anglo-Saxon.

Seventy young ladies from Chicago have entered the different seminaries and colleges of Massachusetts.

Yale has furnished ninety-two college presidents.

The trustees of Brown University have voted not to adopt co-education.

Thirty-seven Japanese students are attending the University of Michigan.

Pan Yan, President of Pekin Academy, is translating Shakespeare into Chinese.

Thirteen hundred and sixty members of the University of Cambridge are opposed to co-education.

In place of the customary rush at Boston University, the Sophomore class gave the Freshmen a supper.

POTPOURRI.

RASH VOWS.

On Mabel's lip there glowed such charms,
I could not in my soul resist her;
I caught her, blushing, in my arms,
And on those ruddy lips I kissed her.

Till panting, trembling, and afraid
To give her tender bosom pain,
I cried, "Forgive, forgive, sweet maid!
I vow I'll ne'er offend again."

"I do forgive," she kindly cried
And sweetly arched her smiling brows.
"I do forgive," she softly sighed,
"But, prythee, dear, make no rash vows."

—The Tech.

Vivacious Young Lady — "Guess what we are to have to-night, Mrs. Bascom—charades!" Mrs. Bascom—"I knowed it! I smelt 'em clear out to the gate."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Ethel (shuddering)—"How the trees moan and sigh to-night!" Bobby (speaks whereof he knows)—"Well, I guess you'd moan and sigh if you were as full of green apples as they be."—*Ex.*

"What do you want to set such a tough chicken before me for?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant, the other day. "Age before beauty, always, you know, ma'am!" replied the polite attendant.

—*Colby Echo.*

In curtained elegance and cushioned ease,
With charms from orient to please,—

A quaint retreat,—

A window seat;

Guitar and music scattered there,
Perfumed abandon lades the air.

The stars without, within the firelight's ruby hue,

Send glances to the eyes of blue,—

A form so chaste,

A slender waist;

Upon the lounge she sits with me,
What rapture, bliss, and ecstasy!

The grotesque figures wrought in ancient clay

With knowing glances seem to say,

"How awful sweet,

It can't be beat."

But what cared we? they couldn't tell;
Oh, that we thus might always dwell.

Why didn't I propose? I didn't dare;
She wore a condescending air,

She was a flirt,

I do assert;

But then I liked to have her hug,
For I'm her little frowzy pug.

—*Amherst Lit.*

Mrs. Bascombe (to the cook)—"O! dear, Mary, what shall we have for dinner? Can't you make a suggestion?" Mary—"I'll try marm. What do you make it of?"

"May I venture to tell the old, old story, Miss Maude," he said tremulously; "the old, old, yet ever new, story of—" "Pardon me, Mr. Sampson, if I cause you pain," interrupted the girl gently, "but to me the story you wish to tell is a chestnut. "A chestnut?" "Yes, Mr. Sampson, I'm already engaged; but I will be a sister—" "It isn't as wormy as that one," murmured Mr. Sampson, feeling for his hat.—*New York Sun.*

NIGHT.

'Twas a warm mid-summer evening,
When the moon with modest glances
Looked beneath the cloudy curtain,
Looked into the student's window;
Saw the student sweating badly,
With his hair in tangled masses,
And his temper not the sweetest.
Now the cricket in the corner
Sung his soporific music
To the student so ill-natured;
And the death-watch in the ceiling
Answered back in measured ticking.
But the student did not heed them,
Did not hear the death-watch ticking,
Did not hear the cricket chirping,
Did not mind the moon bright-shining;
For mosquitoes large as vampires
Sang their anthems o'er his forehead,
Lit upon his blood-stained forehead
And upon his hands all swollen,
Flew into his ears so ample,
With caresses soft and tender.
In the chimney very ancient
Chimney swallows fed their fledglings
And disturbed the angry student
With a clatter most incessant,
Like the mill at Minnehaha
When between the stones have fallen
Flinty rocks or spikes of iron;
And two dogs beneath the window,
Fighting o'er a bone new-stolen,
Answered back in tones sonorous.
Then the student fell a dreaming,
And in far-off Onomagás
Dreamed that he was Adam Forepaugh!

W. L. N., '91.

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

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVI.

DECEMBER, 1888.

No. 10.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE
CLASS OF '89, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

EDITORS.

C. J. EMERSON, A. L. SAFFORD,
F. J. DAGGETT, L. E. PLUMSTEAD,
E. I. CHIPMAN, J. I. HUTCHINSON.

I. N. Cox, Business Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy,
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Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should
be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES
STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to
I. N. COX, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

WITH this number the editing of the STUDENT passes from the class of 'eighty-nine to the class of 'ninety. The editors extend their thanks to all those that have assisted them during the past year, and especially to the class of 'eighty-nine, who, by their generous contributions, have materially lightened the cares and labors of the editorial board. A word of thanks is also due our printers for care and expedition in printing the STUDENT.

THE tendency of to-day is toward co-operation, proper organization and distribution of labor, and in no branch is this more evident than in religious work. The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.'s, the W. C. T. U., the Y's, branches and organizations innumerable are being formed as the advantages of systematic work are seen. This is a great advantage over the desultory work of the past, as all admit, and the matter for consideration to us who are fitting for life is, how we may adapt ourselves to the movement. One of the first requisites, in this as in everything, is a due feeling of responsibility, and to this, in some measure, our college course contributes. Our college

societies, both literary and religious, look to each member for work, and on individual faithfulness depends the general success.

But there is one thing more that is not made of sufficient avail, the class prayer-meeting. If every member of the class had a patriotic interest and every Christian had a religious interest in addition, the gain would be incalculable. Ask the higher classes and the alumni, you who have just entered, and all the testimony will be to good gained, all the regret that no more interest was taken.

bemoan the corruption they have not tried to prevent.

An American citizen has no right to enjoy the advantages of our free institutions and do nothing to preserve them. If a scholar desires to abstract himself from the world and become a hermit, let him take up his residence in Germany, or better still in Russia, where not only the necessity but also the opportunity of sharing in the government is taken from him, but let Americans see that their country requires their best, and let them cheerfully render it.

OUR presidential election is over and our candidate or yours was elected. What did we do to further or hinder the result? To us, in a measure, belongs the honor of bringing about a clean government or the disgrace of helping a corrupt one. What excuse can those who are careless give? We have, in America, a government of the people distinctively, and yet it is universally acknowledged that the politics of to-day do not represent the spirit of the best class of citizens. If this is so, the sooner a reform is made the surer the perpetuity of this government. The fault of our corrupt politics belongs to our educated men. Boston, New York, Chicago, and hosts of the larger cities are notorious because they are in the political control of demagogues, men who rule through the ignorance and venality of the people, while the men who understand the purposes of this government and its fundamental principles stand aside and

IF "every word of a teacher should weigh a pound" not many could be spoken. Certainly not much scolding could be done. In our public schools there is nothing like fault-finding to drive all interest from a class. The conscientious pupil is sure to think the teacher is personal, and the idler never takes a "hint."

If words are more than nothing, the teacher when asked a question cannot go back to the beginning of time and trace all bearings on the subject down to eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, without the scholar being wholly bewildered and failing to distinguish between facts and theory. A pupil thus answered will ask few questions unless he wishes to escape recitations or to show his teacher's verbosity. The teacher that spends part of each recitation, scolding, will certainly lose the respect of his scholars. Even if he does have their welfare in view, they will fail to appreciate it under this disguise.

NO witness ever testified on the stand of that awful sensation a man feels when on the stage he forgets his part. Vast and brooding night, processions of dreams surcharged with the unreal and strange never gossiped over the threshold of the quaking sense of that experience. What a palsied commiseration the audience feels when it looks on that saddest of human spectacles! the ghastly, nervous smile, those parched lips, those sadly rotating, unfixed and glazed eyes scaling, like disturbed bats, the ceiling, the chandelier, and the carpet, and those fingers, sweaty and cold, that clutch and contract in convulsive, mutual agony. Have you been there, my friend, and seen your own unhappiness reflected from a hundred faces, and felt from the wide hall all eyes focussed on you; when you thought of Oregon, and wished you were there; when you thought of the humble and self-sacrificing worm, and wished you were there; when you thought of mines, and wished you were a miner and there was a shaft deep and wide at your feet? I contend that is the keenest suffering known to civilized life. I contend that the young man who, having enjoyed with his best girl the hospitality of a strange restaurant in a strange city, as he suddenly feels the accidental emptiness of his wallet feels easy and hopeful beside the man who forgets. In the past three years that we have been connected with this college we have seen Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors forget their declamations or debates or orations, and then sin against their own nature by wishing

they had never been born. Men, who are working not with tools but with their minds, and who have been training their mental faculties for a series of years, ought to be ashamed of this. The memory ought to be trained and insured against any such faultiness. It ought to be self-compulsory to strengthen the memory, first by analytically following every public discourse you hear, so that afterward you hold a skeleton of it you can produce; and second, in reading be able by practice to review consecutively what you have been reading, not the language nor every image, but a connected line of thought, or an idea which the language and images subserve; and third, by committing to memory poetry and prose selections from standard pieces. This last I believe not only strengthens the memory but strengthens the whole mind. Upon these pieces which memory has established in the mind the other faculties in some way feed and grow stronger and richer in their capability of movement.

“WHAT shall I read to help me on my debate,” some one asks. Don’t read at all as long as you find it necessary to ask that question. You are confused. Your question shows it. Desultory reading,—reading without any plan or system, with no view to the strengthening, or revealing the fallacy of an argument will only confuse you the more. Sit down and think over your subject. Think of it on the street. Dream of it, if you please. Get where you will not have to force yourself to think of it to keep

it in the mind. It is only when a subject has found a pleasant and permanent lodgement in your mind that you will begin to think with the greatest energy and success. Retain the subject in the mind, by an effort if necessary, until it has begun to germinate, and then you will find it has a wonderful power and activity inhering in it and will of itself grow with great vigor and luxuriance. It is when the mind is working with the least effort that it thinks the best. Only once get it kindled and aglow and the fire will burn of itself.

Well, in regard to that debate or essay, you must first get your mind afire, lay out your plan and adopt your hypotheses. You must have some hypothesis, some supposition to work on, and let it be as broad, comprehensive, and universal as you can make it, or them. Now you are ready to read and study the facts of the case. You will now know what to read and will read with some system, and every fact will tell. You will test carefully the material from which your plan was constructed, and may perhaps find here and there a hollow timber in your argument, which is to be cut out and a sound one put in its place. Thus you see that your plan is a nucleus, a centralizing law round which is easily crystallized the fact that you cull from reading or observation. Without this you are very liable to collect only a heterogeneous heap of rubbish.

MODERN science boasts not so much of the vast store of isolated facts which it has collected, as of the broad and comprehensive generaliza-

tions it has made. But these, comprehensive as many of them are, are but temporary devices, and only wait a master mind to supersede them with vaster and more general ones. We are coming to understand that everything arranges itself in accordance with inscrutable law. We are, as students, expected to bring our influence, however slight it may be, to bear upon our co-workers or those growing up about us; and what this influence shall be in after life depends upon our education and mode in which we learn to think. There is always danger of too strong empiricism. Before the invention of explosives, man had to do his mining by slow and laborious chipping. And so from the mine of truth he used to dig out one at a time the more easily detached fragments. But now with his more powerful laws and generalizations he may cut out from this exhaustless mine splendid blocks and immense boulders at a single stroke. This is the work of the future in which we shall all have more or less to do, either in direct exertions or in training others for such work. The broader, the more comprehensive, the farther reaching and more universal our mode of thinking the better prepared will we be to labor in that near future, which is sure to reveal some startling secrets.

WE like to see a good healthy conservatism established on a rational basis. Not a conservatism of obstinacy, bigotry, or ignorance, but one sustained by wide knowledge and clear insight. A conservative is not necessarily stationary, but he is moderate,

wise, and endowed with sound, common sense. He always looks before he leaps. He shuns heated discussions, and wild, unintelligible enthusiasm. He believes there is a nucleus of truth in every opinion that has self-power sufficient to propagate itself through any mass of people. He seeks to preserve this element, this germ of good, and crystallize around it others and still others. He is content to await the gradual maturing of time. He is an optimist.

The radical, on the other hand, presents diametrically opposite qualities. He is a pessimist. He conceives the world's progress to be blocked with error. He is afraid everything is going to the bad, and, as a drowning man, he clutches convulsively at what he believes to be the only salvation. He is a man of one thought, impelled by one impulse. It often happens that the man in him disappears and nothing is left but an embodied IDEA. He has, however, his true place and has often filled it with right good heroism. He has sometimes conceived grand projects at times when the whole web of public life had become so tangled that it has been no longer possible to bring system out of its chaos. Such times have needed men of profound conceptions and swift determination to sweep away that from which no further good could be extracted, and lay a new foundation for a fabric which the old could no longer sustain. But such times were abnormal, and such deeds as anomalous as the times. It is the slow, silent, but irresistible, onward flow of public opinion that constitutes true

progress, and this is not an impulse, but the resultant of a constant, gradual growth in knowledge and intelligence.

LITERARY.

MIND AND HEART.

By J. I. H., '89.

I had a vision of a youth whose brow
Was clad with weighty thought as one that
spent

Pale night in reading the high wrought character
Of heaven. He was not wont with careless

mirth
To chase away the Hours of Destiny.

He often wore a troubled countenance.
A shade of melancholy gloom o'erspread

His face which way soe'er he turned. He
shunned

The touch of human life, and cared not
To hear of human deeds; deeming the thoughts
Of men were base, their looks bent to the earth.
He pitied, loathed, though hated not his kind.
And, had he deemed it possible, he e'en
Had sought to turn men's minds to higher
thoughts.

Despairing of that hope, he lived a life
Of solitude. The wisdom of the past
He gathered round him. All the stores of Art,
Nature, and Science, lay at his command.
He sought not learning for its own sake; but
That he might solve the shrouded mystery
Of being. And when, wearied with long hours
Of studies deep, to cool his fevered brow,
He ranged abroad o'er Nature's realm, he
sought

No flowery glades, nor rich luxuriance,
But stately forests, whose majestic silence
Spoke with o'ermastering eloquence; or oft
By ocean's strand he watched the flowing tide
That like the throb and swell of his own heart
Beat on some distant, unknown shore; or
scaled,

Perchance, some dizzy mountain height and
stood

Upon the verge of mighty steeps, as though
He purposed to stalk o'er the edge of th' world
Out on unknown and vast Infinity.

And thus the hours and days that others give

To pleasing fancies and bright dreams, by him
Were given to thoughts too high for man to
reach,

To things too deep for man to understand;
And through his teeming brain and o'er-
wrought fancy

Did feverish and disjointed visions float
Laden with awful and unspoken meaning.

I saw this youth once with a Maiden meet,
Whose fair and beaming face did index
thoughts

High sprung from noble mind; affections pure,
Outflowing from a heart whose depths of sweet
Sincerity no thought might fathom. There
That One whose mind had gathered from the
face

Of Nature, meaning strange and wonderful,
Now read in eyes, that gleamed with eloquence
Unmatched, a volume of such lore that its
Unravell'd import fed his troubled soul
With peace. He ne'er before had felt the touch
Of passion's fever. Man,
The transitory passion of an hour,
The fretful ebullition on the sea,
Unruffled, of eternal silence, he
Had all forgot. He'd e'en forgot his own
Humanity, and only felt himself
An unimpassioned Thought
Joined to the changeless and eternal calm
Of Destiny.

The weeks and months had sped.
I saw the youth had learned another language
Wherewith he could interpret all life's mys-
teries.

'Twas Love had taught it him. The maid had
linked

Him to mankind. And now he sought not
Truth

For its own abstract self. For he had learned
That it was useless pains to strive to know
Of that beyond the bounds of man's existence.
That which involved a human interest,
Or human happiness, was now to him
The only truth legitimate to seek.

And now how changed was Nature's face.
She oped a volume hitherto fast closed,
And every flower seemed to shed sweet rays
Of tender feeling. Purpled roses breathed
Around the life and light of love.
And o'er the enchained stillness of the calm
And voiceless night, the moon poured forth a
flood
Of mellow beams that softly seemed to rest

O'er all the earth with universal, deep,
Unchangeable affection.

Years had gone.

The youth whom Genius erst had marked her
own

Was come to manhood's prime; and on his
brow

I read the life of one who now strove not
To drag reluctant secrets from their sleep
In the dread stillness of the Night of ages.
Instead were portrayed thoughts sublime,
transcribed

From souls of men; and lucid harmony
Was sprung from Mind and Heart conjoined.

♦♦♦

CHANGES IN IDEALS.

By F. J. D., '89.

A KING or a generation is a juve-
nile sprout compared with an ideal,
for when a king dies the hopes and
aspirations of a few years only are at
an end; the scepter has a new hand;
the robe a new wearer; the slave a
new master; the base a new altar upon
which to pour the incense of flattery;
the brave a new object before which to
tremble.

But when an ideal dies, the bell tolls
and the grave yawns, not for one, not
for a generation, but millions of men
and women have lived and loved,
looked upon God's sun, felt the sweet-
ness and mystery of life, and gone
down to the dust. When an ideal dies
the ashes congregate not upon a single
hearthstone, but their gray stillness
has settled over the mighty embers
of national dreams and struggles, and
the genius of a hundred breasts has
frozen into marble or spread itself upon
canvas and parchment.

What is an ideal? An ideal is the
difference between the dog that prowls
around the prison drain for a bone,

and the great-hearted Howard, whose man-loving spirit lit up the prison cells with a kindly light. An ideal is the difference between the ass that bore Christ into Jerusalem and that more than regal tenderness, which wept over the fallen city and cried: "How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not."

Give the tiger, the wolf, and the crocodile an ideal and they would forsake the jungle, the cavern, and the mud, and thunder at the doors of the churches and the schools for admission. Take the ideal from human life, and love, hope, immortality, and all high adventure would become as the lost arts, and decay would spread its dread etching of destruction over every village and home, while man was quarrelling with the wolf for his bed and grovelling with the swine for his food.

The coat of arms representing the United States is an eagle with a sheaf of arrows in its claws. If I were to design a coat of arms representing the great ideals of the past three thousand years, you would see first a wreath of olive leaves encircling a chisel, on a background of marble; the wreath typifying physical culture, the chisel the love of art, and the age of Leonidas and Phidias it should symbolize. Then would you see a sword and a bundle of fasces on a background stained as with blood; the sword typifying conquest, the fasces authority, and the age of Brutus and Cæsar it will symbolize. Then should there be a cross and a mitre on a background gloomy as the night; the cross typifying the church of Rome, the mitre, papal authority,

and the Middle Ages it will symbolize. And finally should you see an open book with light from its pages as from the sun streaming on a background of human faces; the book typifying thought, the light the dissemination of knowledge, and the age of Lincoln and Edison it shall symbolize.

Who were the nobility of Sparta? The nobility of Sparta was he of the deep chest, the sixteen-inch biceps, and a back laqueared with rigid rolls of muscle. The congress of Sparta was the field of conquest and the training table, and muscle the chariot leading to Spartan glory; muscle the coin that bought Spartan immortality. Sparta was the dynasty of abstinence and the nurse of heroic hardihood. Sterile not in brute force, her ideal, like a lean-tongued giantess, licked out of life all beauty, all tenderness. Would you be great in Sparta? Envy not the God-like utterances of Webster so much as an arm that can strike for an hour without rest. Envy not the colossal genius of Milton, who scaled high heaven and deep hell by the English language, so much as a foot that can run a day. Would you be great in Sparta, envy not the ocean-like heart of Lincoln so much as a breast that can receive the blows of a sledge and not faint. Would you be great in Sparta, envy not the world-wide sympathy of God's Son so much as a neck columnar as an oak. Fatal as the decree of Herod was it to be born in Sparta with a slender constitution. So fatal was it that against infantile disability a mother's heart was cold and a mother's breast was barren.

Rome was like a gigantic cuttle-fish, its giant radiations extending in her paved roads; her pro-consuls posted along the way like suckers to absorb the wealth of her conquered provinces. She wound her colossal constrictions about genius, enfolded religion in its chill coil until her very gods turned their sad eyes from heaven toward Rome. Caesar found his department of greatness in Gaul and in the palace; Cicero found his department of greatness in the Senate. The Patrician found his department of greatness in the gracious and beautiful enclosures of wealth. But the ordinary, ragged, every-day men and women who walked the streets, restless and hungry, looked in vain for their department of greatness. They streamed by the Senate, through the forum,—it was not there. They lingered about the languid homes of the rich,—it was not there. It was nowhere, and they were blindly and wildly mad; hence that huge unrest. In the violence of the masses; in their clamorous homage of one faction and hasty destruction of another, they were but unconsciously seeking for some one that in some way could reveal to them greatness of soul and thus bring greatness within the reach, not only of kings, giants, and geniuses, but within the reach of every man. At this time from the neighborhood of Jerusalem, less than a dozen men, with startled eyes, ran into the night. They wore the livery of no monarch; were poorly clad, and without money, yet bore the commission of royalty to the universal soul of mankind. They were carried forward by no horses but upon

the projectile force of an ideal, so grand and mighty, that it was to bring greatness within the reach of the ignorant, the weak, the poor, and the lowly. The seeds of light were scattered in the darkness. A strange, new whisper, like the breeze that moves the reeds at daybreak was passing from lip to lip. It told the slave, life meant something more to him than stabbing a man in the dark and carrying soup to kings. It halted weary men by the gates of the city and pointed their bewildered gaze to something greater than the turret and walls,—to their own souls.

The insane and foolish ask Sparta's ideal for a home and the wilderness is given. An infant stretches up its weak hands and death draws them back; the homeless hungry ask for food and the stones of the field are given; thousands of hard working men and women ask for employment and encouragement and are leased to slavery. A physical giant comes along and he is welcomed as the prodigal son. Over the entrance to Roman greatness is written: "The only passport here is the kingly treasure, the conqueror's sword, or the works of genius." Today, not poverty nor sickness, not accident nor birth, not disease inherited nor casual, can ostracize man, woman, or child from the opportunity of greatness in their own eyes and in the eyes of their fellow-men.

The Japanese government has issued an order that English be taught in all Japanese schools.

ROMOLA.

By E. I. C., '89.

A GREAT book may be tested in the same way as a great engineering work—"will it stand"? And may be judged in the same way, by its foundations and structures. Does it treat of the true or the false? The truth of a moment, or the truth of all time? That which influences a generation, or that which influences the centuries?

"Middlemarch," "Mill on the Floss," "Adam Bede," all lay claim to excellences, but "Romola" alone of George Eliot's works combines their virtues and avoids their faults. Her philosophical and minutely accurate knowledge of history; her keen, almost startling, insight into the aims and purposes of human life; the justice and impartiality of her judgments are never so clearly shown as in this—the ripened fruit of her genius.

George Eliot's method is synthetic, rather than analytic. She deals largely with the mental and moral conflicts of her characters, and less with their acts and the outward expression of their individuality. It is said of the Bible that the purity of Enoch and the sins of David are alike recorded without comment. This absolute impartiality of statement is equally true of George Eliot. She stands as a surgeon with glittering knife, separating nerve and sinew, bone and muscle, and however clearly she sets things forth and explains them, she still leaves it for your own consciousness to judge of them. She covers up nothing because it is

ugly, she discloses nothing because it is beautiful.

If you doubt this, analyze the main characters of this book. Savonarola is painted not a martyr, but a man. Faithfully she sketches his self-denial, his far-seeing keenness, his confidence that he is God's chosen instrument; but as faithfully how, in time, the feeling that he was a passive instrument was lost, and the blazing glory of the end he sought blinded him to the means employed; how he prostituted his conscience to his purpose, and how, as soon as he lowered his standard of justice and right, the very means by which he sought to accomplish his glorious ends helped on their defeat.

Tito is represented more in action than the other characters, because his life was vital rather than spiritual. But even his mental states are given as causes of action, rather than his acts as indices of his mind. His open-handed generosity, his freedom from envy, his natural frankness, are shown as plainly as his love of ease and disregard of higher duty. Whether he is criminally strong, or weak you must judge for yourself; and just as you judge those around you, so you judge him. If the author's skill allows you to penetrate his heart and learn the secrets of his very soul, she only gives you more data for judgment.

As to Romola, it is only in a small part of the book that she is a woman, strong in her love, weak in her very strength. She is a mind; a soul controlling and using a body; a fact putting on mortality. Her father is dependent

upon her, then her service is her duty, and all things must subserve this one arc. The gratification of her love itself depends upon its utility to serve her duty, and, because it seems to do this service, she yields to it. Here is the first difference between *Romola* and *Tito*. With her, gratitude toward one she loved was the central pillar supporting the entire dome; with him, it was a mere entablature, to be considered solely in regard to its effectiveness of design; to be used or discarded as it increased or interrupted the grace of outline. This was the key to her life.

At first duty was plain to her, interpreted as it was by her love, but as she and *Tito* grew farther apart, and duty passed from the intuitive knowledge of love to the ignorance of an unforeseen relation, it wavered—free duty to self, or strained duty to another.

A step farther and the die was cast; since *Tito* did not need her, duty did not require her to cripple herself. Then it was that Savonarola and his sublime teachings reached her, higher than a duty to self, higher even than a duty to love was the duty of man to man. Henceforth life meant something new to her—a growth until, when Savonarola himself forgot his teachings, the pupil stepped before the teacher, and in the clear light the higher duty stood forth, once for all, acute; its angles unshadowed, unsoftened; its position unwavering, uncompromising.

Considering "*Romola*" simply as an historical novel, it stands deservedly near the head of these hybrid works. Sir Walter Scott dips all his characters in

the rosy dye of romance—knights, ladies, and castles, all are seen in this hue; hence it is impossible to judge of people or acts justly; all the knights are heroes, all the atmosphere, chivalry and high daring. "*Romola*" has no such claim. We can hardly conceive of a work more literal in its interpretation. In comparison, Prescott's "*Conquest of Mexico*" is a brilliant romance.

George Eliot studies history, however, not in quest of dry facts, but in search of the philosophy of history. As she sketches character, so she sketches events—by looking into the interior cause, the hidden meaning of the movements, leaving the events themselves simply as illustrations of underlying principles. From this book alone a tolerably clear idea may be gained of the peculiar relations that the different Italian states held toward one another, and that the Pope held toward all. Clearer, because more essential to the subject, are her dealings with Florentine politics. The intrigues of the Medici, the restoration of the republic, the various conflicting elements, the important influence of Fra Girolamo's preaching are all drawn clearly and boldly. While we are conscious that this was not the main purpose, or, perhaps, not a purpose at all, the conviction is forced upon us that, to the writer, the minutest part of the work is worthy the labor necessary to attain perfection. Like the drawings of Doré, the remotest figure it as accurately filled out as the immediate foreground.

There is a striking peculiarity of

George Eliot's writings—her ability to analyze the character of a man better than that of a woman. Tito is much more human than Romola. In many places Romola puts herself in a position exactly opposite to that we should expect a woman to take, rising out of the realm of womanly reality into that of sexless ideality. This fault does not lie in any slovenliness of execution, but in a lack of ability to understand woman's nature.

This is a problem that has not been and cannot be solved—how a woman can understand and interpret the hidden motives of man better than she can those of her own sex. But in Zoölogy we have physical hermaphroditæ, why not in Psychology, mental hermaphroditæ—minds belonging to both sexes and yet to neither? In our own country we have a partial exemplification of this in Howells, who is said to understand women in a wonderful manner. If, however, we examine his heroines we find the most of the knowledge is superficial, such as might be gained from shrewd observation or casual questioning. The author of "Romola," on the contrary, strikes to the very springs of the deepest actions of human life.

"Romola" has many excellences and few faults. It deals concisely and accurately with the external accessories of the plot; it impartially judges human nature; it is not over-censorious to faults, nor over-lenient to beauties; but we feel throughout a lack of human sympathy and charity. It is a crystal, icy and beautiful. For a moment, perhaps, a breath of warmth

passes over it and you look to see it melt, but one touch of the artist's chisel, one look, and it is cold again. The whole picture has not one warm, palpitating crimson, one vivid gold; but tones of dull grays and browns and greens, with one lightning touch of silvery gray. Romola, and a deepening, darkening shadow, Tito.

But, faulty as it may be, "Romola" will live. The pyramids will not stand because they were built by Rameses II., nor because they were designed by his great architects, but because they were foursquare, and were powerful to resist the elements or even man himself; and so "Romola" will live, not because it was written by George Eliot, but because it belongs not to Florence and the fifteenth century, but to the world and to all time. It will appeal to the heart and life of man, because it deals with the heart and life of one man living in passionate, riotous Florence, as surely as you are living amid the fetters of chilly, gray New England.

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY VID, '89.

On a merry Christmas morning
The sun rose bright and fair,
The crystal snow transforming
Into sparkling gems most rare.

For robed in an ermine vesture
Of snow-flakes was the earth,
As if nature had purposely dressed her
In honor of Christ's birth.

The children from slumber awaken,
And each with half anxious face
Runs to the stocking laden,
Hung by the old fire-place.

I catch the spirit of gladness
 As I watch through the half open door,
 And smile away the sadness
 I felt but a moment before.

Just then the morning sunlight
 Danced in and seemed to say,
 Look upward through the sky bright
 To the Christ who was born to-day.

For he is thy truest helper,
 He's more than home or kin,
 Let there be joy and laughter
 But let there be love for him."

VACATION HAS COME.

By B. A. W., '89.

Vacation comes. The Freshman wise,
 With anxious heart, and eager eyes,
 Without procrastination,
 Hies him away to rural scenes,
 Where he the mighty dollar gleans
 In fond anticipation.

Astounding wisdom he'll display,
 Coy maidens, sweet, will him survey,
 In highest adoration.

Both old and young, with one accord,
 His worthy fame shall spread abroad,
 With words of commendation.

In patience, strong and kind at heart,
 He'll to his scholars, all impart,
 Without discrimination;
 The wondrous stores of knowledge gained
 By long and patient toil obtained,
 A vast accumulation.

VACATION IS DONE.

Vacation o'er. The Freshman wise,
 With unkempt beard and haggard eyes,
 In deep humiliation,
 His self-conceit all crushed and gone,
 Now tells in tones, meek and forlorn,
 His sad hallucination.

He tells his troubles to his friends,
 And then most earnestly commends
 To their consideration,
 This knowledge he so dearly bought.
 "Who thinks he knows it all, knows
 naught."
 Give this due contemplation.

OVER THE ALPS MY ITALY LIES.

By A. L. S., '89.

I INVITE attention to one of the grandest minds history has known. Englishmen, biased by partisan hatred and prejudice, would have the world think otherwise, but amid all the strife of words, majestic and unmoved as the storm-swept cliff, stands the character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The blood that flowed in his veins was extracted from the life of the Middle Ages when it throbbed with all the exuberance of intense passion. In our hero we behold a contemporary of Dante and Michael Angelo carried forward four centuries and introduced into the drama of history at a period when the social structure of all Europe was pregnant with a mad flame. It was no time for a priest or a moralist. The age demanded a man of action, a leader, an organizer, and in Napoleon it beheld one with whom none other is worthy to be compared. The spirit of criticism that pervades the century requires that we look more narrowly into the inner character of the man, and judge, if we may, whether that character was true to the economy of life.

Let imagination, that most skillful, most charming artist, take you backward to the exciting scenes of the early summer of eighteen hundred. Napoleon is devising means to defend France. Moreau, with 150,000 soldiers, the very *élite* of French chivalry, he sends to the Rhine. There remained for himself 60,000, fragments of regiments and new recruits, with which he

must encounter an equally formidable foe in the south. He must devise an energetic, bold, decisive policy. In his sublime imagination he sees his 60,000 Frenchmen descending upon the rear of the Austrian army encamped amid the fertile plains of Italy. But the Alps! He will cross them. Can he? He studies the way. Scouts report almost insurmountable difficulties. "Is it possible?" demands Napoleon. "It may be possible," they answer. "Then I go to Italy," was the magnificent decision. How grand! Apparently how impractical; yet he had counted the cost. He undertook great things, not because of a blind, rash judgment, but because of a clear insight into the difficulties in detail, and a firm confidence in his ability to meet them.

Napoleon's mind was always practical. Others worked from theory, he from observation. Notwithstanding his intense emotional nature that frequently expressed itself even in tears, he never lost control of his acts. This seems the more wonderful when we consider how deep and far-reaching was his passion. The vast controlling power of his life was a sublime self-consciousness that in any other person would have been supreme egotism. Hence his courage. He believed that his genius was sufficient to move an army with all the equipments of war along a narrow pass scarcely sufficient for a single traveler. He was right, but who else would have dared take such an assumption to himself? Napoleon once said, "I have but one passion, one mistress, and that is France." This is the key to his whole life. He formed a pur-

pose—one purpose—and threw all he was, body and soul, into the accomplishment of that purpose. He never proved false to it. His fidelity was complete. Whether in the flush of Italian victories, in the darkness of the defeat of Waterloo, or in the lonely hours of banishment at St. Helena, he was true to France, his first love, his goddess.

Lofty conception, splendid imagination, clear and practical philosophy, breadth of intellect, fidelity to detail, complete self-control and devotion to one all-absorbing purpose, combine to make in Napoleon a character of imposing grandeur.

The story of this life has a counterpart in the story of every life. Youth, thrilled with the first consciousness of soul-passion, shouts, as he eagerly gazes toward the future, "*Over the Alps my Italy lies.*" Manhood, as he toils up the steep hill of life, looking forward to the dignity and leisure of accomplished age, cries amid his toil, "*Over the Alps my Italy lies.*" Age, conscious of the struggles and limitations of this life, murmurs, as he contemplates the last great change, "*Over the Alps my Italy lies.*"

The economy of our being demands of us, as we traverse our Alps, qualities of character such as were essential to Napoleon. We need lofty conception. The arrow never rises higher than the mark. We need splendid imagination, the interpreter of every rational concept. We need a clear and practical philosophy. Endless misery and disgrace have resulted from uncertain dogmatic theory. We need breadth

of intellect. The world to-day clamors for broad minds. We want men that shall reach out in their sympathies beyond a narrow egotism, and grasp the universal harmony. We need fidelity to detail. A great structure is perfect in the perfection of every minute part. We must learn the lesson of the poet:

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between.
Think not because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

We need self-control. What a hell is the soul in the throes of uncontrolled passion. And last and most of all, we need devotion to one absorbing purpose. The bark that, amid the boundless possibilities of life's ocean, yields to the capricious winds of circumstance, will never safely reach a haven. And we shall do well to consider whither our course shall tend. Napoleon fulfilled the destiny whereunto he was called; but may his choice not be ours. His genius was true, but his ambition was animal and his glory vain and transitory. Let us cultivate the higher life of the soul. May what is noble in the example of other lives be our salvation from the carnal life. May the beauty and grace of the spiritual convert our affections from voluptuousness. May we so learn to love the noble activity of the soul, that we shall be sanctified of it unto the spontaneous expression of a true manhood, just as the spring must needs gush forth from the very fullness of its being. When this shall

be, I doubt not that it will have been foreordained of God to grant unto us to attain to many an Italy of our fair hopes, even in this life, and finally to attain unto the higher, grander, purer, completed Italy of all hope, which is the kingdom beyond the finite, where God is.

IS PROGRESS FAVORABLE TO POETRY?

By C. D. B., '89.

TO the "untutored mind" the wild mystical flights of the Muse verge on the preternatural. Hence the infinity and illusion of poetry more easily touch the sentiments and arouse the passions of uncultivated men than those of men more refined. The Greek rhapsodist not only worked himself into a frenzy, but often moved his hearers to tears. The French troubadours, with their songs of love and war, held spell-bound audiences composed of rude and uncultivated knights. But most of the poetry, thus composed, is imperfect and short-lived; for in such ages language, thought, everything is in a changeable state.

Again, before the liberal arts will flourish, wealth must be accumulated so that men can have leisure to cultivate a taste for the harmonious and beautiful. It was not when Lycurgus and Solon were forming the judicial codes of Greece, not when the Greek states were struggling for very existence against their Persian invaders, that Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Pindar lived; but, when "Persia's victim horde" had "bowed beneath the brunt of Hellus'

sword"; when Athens through her Mediterranean commerce had become the richest of the Greek cities; when Phidias and his contemporaries had made the Acropolis a marble wilderness. It was not, when the kings ruled at Rome, not when Hannibal climbed the Alps and ravaged Italy, that the Roman poets, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, and Lucretius appeared; but when the eternal city had conquered the known world; when the Roman legions had robbed "the gorgeous Orient" of "The blood-bought treasures of her tawny kings"; when, from the plentitude of their wealth, emperors and patricians lolled in luxury and licentiousness.

An appreciation of the harmonious and beautiful invariably follows material prosperity. When Venice had reached the height of her power and glory, when she had become "mistress" of the Mediterranean, when

"Her daughters had their dowers
From the spoils of nations,

then her great architects, sculptors, and painters came. Architects do not construct, sculptors do not chisel, painters do not paint, or poets sing, until communities and individuals reward and appreciate them. Why was it that the fine arts flourished in Italy from the twelfth to the fifteenth century? Because Popedom was in the zenith of its power, and Rome was in many respects the capitol of the world. During the reign of Louis XIV., France acquired a power equal to that which she possessed at any time under the consulate or the empire; yet in this very age of her greatest prosperity appeared

the most eminent of her poets Corneille, Moliere, Racine, and La Fontaine. Does the theory that progress is unfavorable to poetry hold true in this case? On the very eve of England's greatest prosperity came many of her greatest poets, Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Shelley, Southey, Keats, and Rogers. Even in the nineteenth century Goethe has produced a poem that ranks among the five great epic poems of the world.

The circumstances under which a man is placed and the age in which he lives do not make his genius, but they do develop and direct it. General Grant possessed great military ability, yet if the Rebellion had not given him an opportunity to display that ability, we should now know nothing of it. So men, endowed with great poetical genius have lived under such circumstances and in such ages of the world that they could not develop their powers. If Wordsworth and Cowper had lived in some ages, we should now know nothing of them; for only men who possess culture and fine sensibility, appreciate their poetry. If Byron had lived in the twelfth century he would, without doubt, have been a great feudal leader. If Scott had lived in the thirteenth century he might have become a Wallace or a Douglas.

But the whole gist of the matter is, that the material and intellectual developments of a people go hand in hand, and that these developments are an evolution with a culminating period. In the history of every people this period can be plainly seen, and within it invariably cluster orators, statesmen,

sculptors, painters, historians, and
poets like the gems in a royal diadem.

◆ ◆ ◆
THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTO-
PHER.

By A. E. H., '89.

I.

In the far off land of Canaan
Lived a warrior bold and free,
He was e'en a mighty giant,
Twelve ells tall was he.

II.

Cared he not for true religion;
Never asked "what faith is best?"
But he wished to yield his service,
To the mightiest.

III.

With the army of the emperor
First he did engage,
And for years he did assist him
Many wars to wage.

IV.

Once they pitched their tents at evening
Near a forest wild,
And with mirth and joyous feasting
They the hours beguiled.

V.

In the feast outspake the emperor:
"Comrades! I am told
That e'en now a fiend is dwelling
In this forest old.

VI.

"Leave alone the chase, I bid you,
Lest, while you your larders fill,
If you meet this fiend, he'll surely
Do thy souls great ill."

VII.

Then spake Offerus, the giant,
"All my work for thee is done,
For I fain would give my service
To the mightiest one."

VIII.

Then he strode into the forest,
Left the emperor in his need,
There he met a coal-black rider,
On a pitch-black steed.

IX.

Fiercely rode the fiend toward him,
And he tried to bind
Offerus with obligations
Of the darkest kind.

X.

"We shall see," replied the giant,
"If I find thee as men tell,
Mightier than other heroes,
I will serve thee well."

XI.

Followed he the lead of Satan
Through many a dismal dark abyss,
Aided he the arch destroyer
Of men's happiness.

XII.

Once, as through the earth they jour-
neyed,
Evil deeds to try,
Suddenly, before their faces,
Rose three crosses high.

XIII.

And before the central figure
Satan bowed his head,
"Jesus Christ, Oh! Son of Mary,
Thou art great," he said.

XIV.

"Satan, list, I will not serve thee;"
Said the giant bold,
"I will break thy magic power."
And he tore from Satan's hold.

XV.

Then he passed through town and city,
Nor from search could be enticed;
And for all he had one question,
"Can you tell me aught of Christ?"

XVI.

But, alas, how few possess him,
In their hearts and lives as well,
All the multitudes he questioned
Could not him the answer tell,

XVII.

Till he met an aged hermit,
Who had found the better way,
And the good man told the giant
How to labor, fast, and pray.

XVIII.

But the giant asked, exploring,
For some valiant deed to do;
For a feat of manly courage,
Like a hero true.

XIX.

"Offerus, see," replied the hermit,
"Here's a river deep and wide;
There's no place for bridge or fording,
Nor ferryman on either side.

XX.

"Carry on thy back the pilgrims
Who would seek the Holy Land;
For a staff among the waters
Take this pine trunk in thy hand."

XXI.

Gladly did he take the mission,
And a hut he built, with pride,
'Mid the water-rats and beavers,
By the river's side.

XXII.

And if any weary traveler
Sought their ferryman to pay,
"For eternal life I labor,"
Would he gently say.

XXIII.

Through long years of weary labor,
Good example he for us,
Through heat and cold, in storm and
sunshine,
Toiled the giant Offerus.

XXIV.

When old age his strength invaded,
Crowned his brow with locks of snow;
One night lay he in his cabin,
Listening to the river's flow;

XXV.

And he heard a voice, so childlike,
From the other side:
"Come, good giant; come, tall Offerus,
Bear me o'er the stream so wide."

XXVI.

Wearied from the day's exertion,
Yet with joy did he obey:
Through the cold and rapid river,
Did he take his way.

XXVII.

When at last he reached the landing,
No one could he find.
All was dark, and all was silence,
Save the flood behind.

XXVIII.

Once more he sought his cabin;
Once more heard he, as before,
The same voice so sweet and childlike,
From the other shore.

XXIX.

"Come over, come over the river,
Kind Offerus, come over to me,
For I would ride on thy back to-night,
Behold, I am calling thee."

XXX.

Once more he went through the water
Of that swiftly flowing stream,
But when he reached the landing place,
No pilgrim could be seen.

XXXI.

Again he sought his lonely hut;
Again laid down to rest.
But a third time came the childlike voice,
As plaintive as the rest.

XXXII.

"Oh, good, tall, giant Offerus!
I prithee come once more,
And thou shall find a little child,
Upon the other shore."

XXXIII.

A third time, through the waters,
The patient Offerus went,
With no word of complaining,
Nor sign of discontent.

XXXIV.

And at the landing place he found
A child, with flowing robe;
In his right hand was a standard,
And his left hand bore a globe.

XXXV.

Quickly upon his shoulders
Did Offerus place the child,
And started on his journey back,
Through the river's current wild.

XXXVI.

But heavy grew his burden,
As though it weighed a ton;
Till he thought he soon must perish,
That his life would soon be done.

XXXVII.

But still he struggled manfully
Against the rushing tide,
Until he sat his burden down,
Safe on the other side.

XXXVIII.

"Prithee, little stranger,
Come not again," he said,
"For scarce have I escaped with life,
From the angry river's bed."

XXXIX.

"Fear not," replied the stranger,
"Nor be discouraged, quite,
For bravely through the river
Hast thou borne the Lord to-night

XL.

"Offerus have men called thee;
Christopher thy name shall be,
For on thy shoulders thou has borne
The Christ in majesty.

XLI.

"And for a blessed token,
Plant thy dead staff in the ground;
To-morrow thou shalt see it,
With leaves and flowers abound."

XLII.

Then baptized he the giant,
A sign of his new birth,
And the pine trunk staff, Saint Christo-
pher
Placed firmly in the earth.

XLIII.

In light the Lord then vanished,
And left the saint alone;
But from that place ascended prayer
Before the eternal throne.

XLIV.

When the morrow's sun has risen,
And shone with radiant light,
From the pine trunk staff, so long time
dead,
Came leaves and flowers bright;

XLV.

And ere three days had rolled away
The saint lay down to rest,
Content, that he had been allowed
To serve the mightiest.

XLVI.

And when at last our Lord shall come,
To close this earthly strife,
He shall arise with all the saints,
To everlasting life.

XLVII.

Oh, may we take each burden
Which shall to us be given,
Remembering that we, too, may bear
The Lord of Earth and Heaven.

COMMUNICATION.

NOW AND THEN.

To the Editors of the Student:

Girls are nice, and nowhere nicer than in college. When I see them going daily back and forth and taking part in the public exercises of the college; when I hear of the receptions and parties which they make so interesting, I want to go to college again. What an absurd old notion that was—that about the intellectual inferiority of women! I suppose it is all right that they should dress like sailors. It certainly is, if it enables them to get the full benefit of the gymnasium. This gymnasium drill is perhaps the greatest improvement since my day. Then the only attraction in that building was the bowling alley. If we keep in mind that the purpose of the college course is not to stuff the boy with information, but to develop him, we must admit that a proper use of the gymnasium is an essential part of that course.

This leads me to speak of another change that is almost made. We are to have an observatory. It will be a great thing for Bates to have astronomical work done under its auspices. It would be very gratifying to see Prof. Wendell in command of Mount David, with sufficient means and assistance for original investigation. The benefit would accrue quite as much to Lewiston as to the college. It would give this city great distinction, and there are wealthy men enough in Lewiston who could well afford—as a matter of local pride—to make up a sufficient endowment.

The trustees of Cornell have decided to build one of the largest and finest library buildings in the country. It will cost nearly \$250,000, and is to accommodate about 400,000 volumes.

But (begging Prof. Wendell's pardon) astronomy is nothing but astronomy, and can never be given great space in the undergraduate curriculum. Drill must always constitute a large portion of the course. There is one department of drill, one in which Bates has been and is preëminent, which should be better served—public speaking. It seems to me that one of the greatest needs of the college just now is a new professor (perhaps an assistant to Prof. Chase) who shall drill the students in speaking and assist them in composition. This would be likely to stimulate wider reading and render necessary further instruction in history, law, and literature. The study of literature should not be confined to rhetoric or to English authors, but should become a conversation with great thinkers, familiarity with the language of great and beautiful thoughts of whatever age or tongue. Its effect should be inspiration.

Inspiration. This suggests the most important theme, the one calling for the greatest anxiety—that is, the choice of new professors. Holding fast our theory that education is development, let us not forget that through it all must run a moral development. The gymnasium will do what it can to make the young man's body a good one; the Greek and Latin and mathematics will do as much for his mind. What shall make his *purpose* right? For the college course cannot be a success, it will not produce the highest manhood, until it makes each student a Christian—taking Christianity to be active unselfishness. This must not be expected

from any formal instruction in moral philosophy. It can only come from the individual day to day influence of the professors. Am I extravagant, then, in saying that a greater acquisition than an observatory, or library, or laboratory, would be *another Prof. Stanton?*

W. W., '75.

LOCALS.

ἔστι λευκή ἡ μὲν κώρα
πέθους ἄγει τὰ δὲ δένδρα
οὐ κελίδων ὠκύτητι
ἔτι γαίρει στιλπνὸν Πέϊθρον

τρεῖς πρεσβύτεροι τὸ ἀνῶγειον Πάρκερ μόνον
οικοῦσιν. Κἂν ἀλλήλοις συνζοιμάσαντο.

Some are teaching.

Some are preaching.

Some *were* canvassing.

Fifty-two students are away teaching.

Some, in retrospective ease, quaff home brewed.

The library is used daily by the students spending vacation in the city.

A bell, a Bible, a razor, a watch, a district school, these are the appurtenances.

There is probability of an intercollegiate field-day next spring by the Maine colleges.

A few students were invited into the homes of Professors Stanley and Hayes Thanksgiving Day.

A Freshman called and inquired if the professor was "at liberty." "At what?" asked the lady. "I mean is the professor at large," replied the bewildered Freshman.

Some of the ladies working on the horizontal bar can swing 17 of the 360° in the giant swing.

The reception at the gymnasium, Wednesday evening, December 12th, was an enjoyable affair.

Mr. A. E. Hatch, '89, is canvassing for his "Progressive Annual." He reports excellent success.

Additional improvements are being planned for the gymnasium. We hope new bath-rooms will be included in the list.

Chase, '91, lifted 968 pounds, knee lift, on the testing machine. This is the best record ever made in college. Mr. Chase weighs just 150½ pounds.

Nichols Latin School opened December 11th, with a full attendance. Emerson, '89, and Morrell and Hamlen, '90, are teaching there the present term.

Hutchinson, '89, is a correspondent for *The Collegian*, a magazine published at Boston, designed to be representative of the American undergraduate.

The editorial board of the *STUDENT* for 1889 will be: J. H. Piper, G. H. Hamlen, A. N. Peaslee, E. W. Morrell, H. B. Davis, Miss E. F. Snow; business manager, H. V. Neal.

College opens January 8th. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of students being present at the very beginning of a term. The first few days often affect the whole term's work.

We congratulate our friends of the Maine State College upon their success

in the competitive drill contest held in Lewiston a short time ago. In addition to the base-ball championship they now possess the honor of having the best drilled military company in the State.

We clip the following from the *Lewiston and Auburn Gazette*: "Down at Crowley's, South Lewiston, or whatever you choose to call it, they only learned of the result of the election Sunday, December 2d. A Bates student who preached there told them who was to be the next president. The denizens of the region were right glad to hear the news. 'Don't know as we'd ever heard it if't hadn't been for that college fellow,' said one of the patriarchs this morning. The Republicans will celebrate the victory with a procession, speeches, and supper, Tuesday night."

The Sophomore debates occurred the last week of the fall term. The following were awarded prizes: Woodside, Libby, Small, Miss Beal, Miss Ingalls, Howard, Mason. Ten were chosen to take part in the champion debate which occurs near the close of the summer term. Names of those chosen: Woodside, Nickerson, Miss Beal, Miss Bray, Pugsley, Ham, Howard, Mason, Miss Ingalls, Smith.

The gymnasium exhibition given November 19th and 20th was a decided success. The special features were the tumbling and work on the bar by the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes, and the fancy marching by the class of young women. Following is the programme for November 20th:

PART I.

Club Swinging by Note.

Classes of '89 and '90.

Vaulting Bar. The Instructor and Class.

High Kick.

Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Emery, '92.

Wrestling.

Howard, '91, and French, N. L. S.; Mason, '91, and Smith, '91.

Parallel Bars. The Instructor and Class.

MUSIC.

PART II.

Dumb-Bell Drill. Class of '91.

Pole Vaulting.

Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Wilson, '92.

Horizontal Bar.

The Instructor; Woodman, '90; Pinkham, '91; Turgeon, N. L. S.; French, N. L. S.

Fancy Steps. Class of young women.

Tug-of-War (600 pounds).

'89—Libby, Daggett, Emerson, Cox, vs.

'91—Nickerson, Chase, Howard, Mason.

MUSIC.

PART III.

Short-Wand Drill. Class of young women.

High Jump.

Daggett, '89; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Nickerson, '91; Putnam, '92; Emery, '92; Turgeon, N. L. S.

Pyramids.

Daggett, '89; Safford, '89; Davis, '90; Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Whitcomb, '90; Pinkham, '91; Emery, '92; Wilson, '92; Turgeon, N. L. S.; Stetson; French, N. L. S.

Tumbling.

Day, '90; Garcelon, '90; Woodman, '90; Pinkham, '91; Wilson, '92; Stetson.

Nonsense.

MUSIC.

PART IV.

Long-Wand Drill. Class of '92.

Foil Fencing. Little, '89; Plummer, '91.

Light-Weight Sparring.

Garcelon, '90; Wilson, '92.

Marching. Class of young women.

VALE.

Fourteen of the twenty-two Presidents are college graduates; two had academic educations; while the remainder possessed only a limited or self-education.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

1887.

Jesse Bailey, professor in Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.

Miss C. R. Blaisdell, assistant teacher in high school, Needham, Mass.

W. C. Buck, principal of high school, Athens, Me.

F. W. Chase, principal of high school, Lisbon, Me.

Miss M. N. Chase, assistant in Waterbury Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

H. E. Cushman, studying in Tufts Theological School.

J. R. Dunton, principal of high school, Belfast, Me.

G. M. Goding.

E. C. Hayes, studying in Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

P. R. Howe, in a dental school, Philadelphia, Penn.

I. A. Jenkins, principal of high school, Littleton, Mass.

I. Jordan, principal of grammar school, Putnam, Conn.

Mrs. N. B. Little Bonney, Cambridge, Mass.

A. S. Littlefield, studying law in Columbia Law School, New York City.

A. B. McWilliams, mail agent on the Buckfield & Rumford Railroad.

J. W. Moulton, studying in Theological School, New Haven, Conn.

R. Nelson, principal of high school, Putnam, Conn.

C. S. Pendleton, studying in Hamilton Theological School, Hamilton, N. Y.

Miss M. E. Richmond, teaching in Ellsworth, Me.

L. G. Roberts, studying law in Boston University.

Miss N. E. Russell, preceptress in Wilton Academy.

E. K. Sprague, one of the managers of a private hospital, Brownville, Me.

Miss L. S. Stevens, Lewiston, Me.

U. G. Wheeler, principal of Brewer High School, Brewer, Me.

F. Whitney, principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

A. S. Woodman, studying law in the office of Hon. William L. Putnam, Portland, Me.

S. S. Wright, principal of Gardiner (Me.) High School.

1888.

N. E. Adams, principal of high school, Groveland, Mass.

B. M. Avery, Monmouth, Me.

E. F. Blanchard, principal of High School, Sutton, Mass.

Miss I. F. Cobb, assistant in high school, Northfield, Minn.

H. J. Cross, Foxcroft, Me.

C. W. Cutts, teacher of Greek and Latin in New Hampton Institution, New Hampton, N. H.

W. S. Dunn.

Miss Lucy A. Frost, assistant in high school, Kingston, Mass.

F. S. Hamlet, principal of high school, Shapleigh, Me.

H. Hatter, instructor in Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

H. W. Hopkins, editor on the *Springfield Union*, Springfield, Mass.

Miss N. B. Jordan, assistant in Pike Seminary, Pike, N. Y.

J. H. Johnson, assistant in Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center, Me.

Miss F. M. Nowell, assistant in high school, Laconia, N. H.

F. W. Oakes, studying in Theological School, New Haven, Conn.

R. A. Parker, principal of West Lebanon Academy, West Lebanon, Me.

Miss M. G. Pinkham, principal of high school, Hanover, N. H.

W. L. Powers, principal of high school, Fort Fairfield, Me.

E. E. Sawyer, teacher of the sciences in high school at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

C. C. Smith, studying law in the office of George E. Smith, Esq., Boston, Mass.

G. W. Snow, teaching high school, Stowe, Mass.

A. E. Thomas, Lewiston, Me.

W. F. Tibbetts, studying theology in Cobb Divinity school, Lewiston, Me.

B. W. Tinker, studying theology in Boston University.

A. C. Townsend, studying theology in Cobb Divinity School,

C. L. Wallace, principal at Guilford, Conn.

F. A. Weeman, principal of high school in Milton, N. H.

Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Congregational church, Mechanic Falls, Me.

SPECIAL ITEMS.

'76.—District Attorney C. S. Libby, of Buena Vista, Col., was elected representative from Chaffee County, by a majority of 300, running ahead of his ticket 100 votes.

'76.—Rev. Frederic E. Emrich, who studied in Bangor Theological Seminary in 1871, and became pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Chicago, Ill., from 1882, is called to South Framingham, Mass.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, A.M., has been elected Superintendent of Schools, city of Lewiston, Me.

'81.—Charles S. Haskell, formerly of Auburn, now principal of school No. 14 in Jersey City, has lately had his salary raised from \$1800 to \$1950 per year. Mr. Haskell is meeting with merited success in the educational line.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss has been unanimously invited to become permanent pastor of the Pine Street M. E. Church, Portland, if the matter could be arranged with the Bishops and his church in the South, Trinity Church of Jacksonville.

'84.—R. E. Donnell graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School, November 20th.

'85.—Mr. Charles T. Walter has built up quite a publishing business at St. Johnsbury, Vt. His latest announcement is his best—"The Story of the Puritans," by Wallace Peck. Among Mr. Walter's other publications are: "How Deacon Tubman and Parson Whitney kept New Year's," by Rev. W. H. H. Murray, and "Songs from the Seasons," by Dexter Carleton

Washburn, which, we are happy to say, has reached a second edition.

'85.—Dr. Corydon W. Harlow, of Auburn, has removed to China, where he will settle in practice. He is a graduate of Bowdoin Medical School, '88.

'85.—Rev. M. P. Tobey was ordained and installed pastor of the Free Baptist church at Water Village, N. H., November 3, 1888. Mr. Tobey is a graduate from Cobb Divinity School, of the class of 1888.

'85.—The *Morning Star*, this week, gives excellent portraits of Rev. Edwin B. Stiles and his wife, Mrs. Ada Tucker Stiles, who has just gone to India as missionaries, being sent by the young people of the Free Baptist denomination. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stiles are graduates of Bates College, class of '85.

'86.—Prof. Nickerson, of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, was married to Miss Angie B. Aiken, of Lewiston, Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Mr. McIntire. They received many elegant presents, and will live at Pittsfield.

'86.—Mr. Herbert S. Sleeper, of Lewiston, is giving excellent satisfaction as teacher of the Free High School of Washburn. His second term began November 29th, with fifty pupils in attendance.

'86.—Cards are out for the marriage of E. D. Varney to Miss Susie M. Plummer of Denver, Col. The date is December 24th.

'88.—Mr. Samuel H. Woodrow was married to Miss Minnie C. Clough, November 9th, at the residence of the bride's father, in West Auburn.

'77.—G. H. Wyman was elected

county attorney of Anoka, Minn., this fall, at a salary of \$800 per year. He is also city attorney of the city of Anoka.

THEOLOGICAL.

'89.—A. O. Burgess is at South Paris.

'89.—E. W. Cummings is supplying at West Danville.

'89.—D. G. Donnocker is soliciting funds for the Fullonton Professorship, in New York State.

'89.—G. T. Griffin and family are at Orr's Island.

'89.—Irving Winsor is supplying at Winnegance.

'90.—G. M. Wilson is expected to return next term.

STUDENTS.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan, who has been studying at Wellesley, is about to rejoin her class at Bates.

Following are the names and addresses of students who are teaching this vacation :

'89.	
Blanchard, J. H.,	Turner.
Baker, F. M.,	Southport.
Call, A. B.,	Hancock.
Chipman, Miss E. I.,	Rochester, N. H.
Newell, F. W.,	Oakland.
Norton, Miss S. A.,	North Monmouth.
Plumstead, Miss L. E.,	Monmouth Center.
Small, H. W.,	China.
Stevens, E. L.,	North Troy.
'90.	
Davis, H. B.,	Springvale.
Edgecomb, Eli,	North Leeds.
Garland, G. F.,	Phippsburg.
Nichols, C. J.,	Winthrop.
Piper, H. J.,	Mechanic Falls.
Whitcomb, C. S. F.,	Readfield.
Woodman, W. H.,	Gray.
Peaslee, A. N.,	Ashby, Mass.
'91.	
Chase, H. J.,	Boothbay.
Cutts, W. B.,	York.

Emrich, F. E.,	Minot.
Gilmore, A. F.,	Turner.
Howard, N. G.,	Raymond.
Hutckinson, A. C.,	Burlington, Mass.
Larrabee, F. W.,	Eliot.
Larrabee, Miss F. L.,	South Paris.
Mason, W. S.,	Raymond.
Pugsley, F. LaF.,	Boothbay.
Enrich, F. E.,	West Minot.
Merrill, Miss E.,	Lisbon.
Nickerson, W. L.,	Boothbay.
Parker, I. W.,	Otisfield.
Beal, P. P.,	Boothbay.
Woodside, C. E.,	Albany.
'92.	
Wilson, Scott,	Cumberland.
Sawyer, V. E.,	Phillips.
Blanchard, C. N.,	New Portland.
Buzzell, H. L.,	York.
Coy, J. B.,	New Bradford.
Ferguson, C. C.,	West Bowdoin.
Graves, LaF. E.,	Milton, N. H.
Tuttle, O. A.,	Farmingdale, Mass.
King, Miss I. F.,	North Paris.
McDonald, F. S.,	Sullivan.
Wells, Miss S. E.,	Wilton.

POET'S CORNER.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

TO A FRIEND.

I come, I come, with a blithesome heart
 As fast as ever I may,
 To bring to Minnie the kind regards
 And wishes for Christmas day.
 Of a loving friend who, though afar
 As the matter-of-fact avow,
 In thought and wish hath outstripped me
 And stands beside thee now.

LEON, '89.

COUPLET.

Last night a star,
 From regions far
 Beyond the gates of heaven,
 Dropped from its place
 Down, down through space—
 To earth a soul was given.
 To-night a light
 Hath spread full bright
 Far out o'er heaven's dome,
 And through its beams
 A swift flash gleams—
 Another soul gone home.

—Tech.

LA VESUVIANA.

Dancing, tripping, light as air,
 Comes my dainty lassie fair,
 Blue her eyes, and gold her hair,
 Such a darling, sweet and rare,
 La Vesuviana.

As she trips adown the room,
 Half in sunlight, half in gloom,
 Like a flower just in bloom,
 Sure my heart breaks all in tune
 To La Vesuviana.

Now I spring up with delight,
 Seize her ere she thinks of flight,
 And so in gray and misty light,
 Hearts and hands we then unite.
 Vive La Vesuviana.

—Swarthmore Phœnix.

SONNET.

This is a land of dreams. The hills are gray
 With haze, and silent streams glide on with
 slow
 And placid current. Oceans ebb and flow
 Sounds dead and passionless from far away.
 The starlit nights are voiceless, till the day
 Shoots quickly from the sea. Dreamy and low
 Is Nature's speech. Such is our world, and so
 We live in peace, nor work, nor love, nor pray.

When first we came, we loved this dreamy land,
 And love it now; yet sometimes, as to-day,
 A breeze brings us across the rippling deep
 A chill of keen remembrance. Up we stand
 While glazed eyes grow fearful, and we say,
 "Oh God! torture us not, but let us sleep."

—Dartmouth.

SOFT IS THY REST.

Soft is thy rest, O silent sea,
 To thy farthest moonlit rim.
 There comes no sigh nor sound to me
 Save that eternal hymn

Which in the dim age of thy birth
 God taught thee how to sing
 O'er watching night and the sleeping earth,
 As through their course they swing.

Sweet is thy light, O silver sea.
 Under the cold cloud bars
 The moon's broad glory seems to me
 The pathway to the stars.

—Dartmouth.

BATES.

Air—Old New England.

How dear to all her loyal sons,
 Our own, our honored Bates,
 Where first we trod the toilsome path
 That leads to wisdom's gates.
 We love her halls and chapel,
 Where we so oft have met,
 The mountain by the campus
 We shall not soon forget.

CHORUS:

Hurrah for old Bates College!
 Our thoughts shall linger near.
 Hurrah for old Bates College!
 To us forever dear!

In future years, 'mid other scenes,
 Whate'er our lot may be,
 By friendship's cord, thou noble Bates,
 Our hearts still cling to thee.
 We evermore shall cherish
 These places where we roam,
 Till memory's love shall perish,
 And angels call us home.

CHORUS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The sea has its pearls, my own,
 And its stars has heaven above,
 But my heart, sweet one, alone,
 My heart, my heart has its love.

Oh! greater far is my heart
 Than heaven and the sea,
 And brighter far than pearls and stars
 Shines forth my love for thee.

Thou, little maid, so young and fair,
 Come to this heart of mine;
 The sea and heaven and my lone heart
 Go mourning for love of thine.

—Southern Collegian.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

Hushed haunts of hallowed memories, to me
 Thy solitude is rare companionship;
 Thy every rustling leaf, a trembling lip
 Whisp'ring a century's silent sympathy.
 Here springs the unimpassioned tho't; here free
 From petty hopes, and hates, and harassings,
 The soul its flight to loftier prospects wings,
 Till earth doth dwindle and eternity
 Dwells on the staggering sense—Oh mystery!

At moments o'er the shuddering spirit sweeps
 The vision of his mighty destiny;
 And then earth's stupor, and the God-like
 sleeps;
 Oft at thine eloquence, my slow heart leaps,
 Mute, marble lips, and hence I sing to thee.

—Courant.

PERPLEXITY.

"Papa, dear papa, does Father Time fly?"
 "My boy, you will know it too truly by and
 by."
 "But tell me, dear papa, why has he the
 glasses?"
 "To note by the sands how each quick hour
 passes."
 "But why has he wings and a scythe on his
 shoulder?"
 "My little one, ask me when you have grown
 older.
 This troublesome matter dismiss from your
 head;
 Time deals, oh, so gently with babies in bed."

—Brunonian.

EXCHANGES.

With this issue Volume XVI. is completed. The editorial stylo will next month pass into other hands.

To the pleasant company before us we instinctively say, Farewell, God bless you—scarcely realizing that "we" have only a glance through the enduring editorial mask, and for a moment only lend personalty to that uncertain perennial character, the college editor who never says "good-bye, or farewell."

The year seems to us to have been one of prosperity to the collegiate press. The existence of a mutual interest and sympathy inspiring friendly criticism, the evident effort to attain to original excellence and the growing interest in the science and art of poetry

have manifestly added to the general merit.

This month many of our exchanges have appeared in holiday dress, and some with increased size.

The Christmas number of the *Swarthmore Phoenix* contains much matter of interest, and the editors have shown a considerable amount of good taste in the general make-up of the magazine. It is a credit to its college, and a welcome visitor to the exchange table.

We are glad to note that the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* joins in the general encouragement of collegiate amateur verse writers, but we cannot say less of the recent article entitled "A Poet's Mission" than that the author is evidently not himself a poet. "The Practical Student" is pertinent to the average college man. This is a practical age. The leaders of to-day and to-morrow must be "self-reliant," "diligent," and "original."

A new comer to us is *The Pharetra*, from Wilson College. We admire the spirit of the young ladies, but scarcely the taste that would print such fol-de-rol as "Three Maidens and the Printer Lad." The dress of the new comer is neat and attractive, quite worthy of the fair sex.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMERICAN LITERATURE 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson.

Vol. II. treats of American poetry and fiction. In the first six chapters the author discusses philosophically the rise and progress of poetry, and the relative merits of Longfellow, Poe,

Emerson, and the "poets of freedom and culture," Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes. A seventh chapter is devoted to the "Tones and Tendencies of American Verse." The remaining five chapters are devoted to fiction, which is treated according to the same plan as poetry.

The style of the author is pleasing, and the work promises to be of lasting value to the student of American literature. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York. Price, \$3.00.

We have also received from the same publishing house a *HISTORY OF GREECE*, by Evelyn Abbott, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College. Price, \$2.25. *GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE*, by D. B. Croly, and *THE SCHOOL PRONOUNCER*, by William Henry P. Phyfe.

We cannot better speak of the "History of Greece" than to quote from the preface.

"Though nothing can be added to existing records of Greek history, the estimate placed upon their value and the conclusion drawn from them are constantly changing, and for this reason the story is told anew from time to time. . . . The present work is intended for readers who are acquainted with the outlines of the subject, and have some knowledge of the Greek language. It has been written in the belief that an intelligible sketch of Greek civilization may be given within a brief compass, not with the hope of throwing new light on old obscurities."

"Glimpses of the Future" consists of "suggestions as to the drift of things," mainly in sociology. The author asks that this book be read now and judged in the year 2000.

The opinions advanced are by no means all well founded, but the author has perhaps accomplished his purpose, since "the book was written with a view to turning men's thoughts from dwelling so much on the past and present and inducing them to think out what is likely to occur hereafter."

"The School Pronouncer" is designed for an elementary text-book for schools. It is the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. A companion book for teachers' use is "How Should I Pronounce?"

A pretty volume of unpretentious verses is 'The Legend of Psyche and Other Verses,' by Carrie Warner Morehouse, published by Charles T. Walter, St. Johnsbury, Vt. It is handsomely printed on heavy cream paper and tastily bound in vellum. It is an appropriate volume for the holidays. One of the verses is

BABY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

What shall we give to the baby,—
Our baby just one year old?
She wouldn't know about Christmas,
Not even if she were told.

You may hang up her little stockings
Where Santa will surely see,
Or put all sorts of playthings
Upon the Christmas tree,—

But what does she know about Santa
And his wonderful midnight ride,
Or the tree that bears such fruitage
Only at Christmas-tide?

She'd only look in wonder
From out her big, blue eyes,
And reach her hand for the playthings
With innocent surprise.

So kisses sweet without number,
Kisses and love untold—
These we will give to the baby,
Our baby, just one year old.

Mrs. Morehouse *née* Warner graduated from Bates in the class of '77.

"Among the Theologies," by Hiram Orcutt, LL.D., is a book being read by several members of the Senior class in connection with their work in "Logic of Christian Evidences." The book is published by W. B. Clarke and Company, Boston. Price, 75 cents. The work is deservedly popular, either as a text-book or for reference.

We would acknowledge the receipt of a neat little pamphlet containing four of Longfellow's most popular poems: "The Building of the Ship," "The Masque of Pandora," "The Hanging of the Crane," and "Moriturus Salutamus." The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, 15 cents. It is just the thing for use in schools.

POTPOURRI.

He stole a kiss from an artless miss.

"You're a heartless thief," said she.

"I'm a heartless thief, but you're the thief
Who stole my heart," said he.

—*Williams Weekly.*

China and Japan are buying dried apples from Maine. Thus does American industry help to swell the population of the Orient.—*Ex.*

Father—"Tommy, did you pass in your examination at school, to-day?" Tommy—"Yes, father; but it was a pretty tight squeeze." (A little later.) Father—"Ellen, did that young man go away last night before ten o'clock?" Tommy—"Yes, father, he did; I was on the stairs and saw him go, but it was a pretty tight squeeze." Ellen—"Oh, Tommy!"—*Ex.*

Father—"There, James, is \$100 to pay your tuition. Times are hard, and you are costing me a great deal of money. I think I deserve a little praise." James (a Sophomore)—"Praise! my dear father, you deserve an encore."

AT THE PLAY.

The Freshy, wondering what mamma would say,
Sneaks slyly down to see the play
By the back way.
It surely is naughty, but then it's so nice
E'en from a seat in the Paradise.

The Sophomore loud, with air blasé,
Stalks boldly down to see the play
And sits in "A";
Whence he eyes the priestesses of song,
Through lorgnette large or field-glass long.

The Junior, so elegant, free, and gay,
In dress suit goes to see the play
In a coupé.
She nestling closely to his side
Who hopes some day to be his bride.

The Senior, prematurely gray,
With dignity walks to the play
Without display.
He marks the acts with eye and ear
While he thumbs the notes in Rolfe's Shakes-
peare. —*Brunonian.*

A Freshman, noticing the sign in
Cressy's window, "Oysters \$1.40 per
gal.," went in and asked the proprietor
how much it would cost for two
gals and himself.

He moaned, and he groaned, and he wanted to
die;
In the cold, careless earth he wished he might
lie;

But he'd seventy-five cents, and ponies were
plenty,
Now he gets his Greek out at the rate of 2.20.

Mrs. Flysparrow (to her acquaintance)—
"You seem to be an inveterate lover of the weed, Mr. Nicotine. May I ask if your father smokes?" Mr. Nicotine—"I trust not, madame; he has been dead some time."—*Ex.*

A NEW FASHIONED GIRL.

She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up
at female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics,
and pneumatics, very fast.

She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a
leather cushion, all the 'ologies of the colleges
and the knowledges of the past.

She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians
and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology,
and geology o'er and o'er.

She knew all the forms and features of the
prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus,
megalosaurus, and many more
She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the
Basques, and Etruscans, their griddles and
their kettles, and the victuals that they
gnawed.

She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology
of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals,
and the sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master
minds of science, all the learning that was
turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt
and hungry sinner, for she never was constructed
on the old domestic plan.

—*Lynn Union.*

DECAY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

A week I pored o'er Anglo-Saxon prose,
(Although I knew my weary soul t'would vex)
For, in the future, glad some visions rose
Of helpful information and an "ex";
I quoted Bede, Laymon, and Orm;
I reveled in the Ancien Riwle's page;
Vague, useless, seemed each modern English
form;

I lived again the Cynewolfic age,
But, somehow, though I cannot tell you why,
"Brut D'Angleterre" hence has no charms for
me;

The musty tome is closely shut, and I
Have plunged deep in Rider Haggard's "She."

—*Brunonian.*

A prize of one hundred and fifty
dollars has been offered by the American
Economic Association for the best
essay on "The Evils of Unrestricted
Immigration."

The Stanford University of California
has ordered a lens for their new telescope
which is to be forty inches in diameter.
It will be the largest in the world.

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are \$180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday..... JUNE 27, 1889.

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